November 3, 1934

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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RONALD McLEOD

One Time it Rained By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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Nov. 3, 1934

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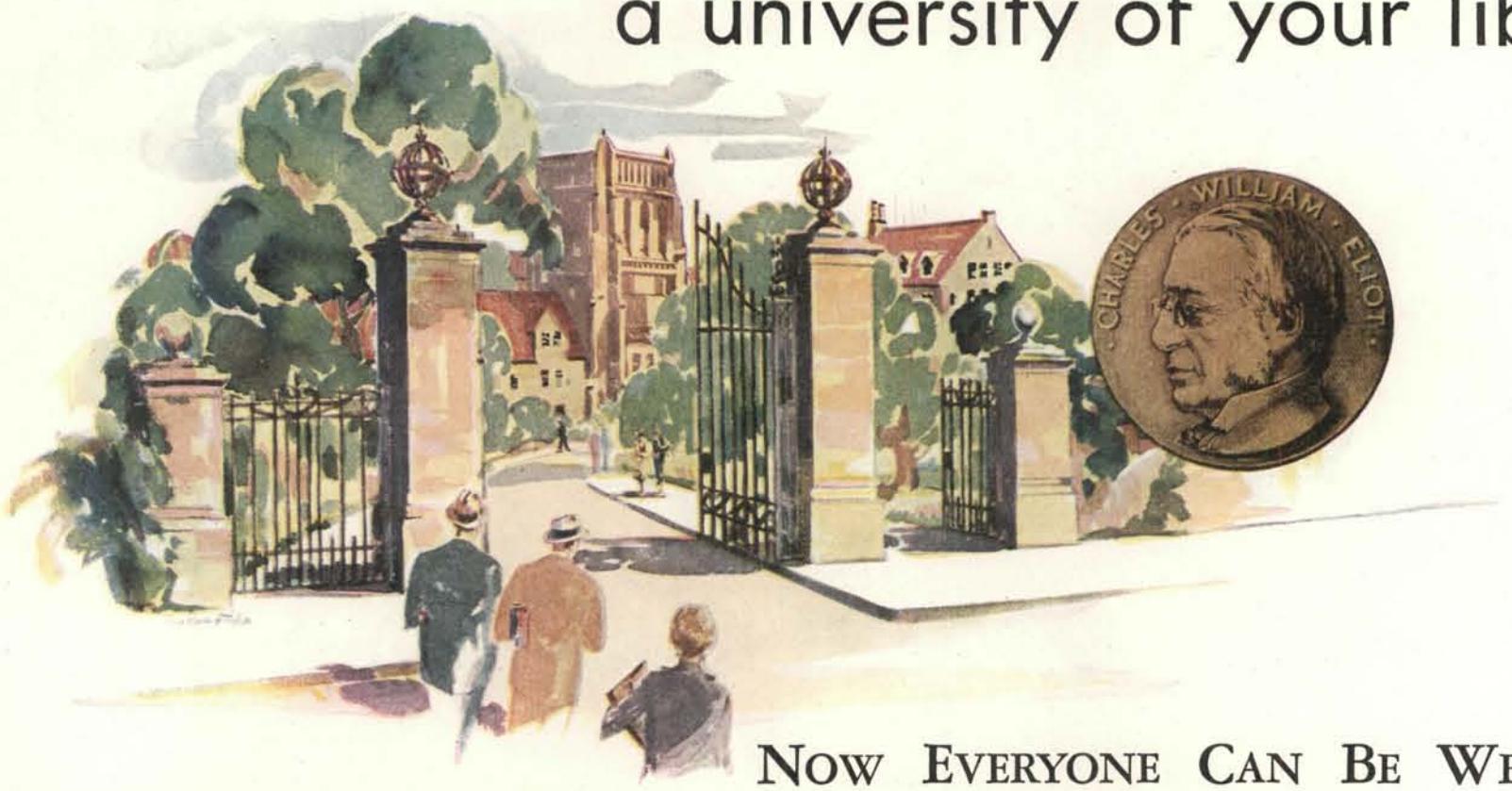

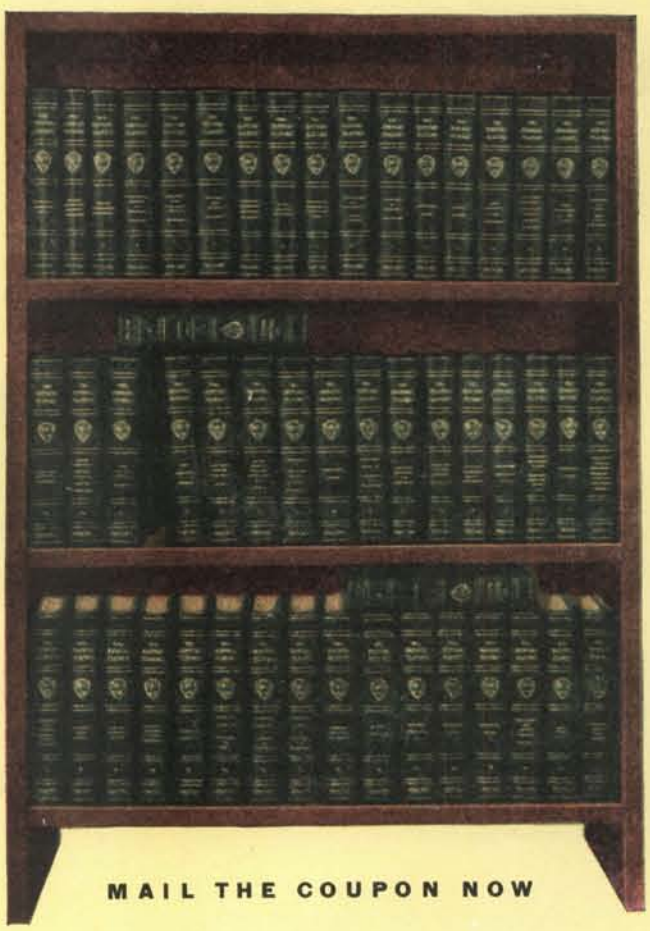

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Next Week

"WHERE there was one opportunity when I was a young man, there are thousands now." The speaker is Henry Ford, whose antiquarian interest in the past is just a springboard for his activities in the present and his confidence in the future. Political controversies and economic discussions leave him cold. "Things always go on all right." The NRA? "It doesn't matter." What if it broke down entirely? "It wouldn't make any difference. Politics don't change things in the long run."

In an interview with Kyle Crichton he brings his direct and simple judgment, backed by vast experience, to bear on the problems of the American business man. "This Is the Day of Opportunity."

DOROTHY spoke in a soft, calm voice that suited the pale moonlit night, and what she said detonated like a high explosive. "There's the club's annual golf tournament," she remarked thoughtfully. "You're both playing. I'll marry the one that stays in it the longest." Julian See, who had loved Dorothy for years and years, wasn't a very good golfer; his rival, Roy Erskine, was. "It's a dreadful thing," said Julian, "for the fate of three lives to hang on a golf score." Golfer Frank Condon reports the match in a funny short story, "Marriage for One."

DO YOU see that man in gum shoes and false whiskers, hiding in that tree, his overdeveloped ears straining to catch the signals from the practice field below? Well, dismiss him from your mind: he doesn't exist. He is the old-time football spy and he is 100 per cent extinct. In his place we have a universal system of scouting, which is honorable, aboveboard and necessary to the game. Next week Lou Little shows you how it works.

BROTHER CHARLIE, the one-legged blacksmith on Little Bee Bend, had been getting holier and holier. Nobody, not even he, realized how holy he had become until the time he prayed for rain. He just prayed along in an average sort of way, not bearing down very hard; but you should have seen that rain! It practically washed the plantation away, and it added nothing to B'r Charlie's popularity. But it only marked the beginning of his troubles. Roark Bradford goes into them thoroughly in "The Helpin' Fool."

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL brings a young man from the Orient into the arms of an unsuspected fiancée. Ray Tucker, Frederick Mertz, Jean Stark, Arthur Somers Roche and George Agnew Chamberlain make handsome contributions. Thinking only of you.

This Week

November 3, 1934

Cover by Ronald McLeod

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
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Dinner at Midnight. **Rude but romantic. Page 10**

LOU LITTLE
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FRANK CONDON
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RAY TUCKER
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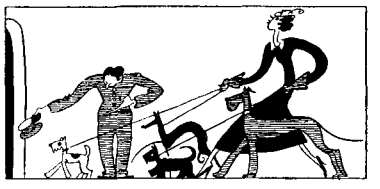
Keep Up with the World. **He who flies may read. Page 40**

EDITORIAL
Too Many Democrats. **Page 50**

Any Week

A GREAT many persons will be glad to know that Mr. Alfred G. Anderson of Rochester, New York, is well on his road to recovery. In fact, Mr. Anderson was so well the other day that he was able to give us the details. "I had," said he, "just commemorated the 120th anniversary of The Star-Spangled Banner patriotically by finishing a Danish translation of our (American) national anthem for the thousands of Danes who gather each July 4th with American friends in Rebild National Park, Denmark. Just then I opened Collier's and read W. B. Courtney's 'Rum, Romance and Riches.' Did my jaw et cetera drop when I read that back in 1916 Uncle Sam said, in effect, to trembling Denmark: 'No more foolin'; you make up your minds to sell us the Virgin Islands right now or the United States Navy will up-anchor and sail over and take 'em. See?' Imagine Uncle Sam saying that at a moment when all us little nephews were shedding buckets of tears over big, bad, bullying Germany's behavior in poor li'l Belgium! But maybe it was just Uncle Sam Courtney that said it."

THERE'S no gainsaying that better days are here. Mrs. Sarah Z. Bergman of Chicago says she went home-hunting a couple of weeks ago and, having located a pretty fancy apartment and finding the price was within her pocketbook's radius, asked the agent with considerable fear and trembling about dogs. "Madam," said he, bowing neatly, "if you have six dogs and several leopards in the family you are welcome. There was a time when we had funny notions about animals and even babies. But now bring in your animals. Even if they bite us you are welcome."



THINGS looked a bit bad for a friend of Mr. J. C. Sugg in Erwin, Tennessee. This friend, writes Mr. Sugg, "a prominent local insurance agent, was in the act of consummating a business deal while standing on the town's main thoroughfare, when he was arrested, accused of being drunk and disorderly, and dragged off to jail. Fortunately the error was discovered. The man had not been drinking but was merely overjoyed and possibly dazed that a little business should come his way after so many long, lean months. We want the world to know that prosperity has returned to this part of Tennessee."

HOWEVER, if we aren't pretty careful, says Mr. Ben J. Cootes of Tulsa, Oklahoma, we're due for a mess of trouble if we get too gay with prosperity talk. "I just happened to be passing a political meeting the other night," says Mr. Cootes, "and what the orator was saying stopped me. He pointed at a lady and hollered: 'Sister, supposin' you had fifty dollars down in the bank. Wouldn't you like to see it a hundred and fifty without raisin' a finger? Of course you would. Well, sister, in inflation every one of them dollars you got in the bank will be three dollars.' I didn't wait to hear more," concludes Mr. Cootes. "What bothers me is that the chances are that this wizard is going to be elected."

FOR the benefit of Mr. Don F. Kynett of Davenport, Iowa, and others we give you Mr. E. C. Jones of Eagle Pass, Texas. Like Mr. Kynett and others, Mr. Jones read Sidney Franklin's "The Perfect Bull." "I am wondering," writes Mr. Jones, "if there are some readers inclined to think Franklin's story inspired by a pipe dream. I want to assure them that every word regarding that bull Bonito is absolutely true. If there ever was a wonder bull, Bonito was it. If you or they had seen Bonito (as I did) in the ring that day, even then you might not have believed your own eyes. The regrettable thing was that Bonito was not bid in by popular subscription and given to Paco. Bonito and Paco should never have been separated as long as they lived."

MR. AL McKEOWN of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, hungers for biography. "None of your autobiographies, mind you," says Mr. McKeown. "Give us some biography. And don't write them: unwrite them. Pick your own subjects but give us the facts. We're relying on you."

"WHEN all this nonsense about munitions is over with," writes Sergeant J. J. Blessham of San Francisco, California, "and the Senate busybodies quit butting into something they don't understand, they ought to take all this testimony and investigation and wrap it up in a bundle and bury it in some graveyard and let it lay where it belongs, in the tomb."

OF THE Unknown Soldier?

Vol. 94, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1934, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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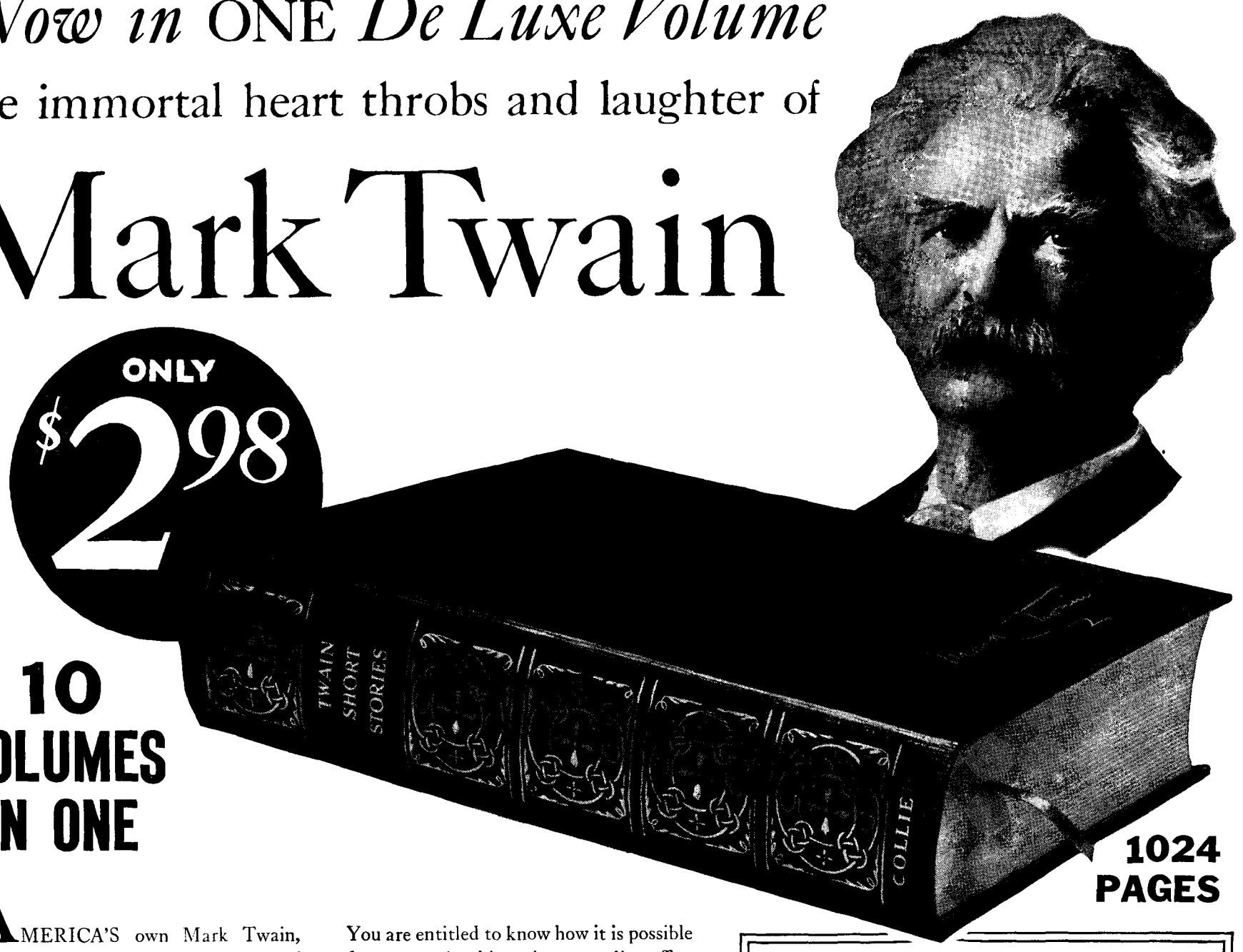

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Since that momentous premiere, celebrities from every field of musical endeavor—artists, composers and critics all over the country have hailed the new High-Fidelity PHILCO as the greatest radio achievement in recent years! Naturally it is creating a sensation! It satisfies the hopes and desires of music lovers everywhere for the perfect musical instrument.

Here, for the first time, is a radio that provides entertainment as real and natural as though you were face to face with the artists, for its musical range is nearly double that of the best previous radio. You hear every instrument, every voice, every inflection of speech—you enjoy to the utmost the resonant depth of the bass and the sparkling brilliance of the treble—you listen enthralled by the sheer beauty, the incomparable loveliness of the music, because of the reproduction of overtones never before heard over the air.

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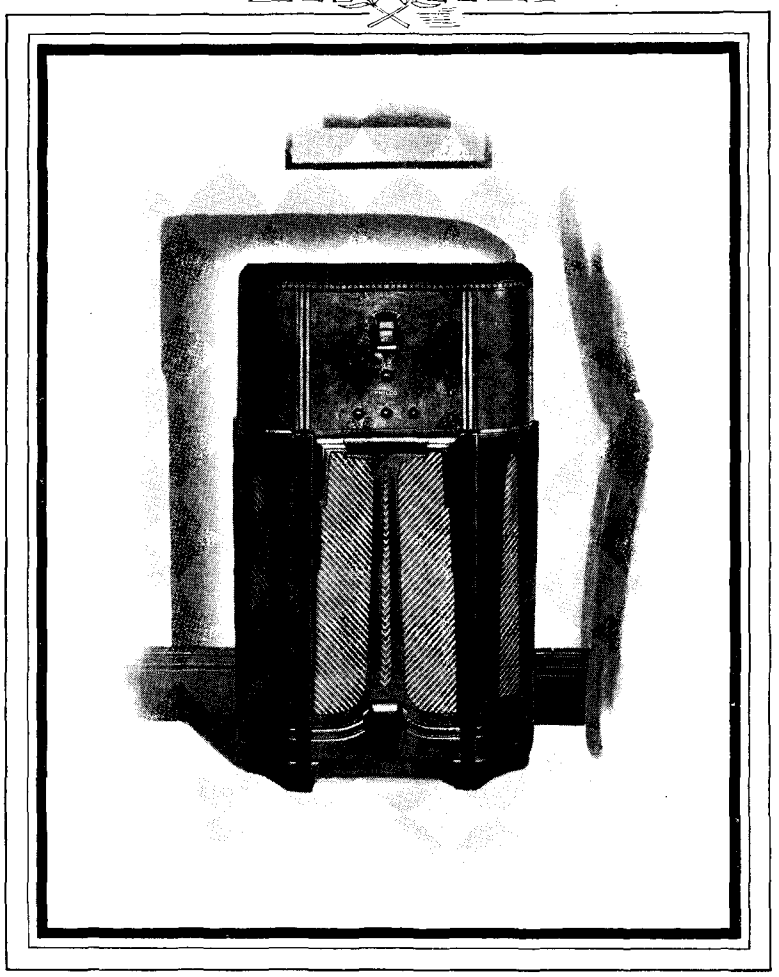
METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR—Kathryn Meisle, newly-engaged American Metropolitan Opera prima donna, says: "Having just had the privilege of listening to the new PHILCO High-Fidelity 200X, it is a revelation to hear true tonal quality without the usual mechanical sound coming from a transmission machine. It is the nearest to the natural tone I have ever heard."

FAMOUS CONDUCTOR—Alexander Smallens, one of the conductors of the Philadelphia Orchestra, remarks: "Having just listened to the new PHILCO High-Fidelity 200X, I claim it is the most faithful reproducer of music—whether radio, phonograph records or pure tones—that it has been my pleasure to listen to up to the present."

PRIMA DONNA—*Nina Morgana, famous so*prano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, states: "I have just listened with admiration to the new PHILCO High-Fidelity 200X, which transmits sounds with a clearness and balance and purity of tone that surpass anything I had heard before from a radio."



PHILCO HIGH-FIDELITY RADIO

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RADIO CITY MAESTRO—Erno Rapee, under whose capable guidance the superb Radio City Music Hall orchestral and operatic programs are produced, declared after hearing the new PHILCO High-Fidelity Radio: "The new PHILCO 200X is a truly remarkable instrument in fidelity as well as in its wide range."

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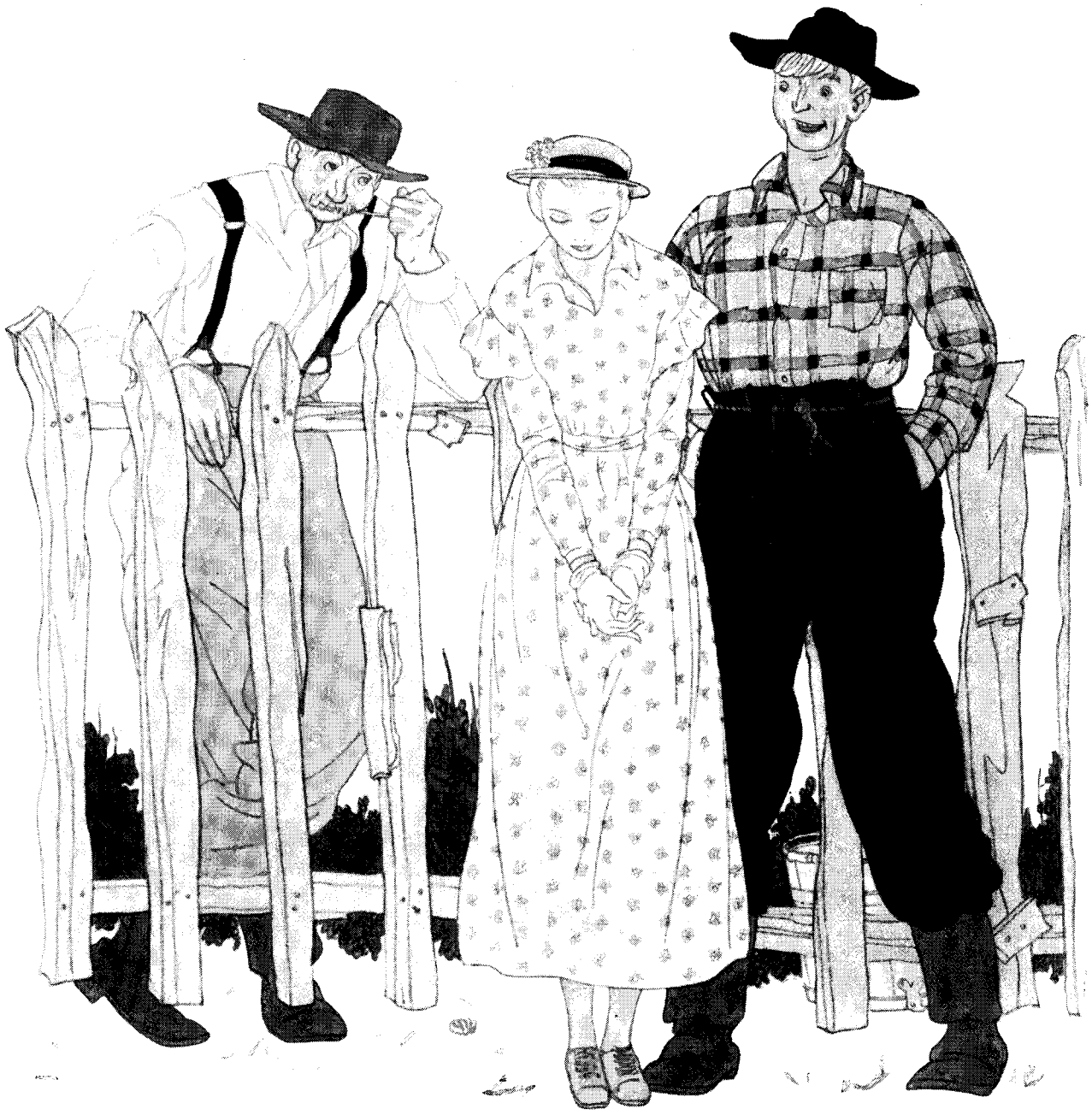

"How would you like to settle down on the eighty across the road?" I asked. Efra she blushed and giggled and Perly's face was red as a spanked baby

One Time it Rained

Romance and rebellion in the finest farm land on this green footstool—where the drought just passed for a record rainfall. Gaze upon the stalwart Bushwhackers, and if that won't make you all ashamed!

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

HOLD on now, son—don't go putting it in no St. Louie paper that folks over to Bushwhacker lynched a Brain-Truster. It ain't so. And that talk you heard about my eldest boy Perly being mixed up in it along with Efra Gundle is mighty dangerous. Yay—dangerous. Efra's folks is touchy about the family honor and you're apt to have the hull of Bushwhacker *a-climbing you.*

I know the kind of talk you've been a-listening to. Murt Simmons is a pretty fair postmaster, but the truth ain't in him. He allows that Perly and Efra and all Efra's relations in Bushwhacker turned cum-moon-ist agin the Government. It ain't so. Efra is a mighty sweet little gal, but she never heard of cum-moon-ism until Murt Simmons got to gassing around. My boy Perly was a Eagle Boy Scout when he was a youngster and he's a member in good standing of the B. Y. P. U. over to Bowling Green.

Fact is, son, Murt Simmons and that jackleg Dolphie Wiggoner, who's editor of the Auburn Jimplicute, caused most of the trouble. They was the ones who spread it around that the Brain-Truster come here to move all the Bushwhacker folks off their farms. Ordinarily, nobody would have paid much attention. But it's been powerful dry hereabouts this summer. Yay—dry! And when it's dry, folks get their nerves frazzled and act mighty touchy.

Dry? Why, son, Uncle Shotwell Jourdan over to Bushwhacker got reckless and tried to spit after sun-up and choked to death on his own tongue. Fact. Folks around here tried to plant watermelon seeds last May and them seeds growed legs and just walked out of the ground plumb disgusted. Fact. Dry? Why, son, I seed fifty crows get lost in a dust storm at high noon and come down in five minutes with every lick stitch of feathers burnt off them. It got so dry here in July that two camels in the circus over to Louisiana died of thirst; and it was so hot folks were pulling boiled catfish out of Deep Hole Slough.

But what we suffered wasn't a caution to what them poor folks over to Bushwhacker had to put up with. We had a little rain last March. Over to Bushwhacker there's children three years old that ain't never seed it rain. Fact. It's so dry over to Bushwhacker that folks have to prime their mules to get 'em to sweat; and even then the poor critters don't give off nothing but a little steam. My boy Perly says that Efra's daddy's cows ain't give anything but evaporated milk since last January. Big Cold Spring outside of Bushwhacker is so hot under the ground that folks have to siphon the water off in a two-mile oil pipe line to keep from burning their feet. Fact.

How did them Bushwhacker farmers live? Why, son, they could still raise sorghum and red hogs. Ain't you never heard of Bushwhacker sorghum beer? Your education has been neglected. When a man's got about a quart of sorghum beer under his belt he don't care how hot or how dry it is. And if a man's well primed on sorghum beer he thinks it's raining. Bushwhacker sorghum beer is the only thing that's kept them farmers going; that and their red hogs. Yay—sorghum beer and red hogs. The Lord will provide, son.

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Old Ab he yells: "Yay—Perfessor! Interfering with the will of Almighty God. Irie, bring that rope!" That Brain-Truster sure told them. He says they was ungrateful hounds

Water? Pshaw, son, that Bushwhacker sorghum goes right down after water, until it gets it. And as for them red hogs—they don't need water. A pint of sorghum beer will run a Bushwhacker red hog a month. And the hotter the sun is the better them red hogs like it. You never have to parboil a Bushwhacker red hog ham; it's half cooked already. Fact.

What say? Oh, you want to know about that Brain-Truster and Perly and Efra? Your newspaper wants the straight of it, eh? You're a dern' liar, son. That Post paper never tells the straight of nothing. You come up here plumb certain that a Brain-Truster was lynched in Bushwhacker and likely as not you been told that my boy Perly and Efra Gundle had a hand in it. Well, I know. That's what you *say*. But I reckon you'll go back to St. Louie and tell it that we're all cum-moon-ists and agin President Roosevelt.

Fact is, them Bushwhacker farmers is the original Democrats. That's how them hills down there got to be called Bushwhacker. Back in the Civil War, Pike County and Lincoln County went for the Union. But the hill folks come out for Jeff Davis and seceded from Pike County and went to bushwhacking. Arterwards, Lincoln County tried to take Bushwhacker into the county line and they done it legal too; but the Bushwhackers don't admit it. They claim they live in Jefferson Davis County. The only white man they ever actually lynched in them hills was a jackleg Republican postmaster at Bushwhacker who kept on writing it "Lincoln County" after he was warned.

THAT was the main reason I was plumb agin my boy Perly getting sweet on Efra Gundle. I and Perly's maw knowed old Ab Gundle forty year and never had a cross word with him. But us Collinses come originally from Ohio. I've always voted her straight Democrat; still, there's a few Republican Collinses, though they're keeping mighty quiet, and I knowed the question might come up with old Ab. There's still a little feeling about how the war went. Besides, as I told Perly: "Efra won't leave them hills and come to live on the prairie."

"Oh, yes, she will," says Perly—a boy knows it all when he's twenty-two—"she's plumb sick of Bushwhacker."

Perly's maw took up for him. She allowed Efra was a mighty nice girl, not a-feared of a hoe like all the young gals in this county, and she believed any Bushwhacker would jump at a chance to live on the prairie.

To hear Bushwhacker folks talk, when they ain't primed with sorghum beer, you'd believe they was plumb disgusted with their farms. I mind meeting old Ab at the Mill Church revival about the time Perly took a shine to Efra.

"Had any rain lately?" I says.

"Rain? What's that?" old Ab says.

"Going to make a crop?" I says.

"We ain't made a crop in them Godforsaken hills since I was a boy," says old Ab, "and then the chinch bugs and the army worms was a-laying for it. What they didn't want the grasshoppers et."

"Times are hard, Ab," I says, "but I reckon we'll all pull through."

Old Ab just shooken his head.

"Reckon we'll starve out this winter sure," says he. "That sorghum mash is wormy and won't turn and the cholery is taking every hog in the hills."

That was the way them Bushwhackers always talked when sober. I didn't put any too much stock in it. Cholery ain't nothing but a mild irritation to a Bushwhacker red hog and the more worms in sorghum mash the stronger the brew.

But my boy Perly is a fine lad, and I didn't want to cause him no unhappiness. I and Perly's maw let him take the car three times a week. He sure shot it, too. Yay—shot it. Them Bushwhacker roads is sure powerful hard on a car. Many's the time I was on the edge of telling Perly there was plenty of likely gals living on the slab road. But I just didn't have the heart to do it. I seed the lad was looking peaked and drawn out. He had it bad.

FINALLY, I got worried lest that Efra gal should turn Perly down. So I and Perly's maw invited him to bring her over for a Sunday dinner. He acted mighty skittish and fussed, but he broughten her.

Efra turned out to be a cute little piece, with a nice head of hair and black eyes like a heifer calf. She was mighty shy and kind of hanging back on account of her clothes.

"How do you like the prairie?" I said.

"It's just like heaven!" she said. "All the water you want to drink and green grass!"

"Pshaw, child, that grass ain't green," Perly's maw said. "That grass *was* green last March after the rain, but it sure ain't green now. It's nothing but hay cured right on the ground."

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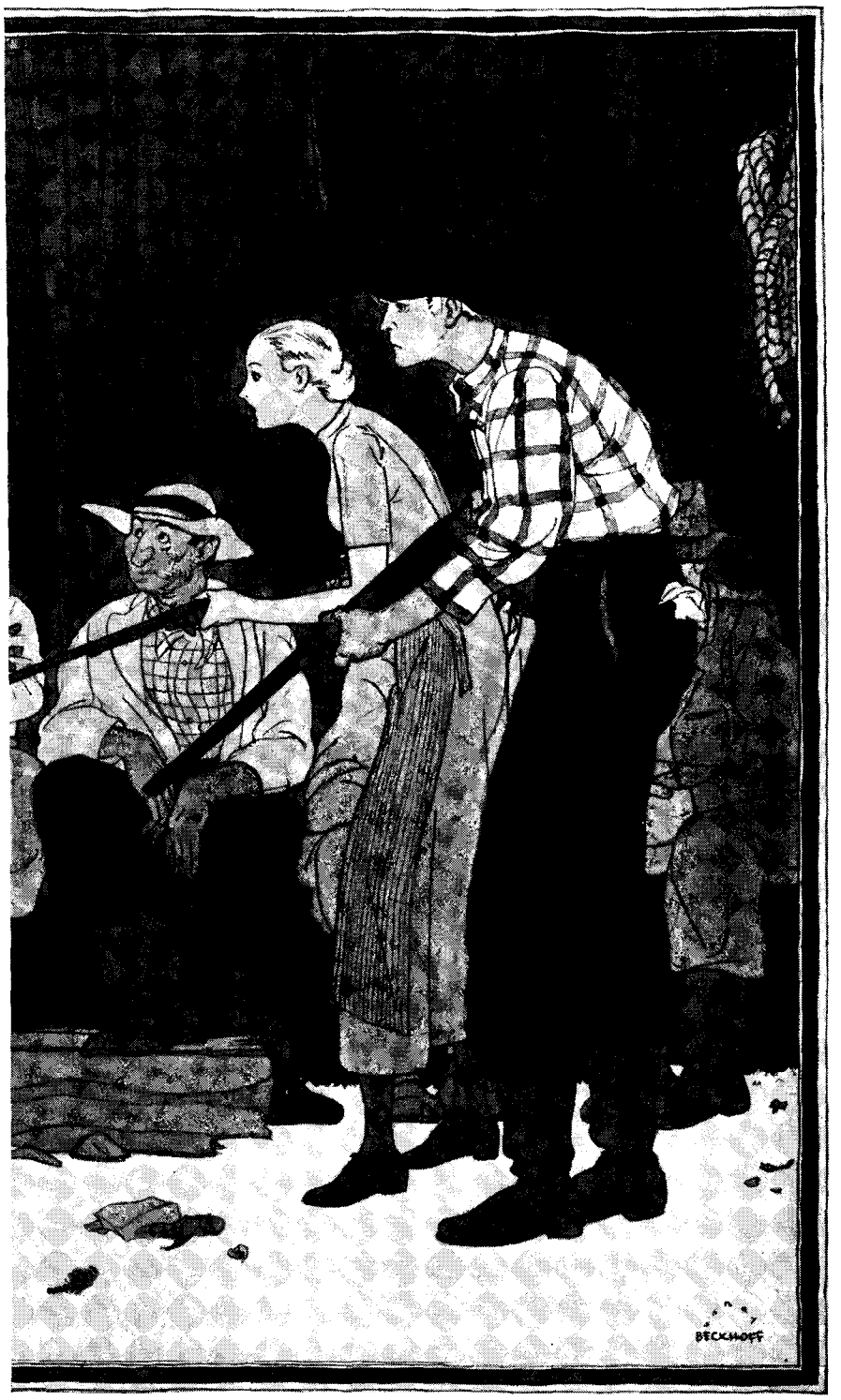

"It looks mighty nice and green to me," Efra says. "Around Bushwhacker this year the sorghum taken a spell to come up yellow. It's been yellow right through."

"That sorghum still makes mighty fine beer," I says, for old Ab had sent me a five-gallon jug.

"I think we'll get a rain before winter," Perly says, pretty weak and sickly. Yay—bad!

I mighty near caused the boy to throw a fit by asking Efra: "How would you like to settle down on the eighty across the road?"

Efra she blushed and giggled and Perly's face was red as a spanked baby.

"Land's sakes," Efra says, "a girl would go mighty near crazy from relief, getting away from Bushwhacker." I nudged Perly to take her right up and pop the question but these youngsters nowadays, for all their smart alec talk, ain't a bit peart with the gals when it comes right down to it. Perly liked to choke and said nary word.

What say? Oh, the Brain-Truster? I was a-coming to that, son. I was a-coming to that.

Well, as I say, it looked like Perly and Efra would make a marriage. Fact is, Perly come busting across the front field when I was hauling water for the cows one morning and allows it is all set.

"She'll marry me soon as hog killing's over," the boy said. "She'd do it right now, she's so anxious to get away from Bushwhacker, only her paw says he'll need her at home. He's aiming for to kill twenty head."

TIMES was pretty hard, son, but I taken my government wheat money and some of the hog money too and told Perly to fix up the house on the eighty. We had that to attend to and a pond to dig just in case it happened to rain before it snowed and we was all busier than a cow's tail in flytime. So the first I knowed about this Brain-Truster was when Joe Aitken, the county agent for Lincoln County, come to see me about the Bushwhackers.

I don't blame Joe for this at all, understand me, son? I say nary word agin Joe. He's a good boy and worked himself through the Agriculture College at Columbia and he means well.

"Mr. Collins," Joe says, "the Government is worried about the drought situation. I've been to see Mr. Ab Gundle and several other leaders of the Bushwhacker community and I can't get any information. They're very antagonistic."

"Well, Joe," I says, "old Ab and the folks in them hills has been selling a little sorghum beer to sports in St. Louie and Kansas City. Can't say as I blame 'em either. They need a little cash money. But that's why you didn't get no information."

Joe shakes his head.

"We're not interested in that," he says; "we're interested in the drought situation. It's terrible all over the state but it's worst in the Bushwhacker community. I drove through those hills yesterday and I couldn't see anything but a few sorghum patches and some red hogs. Those poor people will starve this winter unless they get relief."

"Joe," I says, "them Bushwhackers has been grumbling about their lot for eighty year. To hear a Bushwhacker talking you'd think he'd been staked out in the Bad Place. But I don't put much stock in Bushwhacker talk and no stock at all in what folks on this prairie say."

But Joe couldn't see the p'int. He allowed that he'd been give serious information that the Bushwhackers would starve out for sure during the winter.

"Their land isn't even marginal land," Joe says, "it's below the level of subsidence," or something like that, meaning it was no-good land. "The Government should move all the Bushwhacker farmers to better ground."

Well, I knowed there wasn't a bit of use talking no more to Joe. What say? You mean, ain't it bad ground? The Bushwhacker ground? Why, son, that ground grows the best sorghum beer in Missouri and the hardiest red hogs in the world. Besides and moreover, they tell me that just about the time I talked with Joe Aitken a big dust storm blowed out of Kansas and laid two inches of nice, rich moist soil all over Bushwhacker. Yay—moist. Moist compared to the soil it laid over. Why, son, that Kansas dust brought early fall pastures back until they was right green. Of course, it didn't last. The dirt from Kansas was soon just as dry as the original Bushwhacker dirt. But it was good, rich dirt.

WHAT say? The Brain-Truster? I'm a-coming to him, son, I'm a-coming to him right now.

It happened thisaway: Joe Aitken talked wild to Dolphie Wiggoner, editor of the Auburn Jimplicute and Dolphie put it in his paper. You never read such a pack of lies even in the Post, son. Dolphie let on like the Government was going to buy ten thousand acres of Mississippi bottom land and move all the Bushwhackers onto it; and put up a corncob pipe factory for 'em to boot. Half the year, to hear Dolphie tell it, they'd raise corn and half the year they'd work in the corncob pipe factory.

Right on the heels of this foolishness, Murt Simmons, he rared back and told it around Auburn that Perfessor Tugwell was a-coming to Bushwhacker personal to move the farmers. Murt allowed like he'd had a letter from Postmaster General Farley. First I knowed of how things was moving come when my boy Perly got back from sparking Efra of a Sunday. He come in at nine o'clock instead of one in the morning and I knowed something had gone wrong.

"Paw," says Perly, "Efra taken back what she said about us marrying."

"How come?" says I.

"The dern' Government is aiming for to make all the Bushwhacker folks move off their land. Efra says she ain't a-going and old man Ab says he ain't a-going and every last one I talked to said they ain't a-going neither. Hell sure is popping around Bushwhacker, Paw."

I seed the boy was right peaked and sad, so I tried to cheer him up. I says: "What's such foolishness got to do with you and Efra?"

"It ain't foolishness, Paw," Perly said, "Efra believes it. She says she couldn't get married and live here on the prairie while her folks were standing agin the Government. She's right! If the Bushwhacker folks need any help I'm a-going to help them!"

Well, son, I told the poor fellow, I said: "You keep out of this. Be you daft? The Government ain't studying about them Bushwhackers. It's just some more yarning of Murt Simmons and that jackleg Dolphie Wiggoner."

THE next day was a Monday and I hadn't hardly finished hauling water before word come that Perfessor Tugwell was at the county seat. I didn't believe it and Perly's maw didn't believe it, but we drove over just to make Murt Simmons a liar. The county seat looked like a Saturday afternoon.

"Where's this Perfessor Tugwell at?" says I, at the gasoline filling station. Moss Claus' boy he runs it. He allowed the Brain-Truster had got off the eight-thirty bus and was in Joe Aitken's office a-talking. There was a big crowd of folks outside the courthouse.

Joe's office is on the first floor and I could look right in. I taken a good look at the feller with Joe.

"Murt's a dern' liar," I says, "that ain't Perfessor Tugwell. That ain't nothing but a college boy."

I reckon Joe must have heard the big argument and seen me in the crowd because he stuck his head out the winder and motions for me to step right in. Reckon there must have been upwards of three hunderd people in town by this time.

Well, I went in just out of politeness and Joe made me acquainted with this Brain-Truster. He wasn't Perfessor Tugwell. His name was Stanley Hodge and he come clear from Boston. Joe called him Dr. Hodge but he sure didn't look old enough to be no doctor.

"Mr. Collins," says Joe, "I've been trying to persuade Dr. Hodge not to go to Bushwhacker. I want you to describe the Bushwhacker situation for Dr. Hodge."

That Brain-Truster could certainly talk your arm off. He had doo-dad spectacles on top of his nose and his dern' nose twitched like a rabbit's or a bird dog's smelling quails.

"Them Bushwhackers don't want no help," says I.

"They need help, Mr. Collins," says he, right quick. "It's just a question of what sort of help would be most feasible." He rattled on with a great howdy-do about the Government taking care of farmers and the drought being so many inches this and so many inches that; and he says it ain't no-ways certain the Government aims to move the Bushwhackers as that is all hippythetical, but he's got to make a thorough investigation. Finally, I has to tell him that I had some mighty thirsty cows needing water and I had to be going along.

"I THOUGHT you might have time to introduce Dr. Hodge to Mr. Gundle," Joe says.

"Sorry, young feller," I says, "if this here brain expert will take an old farmer's advice he'll stay clear away from Bushwhacker."

The Brain-Truster just laughed. I didn't say nothing though. Nary word. I just clumb back in the old car and went on about my business.

When I come in after milking that evening, there was trouble. Yay—trouble.

Perly's maw says: "You'll have to look for Perly. He taken your gun and went out in the car two hours ago. Said he was going to shoot him some squirrels. I ain't heard a single shot."

I looked at her and I says "H'mm." But I didn't say nary word. I went out and traced them car tracks in the dust

(Continued on page 34)

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Dinner at Midnight

Introduction to a girl who had to eat—but who was very seriously handicapped by a decided preference for good, sound hash

By Lucian Cary

PHYLLIS BROWN put down the receiver and looked wildly about the meager little hotel bedroom.

They said they would have to have the room or the money by eight o'clock. She had known they would say that. She had been stalling them every afternoon for a week. But as long as they hadn't said it she could keep on telling herself that they wouldn't.

She went to the window and looked out. The buses were still going up Fifth Avenue as if nothing had happened. She looked up at the clock across the roofs. It was five minutes after five. She had less than three hours.

She picked up her purse. She knew exactly what she had but she went over it again. She had one cigarette and two nickels. She didn't know anybody in New York—except at Rudolph's. She had been fired from Rudolph's before she got over her astonishment at being there at all. She had never been a model before. She would never have thought of applying for the job if it hadn't been for Hilda.

Phyllis had done everything on a small-town paper in Indiana for two years and then Bill Stowell had wired for her to come on and join his staff in Chicago. For six happy months she had done features for Bill Stowell. When Bill got fired, all the people he had taken on got fired. Phyllis had come on to New York. She had learned, when she met Hilda, how hopeless it was to try to get a job on a New York paper. Hilda had said she was the perfect type for Rudolph. She was right. Rudolph had chosen Phyllis as the model on whom he'd make his clothes.

IT WAS really quite thrilling. She was a little ashamed of finding it as thrilling as it was. She had thought of herself as tall, slender, and reasonably good-looking. But she had never dreamed of herself as a model a famous dressmaker would choose. And in that curious and wholly sexless intimacy with Rudolph she felt free to discuss it.

"You know, Rudolph," she said, when he was draping and pinning yards of priceless stuff on her, creating a masterpiece, "I'm not pretty."

Rudolph took a handful of pins out of his mouth in order to explode.

"Pretty!" he said. "Pretty! I should hope not. You have the slender figure which is yet"—he made a gesture with his hands as if shaping a vase in the air—"smooth, rounded, svelte. In a word, feminine. You are still like a boy when you move. All American girls are awkward—like boys. But that will pass. You will become like my clothes and then you will be lovely."

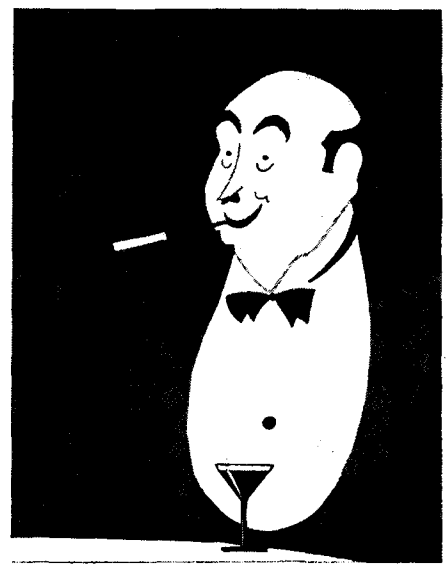
Phyllis knew that Rudolph hadn't ordered her to be fired. Stern must have done it. She hadn't known that Stern was the real owner of Rudolph's. She had been there a month and she hadn't known who he was. He had intercepted her as she was on her way back after showing Rudolph's new ivory dinner dress to a customer. Stern was fat and short and vulgar.

"Baby," he said, and he had pinched her fondly but indelicately, "baby, you're going to dinner with me tonight."

Phyllis had wanted to slap him but she had actually done something that had hurt him. She had looked coldly at him and said, "You're mistaken."

It didn't seem reasonable that he had fired her for that. Hilda had gone to London with a show. Phyllis knew what Hilda would say. Hilda would say: "Of course, you poor little fool. Go call him up and apologize and tell him you'd love to go to dinner with him. You'll get one grand meal and if you can't string him along into giving you your job back you're just simple-minded. He's playing a game. You outplay him—that's all."

Phyllis Brown



Mr. Stern

Phyllis picked up the telephone. There was only one other possible person in New York. That was Toynbee. Phyllis had interviewed him in Chicago. He had made her promise to let him know if she came to New York. He was a connoisseur of painting and sculpture and music and first editions.

Phyllis debated as she raised the receiver. She called Stern. Toynbee was a gentleman and Stern was a vulgarian. But when it came to the point it was easier to tell Stern her predicament.

"Baby," Stern said, "you don't have to explain. It is all right with papa. We will go to the Carillon for dinner."

"Oh," Phyllis said, "couldn't we go to some quiet place?"

"The Carillon is more quiet than any place in New York," Stern said.

"But I haven't the clothes for a place like that."

"You go to Rudolph," Stern said. "Rudolph will give you that ivory dress I liked you in and the wrap that goes with it—everything."

"But it's half past five," Phyllis protested. "They're closing now."

"I will call up," Stern said. "They will be open to you any time."

Phyllis thought he had no intention of giving her the dress. Models often wore clothes for one evening. They were sometimes encouraged to do so.

"All right," she said.

SHE put on the little suit she had bought with the money she had saved in her four weeks at Rudolph's. She had lived on twenty dollars a week and saved twenty. She had eighty dollars. She had bought the suit and the blouse and the hat and the gloves and the purse and the pumps. She was sure no one had done better with eighty dollars. She had been fired the next day.

Phyllis locked her room and left the key at the desk. She would come back shortly with a check—or she wouldn't. She took the subway uptown. She had five cents left. She was at Rudolph's by six o'clock. They were waiting for her with a hairdresser and a manicurist. Rudolph harangued everybody. He was a mad perfectionist. When, at last, he approved of Phyllis he discovered that she had asked them to pack the clothes she had worn to the shop in a box and that she was taking the box with her.

"Heavens!" Rudolph cried. "She is the most perfectly dressed woman in the whole world—and she is starting out with a big package under her arm"

"Heavens!" Rudolph cried. "She is the most perfectly dressed woman in New York, in the United States, in the whole world—and she is starting out with a big package under her arm."

Phyllis told him she would have the driver of the taxi Stern was sending take her around to the Grand Central and check the package in the parcel-room before she went to the Carillon.

"Taxi!" Rudolph cried. "That barbarian is entrusting one of my dresses to a common taxicab!"

Phyllis had time in the cab to realize how hungry she was. She had lived for two days on ten cents' worth of doughnuts. She had eaten the last of the doughnuts that morning. The cab drew up at the Carillon. She apologized humbly to the driver. She had no tip for him. She couldn't even pay the ten cents it had cost him to check the box.

"Never you mind, sister," the driver said. "It'll all be on the bill."

Phyllis was taken aback to find that Stern had engaged a private room. But she told herself she needn't be afraid of the man. Stern was deep in the wine list, with a wine waiter making suggestions, when Phyllis entered.

"Ah, baby," he said, taking her hand in both of his. "Baby—you are so beautiful I could eat you."

He ordered cocktails and canapés.

"Such a dinner I have ordered for

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you, baby," Stern said. "Oysters and supreme of pheasant and—" He went on and on in delighted anticipation.

Phyllis could have done with another of the stale doughnuts she had been living on while she waited but she managed to smile.

"Tomorrow," Stern continued, "we will go to Atlantic City for a few days. It is wonderful in November. And now we are having Indian summer it will be marvelous."

Phyllis knew how she ought to take that. She ought to refuse flirtatiously. But she couldn't.

"That will be very nice," Phyllis said.

She lifted her cocktail glass and smiled at him over the rim of it.

"Will you excuse me—for a minute?" she asked.

"For one minute? Sure I will."

Once outside the door Phyllis ran for the ladies' dressing-room. She made sure she had that last nickel. She tore madly through the telephone book. She called up Toynbee. He was at home.

"You don't remember me—I'm sure," she gasped. "I'm Phyllis Brown—the newspaper reporter who interviewed you in Chicago last spring."

"Of course I remember you, Miss Brown," he said. His voice was rich, cultivated, kind.

Phyllis thought what a fool she had been not to call him in the first place. She might have known that there was no hope of meeting simple decency in a man like Stern.

"I'm in a jam," she said into the telephone. "I'm at the Carillon with a man who has proved extremely objectionable. I haven't taxi fare. I haven't any money at all—with me, I mean. Would—I mean—"

"My dear Miss Brown," Toynbee said, "I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Oh," she said, "it would be so good of you."

"Not at all," Toynbee said. "I shall be delighted. I'll send in for you and you hop into my car and we'll be off before he knows you're gone."

PHYLLIS turned to the attendant. She had heard it all, of course. But she didn't seem surprised. "I—I—Mr. Toynbee is calling for me in ten minutes," she said.

The woman smiled reassuringly. "You go back and be yourself and the waiter will come in and tell you there's a call for you and then you run, kid, you run—and don't forget your wrap."

Phyllis took a deep breath and went back to the private room. Stern was having another cocktail. He insisted that she have another. Phyllis managed to smile at him while she took little sips of that cocktail, making it last the ten minutes.

The waiter came in and spoke softly in her ear.

Phyllis jumped up and grabbed her cape.

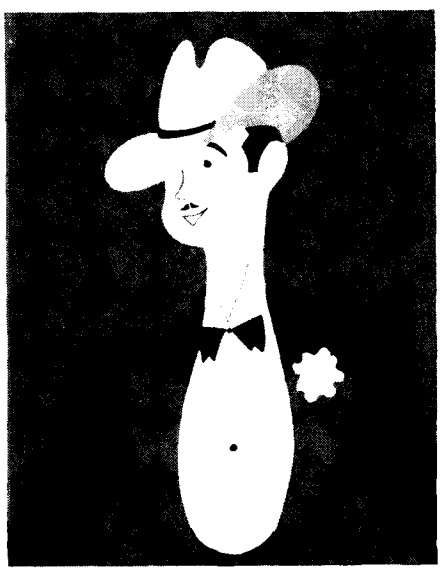
"What's the matter?" Stern demanded.

Phyllis sprinted down the corridor. She ran down the stairs. She walked sedately out of the Carillon. Mr. Toynbee stood beside the open door of his car. He handed her in and jumped in after her just as Stern came running out of the Carillon waving his napkin and shouting.

"Stop, thief!" he yelled. "She stole my dress."

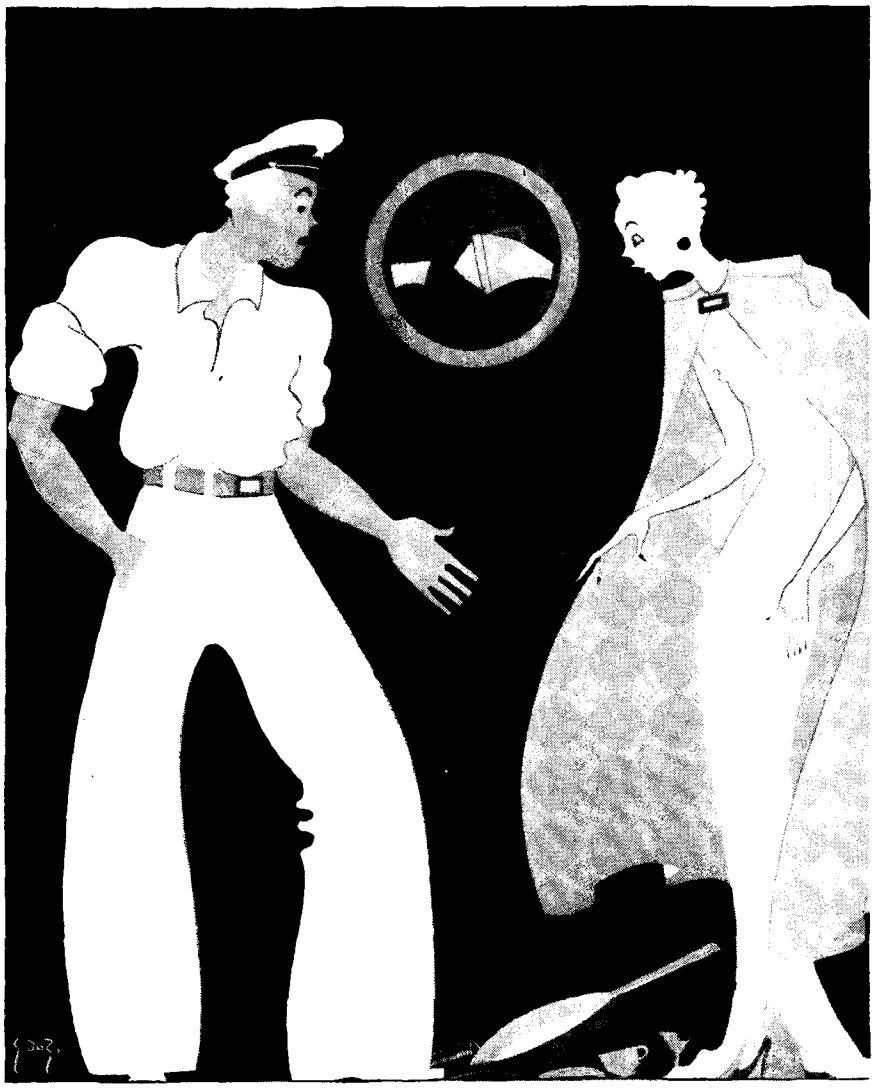
The roar of the motor as the chauffeur stepped on it obscured his cries.

Mr. Toynbee



Dick Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Dick Hall burst into words that Phyllis had never heard applied to herself

"What a relief!" Phyllis said.

"You lean back and rest," Toynbee said. He tucked a robe around her knees.

The car turned into Park Avenue. The car moved rapidly, smoothly, luxuriously up Park Avenue.

"I want to talk," Phyllis said. "Give me a cigarette and let me talk."

Toynbee gave her a cigarette from a gold and silver cigarette case. She told him the story as briefly and brightly as she could.

"What can be done with—with such a man?" Toynbee asked.

"By tomorrow," Phyllis said, "I'll be able to laugh about it."

"In the meantime you've had no dinner."

"No," Phyllis said, "nothing but a canapé. I'm going to be frightfully hungry."

Toynbee picked up the speaking tube and told the chauffeur to stop at the next drug store where he could telephone.

"Where are we going?" Phyllis asked.

"To my house in Greenwich," Toynbee said. "We've been putting off moving to town because the weather has been so fine this autumn. We can make you comfortable for a few days."

Phyllis wondered what kind of woman Mrs. Toynbee was. She mightn't welcome a strange young woman. But she couldn't very well ask Toynbee.

While Toynbee was telephoning she remembered her clothes at the Grand Central. She asked him when he came back to the car if he'd mind driving to the Grand Central to get them.

"I'm so glad you mentioned it," Toynbee said. "You couldn't comfortably spend the week-end with us in that singularly lovely dinner dress you are wearing."

The chauffeur got Phyllis' box at the Grand Central and turned again north. Phyllis didn't try to talk—she went to sleep.

She awoke suddenly. Toynbee was calling her "My dear."

"Yes," she said. "Are we there?"

"Almost," Toynbee said. "We're stopping at the Yacht Club. It's practically next door and I must have one dance with you."

PHYLLIS shook herself awake. They went into a brightly lighted club. There was an informal dance on.

"I must find a mirror," Phyllis said.

Toynbee showed her the dressing-room. Two girls in evening dress went on gossiping about Dick and Madge as Phyllis refreshed her make-up and arranged her hair.

"Did you see him just now at the telephone — in dungarees?" one girl asked the other. "His boat is out there at the end of the dock. He says he's sailing at midnight just as he had planned. He says he isn't going to give up a trip to the West Indies just because he and Madge have busted up and she's not going with him."

"It's a good thing for him he isn't going to marry Madge," the other girl said. "She'd never make good on a voyage like that."

"I should say not," the other girl said. "But you know what the trouble was?"

"She wouldn't quit drinking."

"Madge," the other girl said, "is the worst souse in Connecticut. She can't stop drinking."

Phyllis realized that she was lingering to listen instead of hurrying. She was hungry. She dashed out of the dressing-room and down the hall and around the corner and plumb into a young man who was carrying a brown paper parcel in one hand and a five-gallon can of water in the other. He staggered, recovered himself, and spilled a good deal of water on the floor.

"I'm so sorry," Phyllis said. She had a quick impression of a nice, homely face above a pair of broad shoulders in a blue dungaree blouse.

The young man wasn't in the least polite about it. He grumbled something that sounded like "clumsy fool." Phyllis hurried on. That, she thought, must have been the young man they were talking about.

She danced with Toynbee. She was aware as she danced that all the women in the room were staring at her. Toynbee seemed to be on the top of the wave. He smiled and nodded right and left.

WHEN the dance was over he led the way out on the veranda.

"I'm not going to let one of them meet you," he said. "I'm going to let them go on gasping."

It was bright moonlight. Phyllis saw small yachts drawn up on the shore and covered with tarpaulins. At the end of the dock she saw a gleam of yellow light from a porthole and made out the shape of a small sailing cruiser. She pointed it out to Toynbee.

"That's Dick Hall's cutter," Toynbee said. "He's sailing her single-handed to the Caribbean."

"He isn't the Dick Hall who writes a sports column for the New York Mail?" Phyllis asked.

"Yes, he is."

"How interesting!" Phyllis said.

"You don't sound awfully interested."

"I keep thinking about food," Phyllis said.

"My dear!" Toynbee cried. "How can you forgive me? I shouldn't have stopped here. But—but—the truth is I couldn't resist showing you off."

"We could eat here, couldn't we?" Phyllis asked.

"We could," Toynbee said. "But it's only a step to the house—it's scarcely

(*Continued on page* 39)

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What Football Does to You

By Lou Little

ILLUSTRATED BY
BURRIS JENKINS

"Shall I let my boy play college football?" A father traveled across the continent to put that question to Lou Little. Here he answers it, giving the whole picture, the shadows as well as the highlights

Many fathers—and mothers, too—are seriously concerned with the problem of whether to encourage their sons to play football

THE telephone call had come in the morning, soon after I reached my office on the Columbia campus. I recognized the name, as you might have also, if you glance occasionally at the financial and industrial sections of your newspaper. I was surprised at the call. My own holdings on the stock market are on the modest side, due to certain unavoidable circumstances.

"I hope you'll excuse me for calling you in this way," said the man. "I have just reached town from the West and I'll be leaving again within a few days. I'd like to talk with you on a personal matter at your convenience. There is no hurry about it but I wondered if you could have lunch with me some day this week."

Our spring football practice, such as it is at Columbia, was closing two days later. I said I'd be free on Friday. Accordingly, we met at my host's lunch club, high in a downtown skyscraper overlooking New York harbor. I was still curious.

"You're wondering what's on my mind," he said as we sat down. "Simply this: I have a boy, fifteen years old. He means about as much to his mother and me as an only son could. Just now he is at home on our place in Arizona where we have lived most of the time in recent years because my property in the West keeps me out there six or seven months a year. And it's better for him than New York.

"The boy has had hundreds of acres over which to ride and shoot. He's strong, perhaps not rugged, but pretty well developed for a youngster his age. I think his life in the open has made him a little more self-reliant than the average boy of his years in the East.

"A good deal of his recent schooling has been with tutors but he's coming East to prep school next fall and later, of course, to college. I didn't go to college. My father's grocery business wasn't very good about the time I finished my second year of high school. I went to work. I know little, even from observation, of college football. Columbia's Rose Bowl game with Stanford was one of the few big games I've ever seen. Pasadena isn't far from home and, at his insistence, the boy and I jumped down there for that one. Perhaps that's why I thought of calling you on the phone the other day.

"Now, what I want to ask you, straight-away, off the record and forgetting you're a coach, is this: Shall I encourage my boy to aim at being a varsity football player in college? And if I do, what will four years of college football, in the years from eighteen to twenty-two, do for—or to—my boy?"

I have coached football for a number of years. During that time I have frequently been in close touch with the fathers of boys on the squad. I have enjoyed that association, even with some of those who couldn't agree with me that their sons were a little less than All-America quarterbacks or ends. I didn't blame them in the least. But this was a new experience.

Well, we left that table at 4:30 P. M. after three and a half hours of the most interesting discussion I can recall. At the end, the tablecloth was smudged with diagrams of the two Columbia plays which led to the touchdown against Stanford. But this was no one-sided discussion. I mean that I attempted to paint for this father no highly colored picture of the football player's side of college life as it differs from that of the non-player. I tried to be thoroughly honest in pointing out the possible difficulties, dangers and abuses. I told him that four years of college football may mean certain definite sacrifices—sacrifices of things which some boys, and their parents, might consider too much. And which, I am willing to add, may be too much in the cases of certain boys.

It's Up to the Parents

We discussed, too, the phases of football which in my opinion more than counteract the dangers and sacrifices. But I made no attempt to convince this father. I intended that his decision, insofar as he might influence his boy, should be his responsibility, not mine. Now I'll wait with a good deal of interest three years from now to see whether the young man's name bobs up on the roster of one of the big Eastern college squads.

I have wondered since that day how many fathers—and mothers—of youngsters coming up from knee pants might like to sit down with a varsity coach and talk things over. Today the kids are kicking a lop-sided pigskin around the vacant lot or school yard and coming home to point with pride at a skinned nose or a roughed-up knee. Tomorrow you'll be packing them off to high school or prep school. Then, before long, a bit sheepishly but perhaps proudly, too, you may be clipping squibs

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from the sports page about "shifty Johnny Black, Haleton's sophomore quarterback, who gets the varsity starting assignment tomorrow against State in his first big game." And he'll be sending you tickets and begging you to be there.

"I want my boy, of course, to stand out among his fellows, to live a full life in college," this questioning father told me. "But primarily I want him to prepare himself soundly. Naturally I want him to be successful in his studies. But, just as much, I want him to gain an appreciation of the good things of life, books, music, art, perhaps. I don't want him to live the life of a Spartan. I want him to come out a well-rounded man, ready to work, play and enjoy life."

And so, undoubtedly, do you want your boy to come out at the end of four years in college.

All right, from now on this is a discussion between a football coach and you fathers and mothers. I'll have to ask the others of you, if you stay, to be unobtrusively quiet.

We'll begin by being frank. I believe American football is a worth-while sport for the normal boy of keen mentality who loves rugged, stirring physical contact. I'd be less than honest to continue a lifework of coaching if I did not believe that.

But I'd be less than honest, too, if I did not recognize in intercollegiate football some phases which have their elements of danger and which, with your coaching, as well as mine, your boy should be helped to avoid.

They're Not Afraid to Be Hurt

I'm not speaking now of physical danger. Injuries, occasionally serious injuries, will always be a part of the sport. Thanks to drastic changes in the football rules two years ago, the number of injuries has dropped sharply without changing the essential characteristics of the game. Football still is, and, I hope, always will be, a sport demanding courage and the ability, within reason, to absorb physical punishment. The boys call it the ability to "take it."

The game was attacked unfairly in the hysteria that followed the 1931 season. Deaths and serious injuries suffered by youngsters who were struck by motor cars or who fell on paving blocks while kicking footballs about the streets were charged to the sport. When the air had been cleared of smoke raised by badly informed viewers-with-alarm, it was revealed that the number of deaths and serious injuries in supervised intercollegiate and interscholastic football was remarkably small for the numbers involved.

The danger of injury, or the brief pain of it, will never enter your boy's head if he loves the game. I have not forgotten the Columbia quarterback of a few years ago who twisted an ankle in a game one week before the season closed. It was an "old ankle" which had been injured before. I knew when he hobbled from the field that we had seen the last of Ralph Hewitt in football clothes at Baker Field. He was a brilliant back, a natural leader, very nearly the key to our attack. Without conceit, he knew that. He knew also of orders from the team's physician to keep that foot off the ground for at least a week. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday he was around on crutches.

On Wednesday afternoon, through some subterfuge, he managed to get a sympathetic member of the training staff to bind the ankle tightly. I was leaving the locker-room for the beginning of practice when I heard him call.

"Coach, look at this," he yelled with a grin that must have cost him something in pain. "The ankle has come around all right. I'll be able to go Saturday. No trouble at all. Watch me." And he started to put on a brave show at a dodging run and a couple of pivots.

"Get off that foot," I told him in words that were slightly more emphatic than that. "Get in there to the doctor with it before you do some more damage. Ten touchtowns Saturday wouldn't pay for the chance of hurting that ankle permanently and I have sense enough to realize that if you haven't. Get in there and take that ankle with you. Your football is over for the year." And it was.

Admirable, Though Unwise

Yes, I admired the boy. You fathers, I doubt not, would want your boy to do the same. Perhaps you mothers would be a bit more conservative. But Ralph Hewitt's was a spirit that coaches come to know well and see often. And I might add, it is a spirit usually curbed before it results in definite harm in these days when there is a physician as well as a trainer on the sidelines during every practice and every game.

Being on the bench with a twisted ankle during this final game wouldn't hurt Ralph Hewitt's prestige for the season in the slightest. If the team lost without him, the writers would emphasize what had been his importance. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain—personally. But he forgot that and he forgot pain trying to convince me that he could play. He knew the team needed him.

I could emphasize the same point by telling the story of Tony Matal, a great end, who sat on the bench and sobbed because we would not let him go back into the Rose Bowl game against Stanford after a blow on the head late in the first half. His own hard tackling had done it.

"The chances are he'd be perfectly all right," the doctor told me. "But there is one chance in perhaps a hundred that a hard knock in the same place today might be pretty serious." Touchdowns are not worth even the outside chance of injuries which possibly can be avoided. Tony finished out his career on the bench. I know he has not recovered yet from his disappointment. But his head was as clear as ever an hour or two after the game and that was what interested me.

The danger of injury is there, certainly. But in the cases of youngsters like these, don't you think there are certain values which more than offset the hazard? I do.

There are other entries on the debit side of college football which are more real, in my opinion. Perhaps in this listing I'll not strike some of the things about which the reformers, ill-informed as reformers often are, do most of their shouting. I do not, for instance, worry about large crowds and gate receipts. I like large crowds at football games. And the gate receipts, important as they are in supporting other sports and the physical education plans, are no part of the players' worries. In some cases, true, teams have been asked to play schedules too difficult in order to foot the bills for non-paying sports, the maintenance of stadiums and expensive intra-mural programs. But these cases are growing more and more rare. The "gate" and the schedule involved mean little to the coach and player in the vast majority of cases today.

An Over-Advertised Bugaboo

And it is true, too, that the so-called "big game" between well-matched teams, even in early season, is less fraught with danger of injury and is more sporting that the former games between little and big teams when the score of one mounted to fifty or sixty points. In the East we have begun to learn that lesson from the Western Conference teams. That the crowds are larger is a natural but not damning result. Football "big business" today is a much over-advertised bugaboo, save in rare instances.

More serious, it seems to me, is the danger of your boy's reaction to the prominence and publicity he'll receive as an individual after a few long runs for touchdown for which the blocking back or running guard probably deserves more credit than he. The national, or state, or even local spotlight turned on your boy as a result of his gridiron exploits can test his character as no boy really deserves to be tested at nineteen or twenty. Except perhaps in some coeducational colleges, this is not a matter of campus adulation. No boy is a gilded hero to his roommate, his fraternity brothers or his classmates on the basis of football triumphs. They know better. They'll borrow his neckties and white flannel pants as carelessly as those of anyone else.

But with outside publicity, interviewers, news-reel pictures and the like, he may decide the world owes a person of his prominence an easy living. People have been so anxious to know him, to invite him out, to talk to him about last Saturday's game or last season's record. Cracking the world for plenty of dough with all these friends will be easy—he thinks. Then it's—"Hey, look out. Watch where you're going. Bang!"

And the shock of disillusionment comes harder than any block he ever took on the football field.

I can tell you quite intimately of the case of a tackle at the University of Pennsylvania some fifteen years ago. The sports writers thought and wrote that he was quite a football player. There were times when, in spite of himself, he agreed with them. Friends abounded in Philadelphia, New York and around the East where his team had played. In due course of time he was graduated.

In those days the general plan of action of well-known football players upon graduation was "when in doubt, sell bonds." He decided to sell bonds. With all these friends about, he reasoned, the trick of selling bonds would be softer than a June breeze. Probably

(Continued on page 35)

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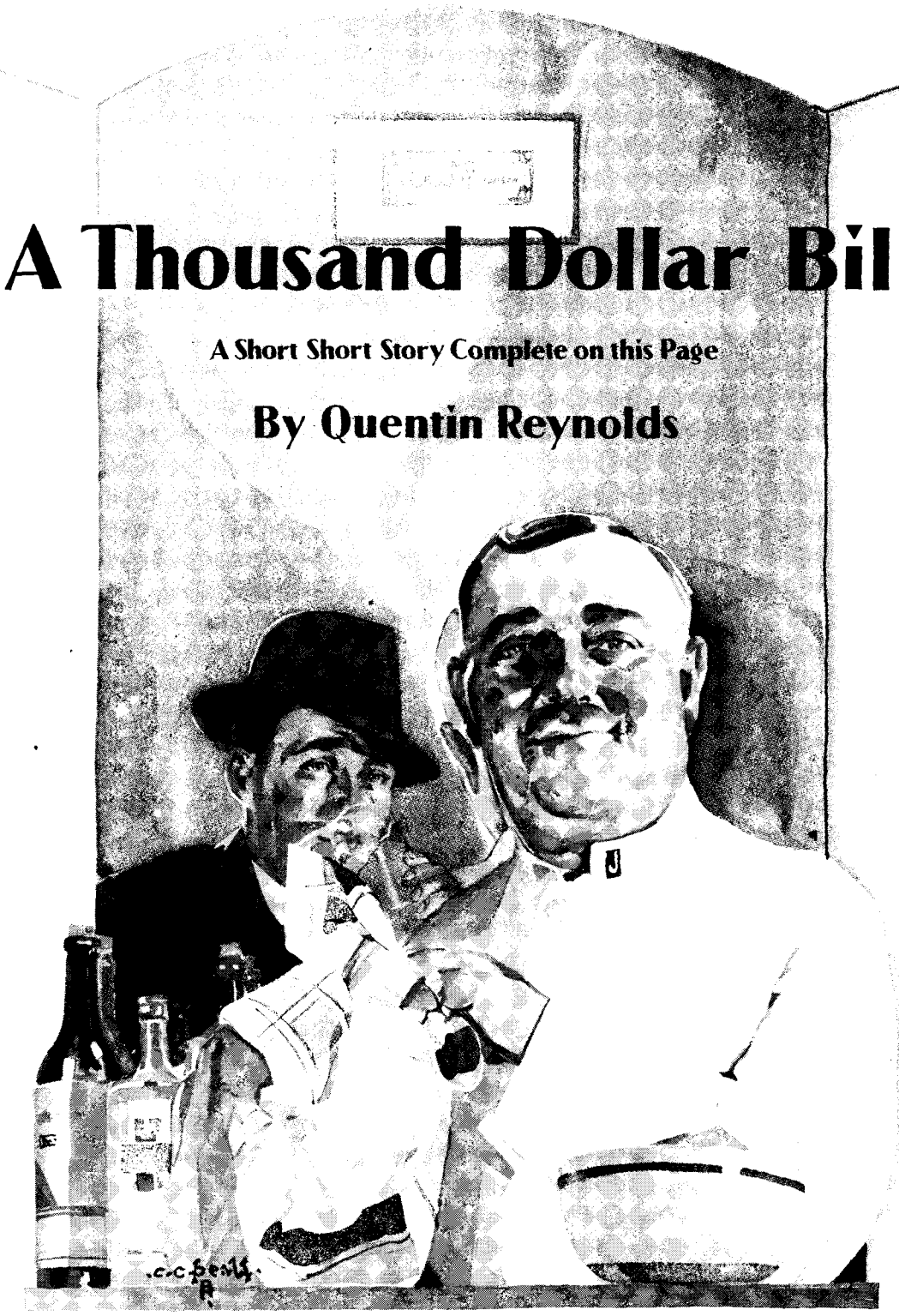
A Thousand Dollar Bill

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



The tall man finished his drink. "And the stranger never came back?" he asked

HE WAS rather tall and his shoulders were a bit stooped and he looked as though he'd slept in his clothes.

"This is Jack's, I believe," he said to the doorman, and his voice was flat, and quite lifeless.

"That's right," the doorman said, thinking: "He looks like something that crawled out from under a rock."

All doormen are snobs, of course; this one especially, for, after all, the world's most beautiful women and the most brilliant men had at one time or another walked through the portals he guarded. Jack's had survived the cataclysm of repeal and the same gay crowd which had dined and wined there during the years of prohibition still made it a headquarters.

The tall man walked through the outer room and passed into the bar. It was quite empty, for it lacked an hour of being cocktail time. He walked to the bar and mumbled, "Scotch soda." The bartender repeated, "Scotch soda," cheerfully, and reached for a bottle.

The man finally lifted his head and his eyes rested upon a small frame hanging on the wall behind the bar.

"What is that?" he asked in that flat, tired voice. He pointed to the frame.

"It's a thousand-dollar bill," the bartender said proudly, "and it's been hanging there just five years." He handed the stranger his drink.

"So?" There was just the right note of interrogation in that and the bartender took the hint. It was a story he never tired of telling.

"Yes, sir," he said, wiping the bar with a rag. "It was Black Friday—1929—the day they dumped sixteen million shares on the floor and nobody bothered much about picking them up. Late that afternoon the Wall Street boys started coming in. Many of them were absolutely ruined with even their future in hock. Oh, that was a day!"

The man lifted his glass and took a long drink.

"They just stood here at the bar drinking," the bartender—his name was Gus—went on. "They didn't laugh or joke. They just drank numbly to get the horror out of their minds.

"I guess there were twenty of them in here. More than one man here was, I felt sure, thinking about using a high hotel window for leaping purposes. I could sense it behind the bar. Honest, death was in this room that day and you could feel it. These men had spent years making money, playing with money, manipulating money. They thought in terms of money. Now it was gone and there was, they felt, nothing left.

"THEN a man walked into the bar and I could see that he was a little drunk but carrying it well. I'd never seen him before. He took one look around.

" 'The world hasn't ended,' he said—and laughed. 'Come on, suckers, have one with me. Open champagne, bartender. Open lots of it. Let's think about tomorrow and let's think about love and life and laughter.'

"Well, sir, you wouldn't believe it but in fifteen minutes that man had changed the whole atmosphere of the bar. At first the others had been furious, resentful, but there was something about this madman that you had to like. He was so gay and so good-looking and such a—pardon me, sir—such a damn' fool that before you knew it you were laughing with him. He wouldn't let anyone buy a drink either.

"Meanwhile Jack—that's the boss—had come in and he took it all in. He was sort of grateful to this stranger for cheering the boys up a bit.

" 'There's nothing to worry about as long as they keep on making wine,' the stranger hollered. 'Wine gives you new life. The only important things are life and love and laughter. Money is an illusion. It isn't real.'

"Well, sir, for an hour I earned my dough. I was never so busy, and happy I was, too, to see the boys all snap out of it. Then suddenly the stranger said, 'Bartender, give me a bill—I must go.'

"Jack walked up and said to him, 'There's no bill, my friend. You've done us all a lot of good. I'll stand the drinks.'

"But the stranger insisted and he took a bill out of his pocket. Now he didn't take a roll of bills out and peel one off—he just reached into his pocket and pulled out one bill. You knew it was the only one he had there—but it was a thousand-dollar bill.

" 'Take that,' he cried happily, 'and put it in a frame. Put it over the bar and it'll remind these fools that money isn't important.'

" 'Sure,' Jack said, soothing him. 'We'll do that and we'll keep it for you until you come back.'

" 'I'll never be back,' the stranger laughed.

" 'Well, friend,' Jack said, humoring him, 'leave it here then and when you get down to your last quarter come back and it'll be waiting for you.'

"THEN the stranger waved a gay goodby and he left, but his presence stayed behind and men who had been thinking of death now thought of life, and I tell you, sir, that look went out of their eyes—that look that scared me so.

"Now, whenever things go bad downtown those Wall Street boys come in here and I kid them along and I tell them, 'Say, money ain't important. Look at that thousand-dollar bill. It's been there five years and the man who owns it hasn't been in to claim it yet.' Then I tell them the story and they get to thinking, 'There's something in that. Love and life and laughter. They are real—but, after all, money isn't real and it isn't important.' "

The tall man finished his drink.

"And the stranger never came back?" he asked.

"No," Gus said. "I'd know him in a minute. Kind of tall he was and he had a voice that was very gay and he had a little blond mustache he was always fussing with. He won't come back. I hope not, anyhow," Gus added, "because that thousand-dollar bill has brought hope and new life to hundreds of men to whom I tell the story."

The man threw down a dollar bill to pay for his drink and Gus threw it into the cash register and handed him a half dollar in change.

"Have one with me?" Gus asked cheerfully.

THE tall man straightened up. He began to smile and his right hand seemed to raise automatically to his clean-shaven upper lip as though to tug at a mustache. Then he flipped that fifty-cent piece high in the air, caught it and, laughing gayly, turned toward the door. "No, thanks, old man," he called back, "you've done enough for me already. And, besides, I'm not down to my last quarter yet."

Gus' mouth fell open and he started forward. Then he heard the front door close. He shrugged his shoulders. "I must be going daffy," he mumbled, "but for a moment there I would of sworn . . ."

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Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AT 2:05 on the morning of the day he is to marry Trenna Plaice, a motion picture actress, Len Haworth, multimillionaire playboy, is found dead—*shot to death* with a .38 revolver—in his New York apartment.

There are three suspects: Sim Sturdevant, a well-known advertising man; Trenna Plaice; and Lisa Bellwood, a popular débutante. The police interview Sturdevant, who, they have learned, is in love with Trenna Plaice. He tells a truthful story: Having gone to the Merrygoround, a night club, to offer a radio job to the star of the revue, Inez Johnson, he had encountered Haworth, who, intoxicated, had insulted him. He had knocked Haworth down, left the place, walked to his Gramercy Park apartment, and retired.

Trenna testifies as follows: In her apartment, on the evening of the tragedy, she had received a phone call from Haworth shortly after 11 o'clock. Haworth had informed her that he had met with a "slight accident" and was going home. She had hurried to his apartment, arriving at 11:45. His man had left. Alone, she had awaited Haworth, who had arrived, drunk, at 1:30. With him there had been a woman, whom Trenna didn't see. Disgusted, Trenna had slipped out, walked down the stairs (avoiding the elevator, for obvious reasons), and returned to her apartment. She has never, she insists, owned a revolver.

Lisa Bellwood's story: Haworth's companion at the Merrygoround, she had accompanied him to various resorts after the encounter with Sturdevant. He had been shockingly intoxicated. To protect him, in his maudlin condition, she had gone with him to his apartment, arriving at 1:30 A. M. Fifteen minutes later, she had left (a point corroborated by the elevator man).

With this and other testimony in mind, Police Sergeant Wilcox and a large squad of detectives work feverishly on the case, while the newspapers scream the great story—great because of the prominence of the principals, the vast wealth of Haworth.

Lisa Bellwood phones Sturdevant, insists that he lunch with her. He agrees to do so. But he is not "interested" in her—he now knows that Trenna Plaice loves him, has always loved him; for she has told him of her love, a love suddenly vitalized by Haworth's shocking conduct. Again his telephone rings. This time it is Granby, his attorney, who urges him not to keep the appointment with the Bellwood girl. But he resolves to see Lisa, regardless.

IV

AS HE put down the telephone his secretary entered his office and placed some letters on his desk. He picked up a pen and began signing his name to these missives. As he shoved the papers toward her he looked up and saw the eager curiosity in her eyes.

"The papers tell as much as I know, Miss Maley," he said. "And I didn't kill him. So rest your mind."

"Of course you didn't," she cried. "But on the way downtown I bought the Crier—I never knew they printed that paper so early—and I've been so worried—"

"That's mighty nice of you, Miss Maley, but don't you fret."

She looked at him with brimming eyes. She turned and walked swiftly out of the room, lest she yield to an almost irresistible impulse to smooth his brown hair. Had she been married at seventeen—as she very nearly had been—she might have had a son Sturdevant's age now. The thought very frequently occurred to her. Sturdevant looked after her almost tenderly. She was a grand old scout.

He turned his attention to some contracts on his desk, and was interrupted by the telephone.

"Mrs. Pillson is on the phone," said Miss Maley.

Sturdevant sighed.

"Put her on," he said. "That you, Aunt Melissa? How's everything with you?"

"Better than with you, you young brawler," said his aunt. "What's all this nonsense in the papers?"

"I couldn't add a word to it," he replied.

"You come right over and tell me all about it," she ordered.

"I can't this minute, but on my way to lunch I'll come in and take my beating," he laughed.

"Pretty gay, aren't you? Disgracing the name, mixed up in a scandal—I'll be waiting for you, young man."

HE HUNG up, sighed again, and tried to concentrate on the papers before him. At about half past twelve he rang Trenna's number. This time she answered.

"Are you all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course I am. Why not?"

"I didn't know. The police—"

"They're not worrying me," he said. "They aren't bothering you, are they?"

"I haven't heard from them this morning. Oh, Sim, isn't it all dreadful? When are you coming up to see me?"

"Right after luncheon," he replied.

There was dismay in her voice when she spoke again.

"But I thought surely you'd come up here for lunch."

"There's nothing I'd rather do."

"Can't you break an engagement?" she asked.

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Lisa Bellwood telephoned this morning. She's pretty anxious to see me and I told her I'd lunch with her."

"Oh." Her monosyllable was blank.

"I didn't want to, but I thought—"

"Of course," she interrupted.

He felt somehow that there was accusation in her voice.

"I'll be up to see you right afterward," he said. "You weren't nervous, unstrung last night? I mean, you meant what you said—about us? About you—"

"I meant it," she said.

He murmured incoherencies and there was an unsuspected lilt in her voice as she said goodby.

HE WAS walking on air as he entered the outer office and told Miss Maley that he was going out to lunch and would be gone for at least two hours. She looked after him pridefully. There was a man! Dragged out of bed last night to be questioned by the police, questioned again this morning in his office, yet his manner was debonair, even gay.

But gayety had vanished from Sturdevant's spirit as a solemn servant admitted him to the huge house on East Fifty-fifth Street, where his aunt lived. He had always been a trifle in terror of his mother's very formidable sister-in-law, his aunt by courtesy. She was a grim old tigress, and he had felt her claws many times during his boyhood. She had ruled Ralph Pillson with a rod of iron; her servants were drilled like soldiers. Yet Ralph Pillson had adored her through thirty years of married life; most of her servants had been in her employ a generation or longer. And

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He squirmed as he walked, as though touched by something slimy. Lisa had him in a spot

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The Code Chisel

How is the New Deal working out in practice? Collier's reporters have shown you its successes and shortcomings in various fields. Here Mr. Flynn exhibits the chief stumblingblock in the path of the NRA—the industrial bootlegger. He is not fully active as yet, but he shows ingenuity and promise. He needs to be stepped on

By John T. Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

I REMEMBER that fateful night when America, in a mixture of merriment and gloom, was greeting the eve of prohibition. I found myself in Mooney and Kennedy's old bar in New Haven contributing my share of the valedictory by quaffing a glass of ale. The place was crowded and everybody there believed he was saying goodby to liquor and the saloon.

Then fourteen years later America was celebrating the last day of prohibition and the eve of repeal. An evening paper had a large headline: "Era of the Bootlegger Comes to End."

We are a credulous people. We believe in Santa Claus and the good fairies. We thought that prohibition would end liquor and the saloon. We thought repeal would end the bootlegger.

Well, perhaps the bootlegger has gone, though my morning paper tells me Mr. Morgenthau has increased the enforcement unit to 3,000 men and he will make a great drive to check the flow of illicit liquor, and another newspaper item last week informed me that for every bottle of legal liquor sold there are two bootleg bottles in trade, and still another announces that in a single week in a single district 180 secret stills were raided and 300 persons arrested by the federal authorities for bootlegging. That, of course, is in the old liquor industry.

But now, it appears, an opening crops up for ambitious men in many other fields of trade besides rum. I don't mean that bootlegging has taken possession of every other business or of any other business. But there is a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand floating over many American industries—an ominous cloud—which ought to be noticed now while it is yet small. Maybe there is something which can be done about it.

In this land of the rule and home of the regulation, we have embarked upon another experiment—the business of making rules for business. Of course, we are all for rules and traffic lights. *You can't run Main Street on the same* easy principle that was popular when a few buggies and one-horse trucks made up its traffic. That's true of business. There are too many vehicles on the road, too many passengers in them, they are equipped with too much power, go too fast, are piloted by too many drivers intoxicated by the heady wine of profit. There must be rules. We have merely to be sure the rules are the sort that can be enforced.

These rules are being made chiefly by the NRA. You can get up an argument with no effort at all about the wisdom of all this. One man thinks it marks the greatest advance in civilization since Christ walked in Galilee. Another thinks it an invention of the devil. People are in favor of it for entirely different and hostile reasons. And those who hate it are as far apart as left wing Socialists and right wing conservatives. With all these differences and quarrels we have nothing to do here. We are not concerned whether it is good or bad, wise or otherwise, an aid or an obstacle to recovery. The point before the house is one which foes and friends may examine tranquilly. It is the problem of enforcement—enforcing the rules laid down in nearly 500 codes governing 500 industries.

What we have to recognize is that there are many men in every trade—a lawless fringe—who can be counted on to labor industriously to invent devices for chronic evasion. They will develop slowly the technique of evasion so that each industry will have its own little bootleg or contraband problem. One great merchant declares enforcement an impossibility, and that the government will find the job greater than enforcing prohibition. Code chairmen, however, assure me that enforcement is being carried on successfully. The head of the National Retail Drygoods Association insists that this year enforcement will cost $100,000,000—and that is already five times as much as the cost of enforcing prohibition in its first year. In any event, the problem of enforcement is with us.

Bare-Backed Gasoline

It is this problem of enforcement which has rolled back on the NRA. Business now finds itself confronted with a vast new uninterpreted collection of codes of commercial law and practice. A leading American business man writes me that his firm is subject to at least a dozen different codes to which he contributes $100,000 a year for enforcement and that there is no enforcement. It is this impasse which caused the President to issue his recent statement about the reorganization of the NRA.

Take the oil business. They have been bootlegging gasoline for some time. Every gallon of gasoline that goes out into the world is supposed to carry a tax or two or three on its back. But there's been plenty of bare-back gasoline running wild through countless wayside pumps. I have told that story already in Collier's. But now something new has crept into this industry. Of course, the gasoline bootlegging goes merrily on as wildly as ever. But the oil industry now has not only taxes but regulation. And it has a czar. The czar is Mr. Secretary Ickes, of the Interior Department, administrator of the oil industry.

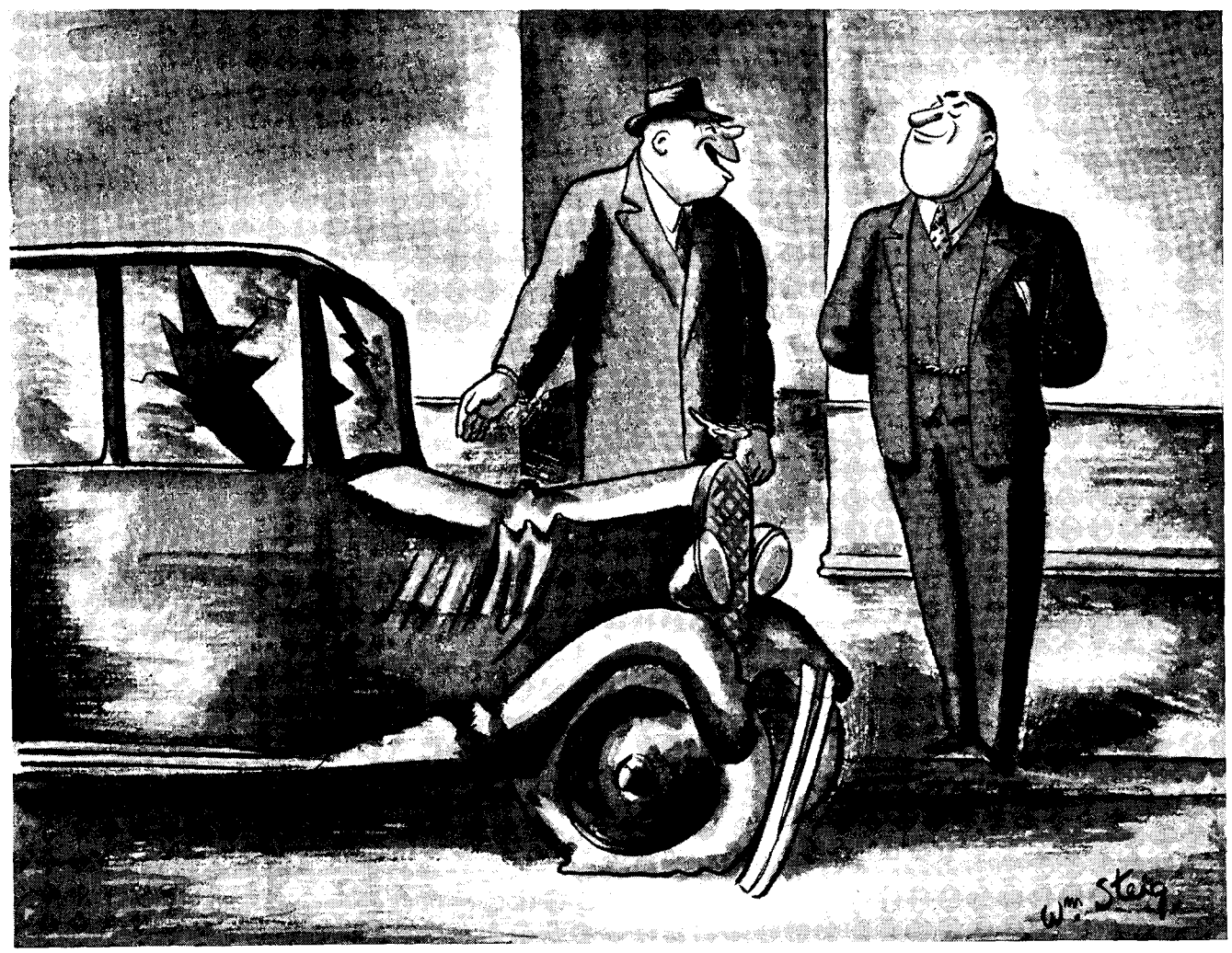
For years a certain section of this vast industry has been trying to bring about a system of regulating the production of crude oil. First the states singly and then in groups tried what is called proration—a plan under which each well owner is given a quota beyond which he cannot go in pumping his well. That didn't work so well. But now the federal government has stepped in and organized the oil industry under a code. Every well owner now gets a quota from his code authority. He is not supposed to pump more than that. This is done for the purpose of keeping the price of crude oil up—to one dollar a barrel at present.

Of course, most of the oil producers respect the code. But there is a bootleg fringe which has been busy inventing methods of beating the quota. Here, for instance, is a gentleman with a well which can run 15,000 barrels a day. His quota may be as low as one fifth of one hour's potential run—that would be only 125 barrels a day. At $1 a barrel he could get $125 a day out of his well. But if he could run only 2,000 barrels on the sly and sell it at fifty cents a barrel he would have $1,000 instead of $125.

A Game with Many Angles

Will he do it? Well, there are plenty of men who will. They will tell you that they don't think it wrong. "Ain't it my well, my property? Tell me I can't do what I want with my property? Tell me I got to sit down here with oil on my hands and go into bankruptcy because I can't sell my own oil?" But how does he do it?

The ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain for bootlegging hot oil—as this bootleg oil is called—are



"Here's my trade-in car. Two hundred dollars, I think you said." And the cut-rate automobile dealer, to circumvent the NRA code, is glad to pay it

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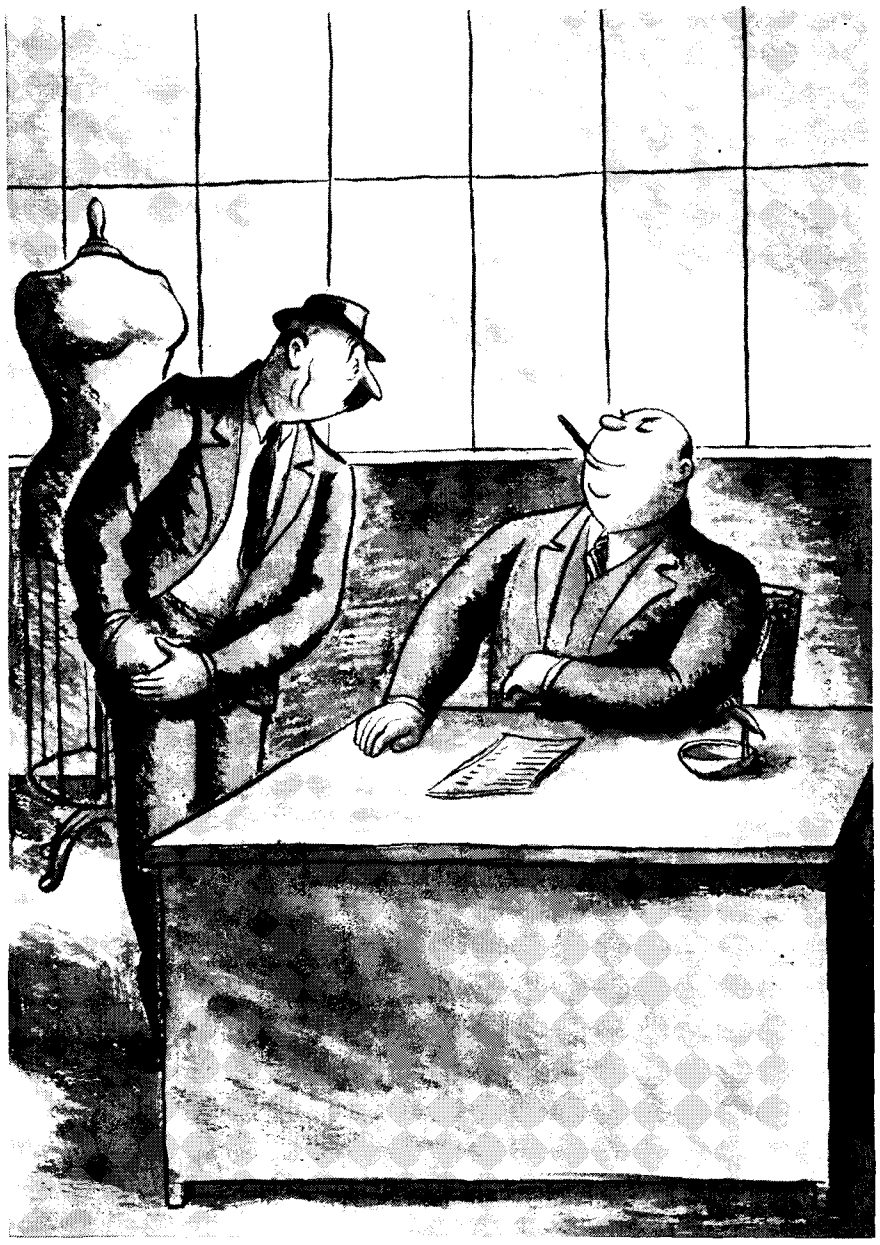

Monday is pay day in some companies. The worker "kicks back" to his boss

numerous. The first method developed, before federal control, under the old state proration rules was to run a pipe under the surface and connect it out of sight with the main well pipe. Through this secret pipe oil is taken off before it reaches the surface, while the legal quota is being run off above ground.

Another and newer method is as follows: The main pipe of the well sticks up out of the ground, looking innocent enough, sputtering away its permitted hundred barrels. On adjoining acres are four or five more derricks supporting pipes each spitting away a hundred barrels of bootleg petroleum. These pipes are fakes. They go down under the ground a few feet and lead right to the main well. This is really one well with five mouths, each vomiting forth a hundred barrels of "hot oil" a day—five hundred a day instead of one hundred.

Then there is the portable still in which crude oil is made into gasoline. It is owned by a journeyman refiner—a vagabond distiller who pulls quietly up to the bootleg well at night, distills a couple of hundred barrels of contraband gas and silently steals away. These stills, of course, do not do much singly, but there are plenty of them and many a trickle makes a truckload.

The strangest spectacle of all takes us back to the first days of oil. Once there was but a single oil man in America. His name was Cary. He soaked oil up from the creeks of Venango County, Pennsylvania, with blankets, squeezed the oil into five-gallon barrels and transported them by sumpter mule along the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh chemists. They are picking up oil that way now. "Accidental" leaks in pipes, "accidental" overflowing of oil tanks into the creeks is followed by the soaking up of the oil with blankets.

Thus by countless devices thousands of gallons of oil a day find their way through devious pipes into the mysterious trade of the bootlegger. What will men not do for a few dollars! And by the same token, what will they not do for a few thousand! In one sixty-mile strip in Texas there are 13,000 wells and a handful of men to watch them—men getting $112 a month to watch men who can make $5,000 in a single night by violating the law.

The Street of a Thousand Battles

What this is costing the honest oil man and the honest refiner no one can say. The honest oil dealer is forced to sell his oil at not less than $1 a barrel. This illicit competitor sells his, free of taxes, for 50 cents and even 25 cents a barrel. The regular refiner pays a dollar a barrel for his oil and submits to the tax loads. These freebooter distillers pay half as much and laugh at the taxgatherer. Mr. Charles B. Ames, chairman of the board of the Texas Company, says oil production has exceeded allocations since September by 40,000,000 barrels.

Then there is that turbulent, forever uproarious industry which revolves around the otherwise harmless little needle—the needle trades, as they are called. In Europe the tailor is called the least deadly of men. But not so in New York. When the Blue Eagle flew into Seventh Avenue, he muscled into a street which is more full of wars than the Balkans; where the song of the shirt is a war song, where putsches and pogroms, strikes and lockouts, parades and mob scenes, white-hot oratory and patrol wagons make up the daily life of the section. Tourists to New York think Wall Street and Fifth Avenue and Broadway are our show streets. To me the most interesting street in New York is Seventh Avenue—home of the bellicose "kluck and soot" business—the Street of a Thousand Battles.

This business of making garments and hats and furs for 123 million Americans is by long odds bigger than the wheat business and eighty-five per cent of it is in the New York district. It is a province in itself, with its laws, its traditions, its folk-ways, its history and legends and heroes and festal days and now its codes, code authorities and enforcement departments. And it has what is the most unique feature of the whole system—the label. Here's how it works. Let's take a single branch—the women's coat and suit industry.

Code Labels Are Precious

These garments are made in two ways—by manufacturers who do all the work in their own plants, or by jobbers who furnish the cloth, make the designs, cut the goods and then pass it out to contractors who do the sewing and finishing. Most of the work is done in this latter way. These contractors are small manufacturers, some hiring but a few hands, with little capital and, very often, less ethics.

Every man who makes a woman's coat or suit must put a Blue Eagle label on it. Unless that label is there he cannot sell his goods, for no retailer will buy them from him. But he cannot get labels save from the code authority. And the code authority will not supply him with labels unless he lives up to the requirements of the code. This is the basis of enforcement. But how can the code authority know the coatmaker is living up to the code?

Well, before a manufacturer can get labels he must qualify as an authorized manufacturer and his contractors must be recognized and assigned to him. Then the code will send a force of accountants and investigators into his place and the shops of all his contractors—go over all the books, letters, orders, invoices, bank accounts, pay rolls; question his employees and himself. This is to determine whether or not he is sticking to the code hours and the code wages. He must pay the agreed scale. He must work his employees no more than 35 hours a week and only between the hours of 8 and 4:30, five days a week. This code has, as yet, no trade practices or price-fixing provisions in it.

At intervals these enforcement officers will visit his place unannounced, subject his affairs and records to the same scrutiny, look at his pay rolls, pay envelopes, find out the number of garments he makes and check up on his labels.

For those labels are precious. They are guarded like government stamps. They are kept in vaults, doled out to manufacturers like cash out of a bank, and by much the same system. They must not go astray into the hands of the bootleg "kluck and sooter." The contractor must keep track of every label supplied and account for each one in a suit.

When he wants a supply of labels he presents himself or his agent at the code authority office, with his books and his pay rolls for the preceding two weeks. That shows the number employed, the hours and wages. He must present a statement of his production and an inventory of his labels. If all is well he will be given not more than two weeks' supply of labels and no more for another week. It is easier for a ten-dollar bill to pass through the window of a bank cashier than for a Blue Eagle label to pass through the window of the women's coat and suit code authority. Each code member has a symbol of three letters which appears on all his labels, so that he cannot use the labels of other manufacturers.

"Hot oil" production is one of the oldest and most flourishing bootleg industries

Precautions That Fail

There are plenty more precautions. Shoppers are kept continually in the field examining coats and suits for labels in retail stores. More important, this industry has a powerful, old, militant union. It is due to the vigilant, vigorous leadership of this union that this drastic system of enforcement has been set up. Practically all the workers employed in the industry are union members. Hence they keep a sharp lookout for violations of the labor provisions.

The code authority itself maintains what is perhaps the most highly organized, ruthlessly pressed and ably managed enforcement machine in the whole NRA. It does not wait for complaints. Its agents are always in the field, night and day, carrying on an incessant surveillance. Yet men do take the risk of evasion. Here are some of the methods:

Night work is forbidden. There can be no overtime. The enforcement agents prowl nightly through the dark streets of the garment districts. The bootleg contractor will be at work in his little fourth-story loft shop. The windows are barred. The doors are sealed. No light leaks out through any crack. But behind those shuttered windows and doors fifteen or twenty men and women will be at work in the sweltering heat of the summer night. There are buzzers to signal the approach of the officers

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"Omar Gill," she cried in delight. "Of all the nice surprises! My old beau and looking perfectly wonderful"

The Grass Valley Gold Strike

The most curious story of gold in California that ever came out of California—certainly the most curious adventure which ever befell those fortune-hunters, Harmony Childs and his little friend, Omar Gill

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

OWING to the presence of a long-continued spell of hard luck, and I mean very foul luck indeed, there we are out in the rugged state of California, working for a mule-driver by the name of Ben Corum, and when I say working, I do not mean sitting under an apple tree. I refer to the kind of work where you sweat off three buttons before noon. It was a ranch or farm, I never knew which, in good old Sonoma County, far out in the wilderness, and we arose each morning on the stroke of five, the three of us, Harmony Childs, myself and Omar Gill, the latter being a guileless little fat man, ruby of countenance, well-meaning and a complete, total and utter nit-wit. We three have been together for years.

After rising with the first hen up, we labored thirteen hours, and when the Corum supper gong clanged at six o'clock, we were stone-dead on our feet, staggered in for the hash and bacon, and fell into bed without a sound.

Over a long stretch of grim luck, this was our saddest job. Circumstances forced us into it and all we longed for and prayed for was sufficient cash to escape from Ben Corum and his farm. We didn't like him and we didn't like his farm. The trouble was—too much of everything—too many chickens, too many horses, too many tractors, too many pigs, acres and cows and too much work. Ben was the kind of farmer that when you met him first, you didn't like him, and less even after.

Our pay was two dollars a day per each, food, lodging and drinking water thrown in, and as there was no place to spend this wealth, we saved some. It was primitive country, nearest town seventy miles away and repellent when you got there. As we had no car, we went nowhere, and we were too weak to stir anyhow. On Sundays, we rested from our labors, slept all day and tried to build up strength enough to tackle Monday.

MR. CORUM was a widower with long, red whiskers and a perpetual grouch. He never said much, which was a grand break, as what he did say wasn't worth hearing. A Chinese boy cooked the chastely simple meals, mostly hash, salt pork, beans and other uneffeminate fodder.

That was the layout when our little Omar Gill made a startling discovery. Omar, being the fidgety kind, usually prowled on Sundays, stumbling around in the near-by mountains, and on this particular Sabbath he roared in about midafternoon, his eyes popping, perspiration standing on his brow. Omar always looks surprised about something. His instincts are kindly ones, but he blunders on through life, never learning from one mistake not to make the next. Harmony and I should have killed him long ago, but we are rather fond of the little squirt. He found us at rest as usual, Harmony on a water-bucket and me under a tree.

"Hey, listen to this," he began in low tones, and his voice was trembling. "Where is Ben Corum? Is he anywhere around?"

"He is not," Harmony snapped. "Why? Can't you bear the thought of his being away from us?"

"I don't want him to hear me," the little man continued, his excitement growing. "We're rich."

"Who's rich?"

"We are. I just found gold."

I sat up under my tree and Harmony turned a hard eye on our pal. He is always surprising us, and sometimes shoves us into jail. So we merely stared at him.

"Yes, gold," he went on, breathing hard, "and look what it's worth now! Used to be only twenty dollars an ounce, and now the government pays thirty-five dollars an ounce. We are rich beyond the dreams of Jericho. The whole place is crawling with gold. Have a look."

He dragged forth an irregular chunk of rock and handed it to Harmony, and it certainly was lovely-looking junk, all spattered with yellow and white streaks, gleaming with tiny dabs of metal. "Looks like gold," I remarked, peering over Harmony's shoulder. "That might be gold, you know."

"IT IS gold," Omar snorted. "I know all about gold, and this is it, thirty-five dollars an ounce. That chunk of rock will buy you a horse."

"Where'd you find it?"

"Out there," he answered, pointing vaguely due west, "and it took me to do it. You two could be here years."

It seems that in his ramblings he had wandered into Grass Valley, found it interesting, walked afar and finally sat on a rock. Upon leaving the rock, a piece of it fell off with him, and he was startled to notice the yellow-white metal

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flakes. Rising up in a tumult, he began going over Grass Valley with a fine-tooth comb.

"It's chuck-full of gold," he exclaimed. "Everywhere you stick a pick, out pops seven dollars. Wonder to me nobody found it before. In the old days, this was gold-rush country, but here is one little sweet spot the Forty-niners overlooked."

Harmony stood up and I could see he was excited, for when he gets jittery, his eyelids twitch.

"Let us go and see whether you are crazy or not," he said. "Come on, George. It may be the little man has something."

We hurried away from Ben Corum's ranch, Omar leading and chattering about our new wealth, and we took mighty good care nobody saw us slink, especially Ben. We headed for Grass Valley, a remote lowland, lying in between a couple of wild and woolly mountains, far from human habitation and the beaten path of man. The country is rugged and desolate, with trees, streams, large rocks and green everywhere. Fifteen minutes after heading into the valley, we were standing over Omar's discovery rock, which was hidden in a clump of trees. And it was gold, by gosh, nice, lovely streaks of it, running in all directions.

"That's nothing at all," Omar said proudly. "Come with me and look."

Being now as agitated as he was, we followed eagerly on the trail of yellow metal, and what an afternoon that was in our startled lives. The whole dad-burned valley was crackling with gold, hidden away serenely from prowling man. Omar kept talking about thirty-five dollars an ounce, and wasn't it lucky we hadn't struck gold when it was only a mere twenty dollars. Time and again, our little partner has brought us nothing but woe and calamity, and he has frequently pushed us down to our last dollar, yet now it appeared he was about to play a kindly rôle and lead us into the land of milk and honey. Grass Valley was a bonanza. The stuff was here, there and everywhere.

"YOU see," Mr. Gill cried happily, "it's the first time we had a chance to get rich quick. I'm going to buy an automobile, and some new clothes, four Panama hats, some French perfume, a dog and a trombone."

"You should," Harmony advised, as we hastened back in the gathering dark of that fateful Sunday eve. "In fact, maybe you better start running for the nearest telegraph office and wire your order in."

"No," Omar said thoughtfully. "The first thing of all, we got to stake out our claims, one for each of us. As I am the one that found it, I'll take this end of the valley, George can have the middle, and, Harmony, you take the other end. Boy, are us rich?"

We glared at him in withering contempt.

"Stake out claims, eh?"

"Why, sure," said the little numskull. "That's what you always do when you discover gold. Didn't I read in a book about Alaska?"

"You don't care who owns this valley, do you?" our leader asked him. "It is barely possible that if the man who owns the valley knew it was full of gold, he might want a handful for himself."

"Yes, but any gold I ever heard about," he persisted, "they staked out a claim right off the bat."

"That was in 1849. The country was wild then, and nobody owned anything, except the Indians, and you were allowed to take anything you wanted from an Indian. It is now 1934, and this beautiful gold-laden landscape is probably owned by a rich barber, or a fish-merchant living on a side street in Oakland."

"So what do we do?"

"We first make sure this is all real gold and not fool's gold, which is only worth two cents a thousand tons. If it is silly gold, we go right on working for Hangnail Ben Corum. If it is the real McCoy, I will certainly know what to do."

It took us one week to get a report from a gold expert in San Francisco and his reply to our anxious query was that here we had some of the sweetest and purest gold ever found anywhere, and would we kindly tell him where our strike was, that he might horn in himself and grow rich. To this pleasantry, we naturally made no reply, but upon reading his report, our temperatures leaped four degrees. Omar was right, for once. It was gold and we were rich men.

THERE remained certain mild formalities, of course. First, we had to discover who owned Grass Valley, and second, when we did discover, we had to pry it away from him without arousing suspicion. This required time and letter-writing, and meanwhile, old Ben Corum worked us black in the face, a circumstance we could bear up under more cheerfully, knowing of our golden pot at the end of the rainbow.

In due time, we had important news in the mail. Grass Valley, all of it, was owned by a gentleman in Sacramento named Mr. Otis Oatman, and when Omar heard the name his brow clouded.

"I knew a man named Otis Oatman," he declared. "That was the man married the girl I was to marry. I always hated his liver and lights. Might be the same Oatman."

"What was the name of the girl?" I asked idly.

"Name was Vingie Ring, and she had the blue eyes of an angel and the smile of a seraph. She was a lovely girl. Just as I was getting ready to marry her, in crashes Mr. Oatman, a man of means, and I am out on the cold stoop. I never saw her again."

Harmony Childs, as I have indicated, was always the thinker and planner in our three, as Omar cannot think and I don't like to. So Harmony figured out what to do with regard to Oatman of Sacramento.

"Naturally," said our leader, sitting in the Corum barn, "we must conceal the true facts from Oatman. Nobody suspects there is gold within a million miles of this spot. All right. How do we get the Valley into our control and possession?"

"How?" asked Omar, wrinkling the feeble brow.

"We lease it from Oatman, and pay him moderate rental, say five hundred dollars a year for three years. That gives us the Valley for three years undisturbed and if we can't get rich, we ought to be shot dead."

"Gold is thirty-five dollars an ounce," Omar told us again, "and the government will buy all you mine."

"Now then," Harmony mused, "this Mister Oatman of Sacramento will inquire why anybody would want to lease his abandoned valley. We will have to explain, as the valley is no good to anyone."

"What do we say?"

"Tell the man we are going to raise goats and need his valley to raise our goats in, the grass being exactly the kind we require."

"Yes, but I never heard of anybody raising goats up here," Omar said doubtfully.

"Listen," said our leader. "You found the gold and you get full credit, but for the rest of the enterprise, let me manage the boat. Another thing, we have to let Ben Corum in on the deal."

OMAR instantly howled like a wolf, hating Ben even more than we did. "No," he cried. "Why do we have to let him in?"

"Because, if we get a lease on this gold-bearing country for three years at five hundred a year, we have to pay Otis Oatman five hundred. You can see that. Well, we haven't got five hundred, or any part of it. Ben Corum has. For his five hundred bucks, we will hand him a ten per cent share in the richest bonanza of modern times."

"Five per cent," Omar suggested, "or maybe three."

"No, ten per cent. There is gold enough here for us all. Of course, Ben won't want to put up money, being what he is, but after we show him a signed lease, and let him paw over some of the shining gold in Grass Valley, I presume

(Continued on page 43)

To our utter amazement, he is in a happy, jovial mood, even a genial mood, his first. "Boys," he began, "I have news for you. You're fired!"

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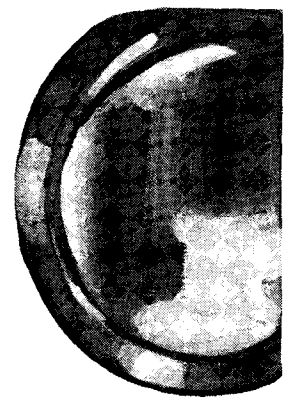
Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



The Story Thus Far:

A VICTIM of the American dollar's sudden nose-dive, Ballard Mallory, a young American whose greatest asset is his knowledge of far places, finds himself in London with a greatly diminished income—and no job. Wondering what he is to do, he reads the following advertisement in the "agony column" of a newspaper: "WANTED: Leader for South African safari. No professional need apply. References as to experience only. Interview by appointment."

Mallory notes the telephone number appended to the ad, makes an appointment. The following afternoon, in the presence of all the members of the law firm of Grast, Furman and Menck, solicitors (beady-eyed, spiderlike persons—more like money lenders than barristers), and a waxen-faced, stiff, silent little man—Lord Morland of Morland—Mallory submits to a rigid examination. Mr. Menck is the firm's mouthpiece. Apparently favorably impressed by the American, he tells him a strange story:

While looking for gold, "inland from Inhambane, but east of the Limpopo," in South Africa, a young Englishman—the Honorable Laurence Morland—has disappeared. The firm wants proof that he is still alive, or incontrovertible proof, acceptable in the Courts of Chancery, that he is dead. "What, Mr. Mallory," Mr. Menck concludes, "will you charge for your services?"

"One hundred pounds a month, and all expenses," Mallory replies. "I shall require about three months." Mr. Menck rubs his hands. "We," he says, "accept your terms. A hundred pounds a month—*and a bonus of five thousand pounds if the boy is dead.*"

"Will you," Mallory gasps, "put that in writing?" "Certainly," is the reply. Whereupon a cadaverous old clerk—one William Jones—draws up a written agreement, properly signed, with which Mallory hurries away. Outside the building he observes a girl, a beautiful girl, in a taxicab; beside her, whispering to her, is William Jones. . . . Having engaged passage for Cape Town, and made all necessary preparations, Mallory has another interview with Mr. Menck. Jones, Mr. Menck informs him, has been discharged, "for loitering in a pub." The man, Mallory knows, has been a trusted employee of the Morland Estate for years. What manner of firm, he wonders, is this "Grast, Furman and Menck"? "Is your connection with the Morland Estate a recent development?" he asks innocently. "That," snaps Mr. Menck, "is none of your business!"

II

BALLARD MALLORY made short work of Mr. Menck, substituting for the discharged William Jones as disbursing officer on a shopping tour. The old clerk could have protested many a purchase, especially the vice-regal accommodations on board. But Mr. Menck was in a peculiar position. He dared not offend the shabby-genteel American lest he lose a great bargain; on the other hand, it was of vital interest to his firm, should there be any hitch in subsequent proceedings, that Mallory appear a person above suspicion.

Ballard, though apt to be slow in matters of deduction, was shrewd enough to take full advantage of the palpable squeeze. He bought the sort of outfit of which he had often dreamed, down to such items as a thirty-eight-hour electric lamp, canvas water coolers, and a stout deal table, so much more satisfactory than the roll-top variety. Finally, and most important of all, he purchased a completely equipped tropical medicine cabinet with triple portions of quinine, varicolored bandages, iodine and adhesive tape.

Upon arrival at Southampton on Friday, he checked the delivery of all his belongings and then proceeded to make himself at home with the foresight of an expert traveler. Having unpacked only such articles as he would require on the voyage and ordered the rest of his luggage stowed away, he faced the question of policy. Which would be better—to be hail-fellow-well-met to everybody or to practice reserve? By nature he was social, he enjoyed contacts if only for the pleasure he got out of studying people. But he knew from frequent experience the piercing quality of shipboard curiosity, especially when the voyage is a long one. He decided for reserve, secured a strategic nook for his deck chair and arranged to be placed alone in the dining saloon.

ONCE Madeira was passed, routine laid its grip on every passenger and it amused him to note that while a big ship makes a grand show of diversity in the way of occupation, each individual, taken as a unit, invariably does exactly the same thing day after day. As an experiment he applied the thumb rule to himself and laughed aloud, so true to form did he run. After breakfasting in his cabin, he would go to the main deck in sweat shirt and slacks and do a couple of miles while no women and very few men were about. Then he took his time over bathing, shaving and togging himself out in white flannels. After that, with his chair set at a slant, he would sit on deck for long hours interrupted by lunch and brought to a close only by the final dinner bugle. During these day-long periods he studied his Swahili grammar, went through his Tongan phrases again and again, and occasionally indulged in watching other people while they were oblivious of observation.

Inevitably cliques had formed, groups who by exclusion only of those whose tastes were different acquired a sense of superiority. Next in importance to these coteries came the couples caught within the weird mesh engendered by sea air—a web so strong while the voyage lasts, so apt to melt away with the donning of shore clothes. In addition,

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Whenever he could, Ballard enjoyed watching her, exactly because she seemed impervious to curiosity

there were wallflowers by the dozen, unwanted people too shy or too colorless to make friends; they formed the phalanx of watching or envious eyes. There remained only a few strays like himself, people who either merely wished to be left alone, or, striving at importance, made believe they did.

Of the category of strays only one managed to stir his interest. She was a young girl just entering her twenties, and from the beginning she carried conviction that her aloofness was no pose. She walked alone in more senses than one, supremely confident that nobody would attempt to violate her isolation. But somebody did. A young man of a pushing disposition who had already announced himself generally as Solly Markelles planted himself in her way and spoke the cheery word. She never changed her stride, and only his agility saved him from being trampled. Apparently she neither heard nor saw him; only her nostrils quivered faintly. From that moment Ballard felt he could watch her with impunity, as safe in his own reserve as she was in hers.

SHE had earnest dark eyes which never invited a glance, and the high coloring which is the gift of God to British youth. Here was England at its very best, a confident forthrightness in looks, action and complexion. She never appeared in the dining-room and seldom on deck, but whenever he could Ballard enjoyed watching her, exactly because she seemed impervious to curiosity.

HE KNEW her chair. Ordinarily it was placed so that it would be protected by a jutting bulkhead. But on one of his early morning walks it happened to be turned around and in passing he glanced at the name card: Miss Cascoden. As day followed day without her deviating by a hair's breadth from her chosen course, he was lulled deeper and deeper into his sense of security; for the first time in his life he was basking in immunity, and liking it.

Consequently the first stirring of suspicion that his formula was somehow going wrong came as a decided shock. It was his custom not only to dress late but then to take a stroll on the empty deck before going down to dinner. When the voyage was less than a week old, upon adhering to this rule, he was mildly surprised to find he was not alone. But his surprise changed sharply in degree the moment he identified the figure before him as that of Miss Cascoden. For the first time he saw her in semi-formal dress. Her frock of black chiffon, hanging in sweeping lines, was the acme of simplicity. Though only moderately yoked it gave her an appearance of maturity and incidentally showed off the sort of figure he most admired—a blending of length, slenderness and strength.

HE COULD not have told why so ordinary a happening should appear to threaten his peace of mind, but it did, and he cut short his usual turn. The incident continued to trouble him and on the following evening it was with a feeling of faint trepidation that he pulled snug his mess jacket and went to the deck. She was there, walking along slowly. He followed her at the same pace. With no appearance of breaking off, she moved to the side of the ship and stopped, her bare arms extended, her hands resting lightly on the smooth teak rail. He also swerved and came to a halt at her side.

"You wish me to speak to you," he declared.

His words startled without frightening her. She swept her eyes to his face. "It's extraordinary you should say that!" she exclaimed in a throaty voice.

"Why?"

"Because it's true."

"So that makes it strange, does it?" he asked with a half smile.

"Yes. People don't often speak to me. Since you're an American, I'm not surprised at your doing it; I'm surprised only that you should know I meant you to."

In her face there was no answer to his half smile; the expression of her voice, her eyes and every other feature was one of seriousness—the brand of seriousness that bans philandering. He was puzzled. Inevitably he wondered why she should have willed him to address her since her bearing now seemed a denial of all invitation. He could ask, of course, but instinct warned him against any such obvious move. There are women so shallow you can dip them out with a cupped hand, while others present the complications of a deep well, demanding cautious preparation.

"What does it matter?" he said. "Telepathy is no longer a phenomenon; it's a commonplace of every day." She did not answer; she seemed to be brooding, confronting some inner problem of her own. A new thought came to cheer him. Was it possible that even after acquaintance he was to be privileged to bask in immunity? The prospect fascinated him. For a moment he was tempted to face about and put it to the test by studying her as impersonally as if she were a picture, but he controlled the impulse. There was plenty of time; why be in a hurry? But at least he could find an excuse for looking at her. He took out his cigarettes. "Smoke?"

The question shook her out of her absorption; she glanced down at the packet and accepted. "Thanks."

THEY stood in silence, at ease with the ease which distinguishes people who are sure of themselves. As for Ballard, there was no intent to set a test, but the prolonged silence stirred in him a vague question as to whether she awaited the moment when awkwardness should wreck his placidity. His cigarette only half finished, he shot it well out from the side of the ship.

"Are you going down to dinner?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I had something in my cabin."

He nodded. "Good night."

"Good night," she answered, again absorbed by some puzzle in which he had no part.

But it went with him, stayed with him through dinner and well into the night. To his annoyance it kept him awake, tantalizing him like a cliff without a handhold. He stood in its shadow feeling diminished, a pygmy looking up at a wall of rock. The next afternoon, when she passed his chair he did not hesitate; he rose and joined her.

"I like the way you walk," he said. "I don't have to take one step to your two."

"It runs in the family," she answered easily. "We walk a lot—cubbing, and there's an otter stream."

Mr. Markelles' jaw dropped at seeing them together; he stared, scrambled from his chair and came forward as if to join them. Mallory turned on him. "Nobody asked for your company and it isn't wanted," he said sharply.

Markelles gasped as if he had been struck a blow in the pit of the stomach. "What have I done to you?" he managed to blurt. "That's a fine way to talk to somebody that's only trying to be friendly."

"You understood it, didn't you?" said Ballard and promptly rejoined Miss Cascoden.

"QUICK work," she said meditatively, a cloud veiling her face. "Do you always settle as thoroughly with your enemies?"

"I try to," he answered. "What's the use of wasting time—putting off what you know you'll have to do later?"

She glanced at him curiously. "Do you like killing things?"

"It all depends." He frowned. "There's a lot of bunk going around the world in regard to killing," he continued after a pause. "If people would only be logical, I wouldn't mind. You can't fool the Latins, but we Anglo-Saxons fool ourselves all the time."

"How?" she asked.

"By inconsistency. Every rampant non-killer has a list as long as your arm of living things he kills at sight, either because he dislikes mosquitoes or because he's hungry for chicken. What about lobsters, shot alive into the boiling pot? Or oysters?"

"I was thinking of human life," said Miss Cascoden in a low tone.

"That's where our sentimentality really gets in its work, its childlike dream that there's some way of perpetuating the human race as a conglomeration. Take the game of Africa for a corollary. When drought, lions and

(Continued on page 45)

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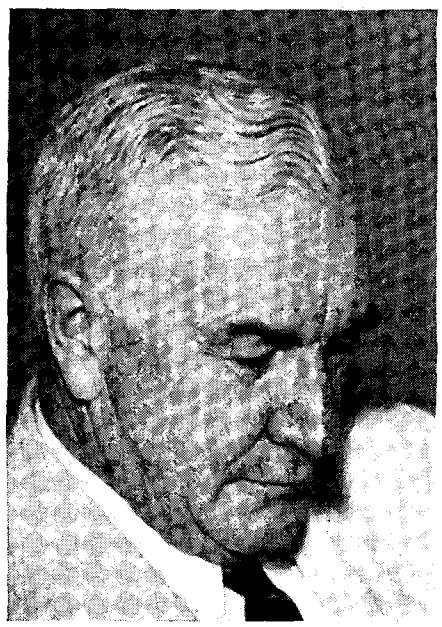
November Jitters

One of the most important, most decisive, most crucial elections in our history, my friends—and yet, oddly enough, most of the issues are trivial, the only compelling argument being cash in hand. Here's the line-up

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer



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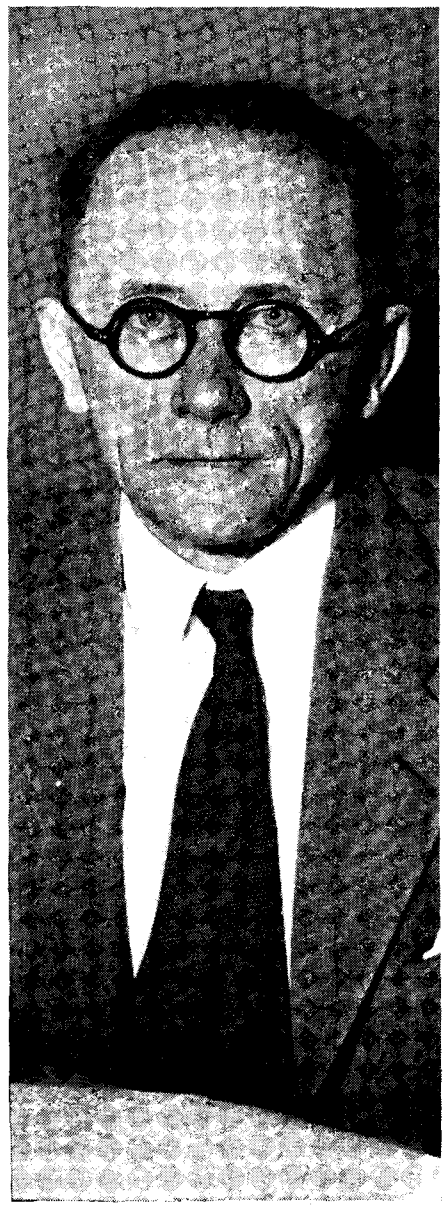
Republican Chairman Fletcher couldn't get people excited about "issues." Below, Mississippi's Bilbo, who promises to "raise more hell than Huey Long"



ACME

IT IS natural for politicians to exaggerate the importance of elections on which they depend for beer and skittles, but they avow that they don't mean maybe when they assure innocent inquirers at headquarters that the 1934 congressional scraps are different. Jim Farley, who used to scramble around first base and the prize ring, calls them "crucial." Henry Fletcher, who was once a diplomat, dignifies them as "acute."

The people, they tell us, are not choosing between the two political palookas of other days who kissed and made up after the show. This election is represented as warfare between two definitely delineated kinds of government. The Republicans pound their bosoms and muss their hair over that proposition almost every night. The Democrats, grinning impishly, concede it. The people, by their helter-skelter shifts of allegiance, seem to sense something strange in all the political hot air. Without falling for all these implications, it does seem that the result may settle controlling policies for some time instead of determining the color of the hair of our ruling politicians, which has so often been the only point of strife. It may decide whether the Administration will veer more sharply to the left or linger in the border-line strip between such exaggerations as Dave Reed and Huey Long. It may indicate how long the President can or will hold in leash the "lunatic fringe" within and without his own party—a persistent and noisy bleachers element whose existence is registered in the growth of scattered guerrilla bands from Boston to Los Angeles. It will force or restrain the executive hand in manipulating some untouched levers of the New Deal machinery, for nobody reads political barometers more penetratingly than the President.

On the Republican side, it may settle many heartbreaking problems. It may close their ranks or split them apart even more disastrously. It may decide what direction the party will take in preparing for 1936, what faction will dominate its councils, and what sort of man—a Wadsworth, a Vandenberg or a McNary—it will seek out as a model for Mr. Roosevelt's next opponent. It may confirm numerous prominent citizens like Jouett Shouse and Nathan L. Miller in their belief that only a wholly new opposition fused from all anti-Roosevelt conservatives can effectively check a Democratic party dedicated to the 1934 apparition of the "forgotten man." Indeed, if on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November the voters think along the lines outlined by the prophets they will have a lot on their minds.

Despite these anticipatory analyses, it needs a national planner to draw any deductions from the political fingerprints which the voters have spattered across the countryside in the campaign. They have laid rough and criminal hands on all the things so sacred to old-fashioned leaders, to organization bosses, to traditionalists of any kind, to breathless idealists, to political technicians.

They're All Balled Up

There seems to be no single, central thread to their logic or emotion. In the very states where they embraced liberal Administration candidates in Democratic primaries, they flocked to the most reactionary Republican they could find on the ballot—Fess against Donahey in Ohio, Simmons against Burke in Nebraska. The people of California who paid to hear and cheer Upton Sinclair, the erstwhile Socialist with a Utopian scheme, emigrated to the coast from Kansas soil reddened by the blood of ancestral Yankee abolitionists. Though the populace smashed such corrupt machines as Tammany and the late Bill Vare's, they have likewise endangered such a progressive dynasty as the LaFollettes', rocked the Bourbon throne of the Hales of Maine, and overthrown such coquettishly liberal households as the Bryans' and Pinchots'.

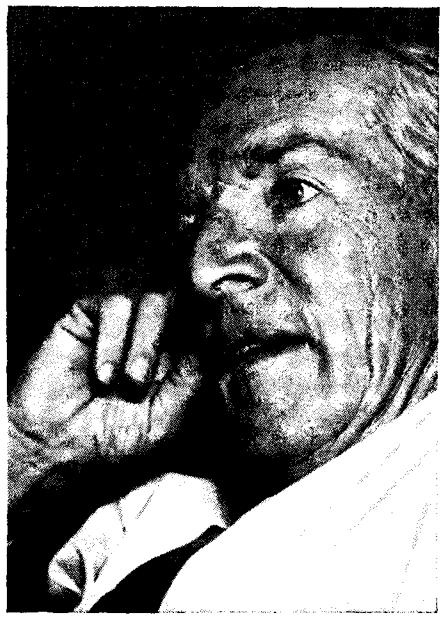
They have given the hook to such ten-twenty-thirty vaudevillians as Cole Blease and Goat Doctor Brinkley. But in Louisiana Huey Long has extended his demagogic dominion into the hitherto hostile parish of New Orleans. What if it was a comic opera campaign? "He's for the poor man," said the voters of this hill-billy Hitler—even as they do of Franklin Roosevelt, and in these days you can't meet that argument. The poor we not only have with us, but on top of us, politically.

But the "kingfish" may lose his job as the Senate's hell-raiser. From Mississippi the Democrats will send to the Senate—we used to call it the "upper" house—ex-Governor Bilbo. He had only a few issues. His listeners rolled in the red clay when he promised "to raise more hell at Washington than Huey Long." They rolled over again when he added, "—But there will be more than noise to my speeches." Sweating and suspendered, he promised more crop bonuses and relief funds, lower taxes, redistribution of wealth. He allowed that he would "stand by but not with Roosevelt," whatever that means. The man he smacked down, Hubert Stephens, is a slow, solid, conservative planter. And that's how Mississippi feels about things and thingumabobs!

The Cold Cash Issue

Brass bands shrieking of home-town issues excite the voters more furiously than national symphonies of reform. They have only one thing in common, which is understandable after five years of depression. They all have the "gimmes." They have defeated long-time members because they glued wives and daughters to the federal pay roll while their constituents went jobless. They turned out many veterans simply because they thought it was time that somebody else drew down a relatively

Dave Reed, stalwart Pennsylvania Republican, is visibly worried about November 6th. Below, Upton Sinclair, who will fight it out for the governorship in California



fat salary from Uncle Sam. They steam-rollered Jim McClintic of Oklahoma because, as chairman of the Democrats' House patronage committee, he did not wangle enough jobs from Uncle Jim Farley. They pushed other old-timers into the breadlines because they did not get enough bridge, school and road money for the district. They ousted some because, under President Roosevelt's driving inspiration, they aspired to be statesmen instead of errand boys.

In a three-cornered race for the Senate nomination in Missouri they spurned two of Mr. Farley's recommended candidates for an unknown countryman put up by Boss Tom Pendergast, who garnered the honest fruit of forty years of strawberry picnics, free circus tickets and municipal jobs. Material things, in one form or another,

(Continued on page 33)

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Exiled...miles off Nova Scotia's lonely coast

—yet the world is his at the turn of a dial

WILLIAM J. FAULKNER is a "man without a neighbor." Like his father and his father's father before him, he keeps the lamps burning in Devil's Island lighthouse—miles off the barren Nova Scotia coast.

Yet the isolation and stark loneliness his father and grandfather knew are not his lot—thanks to modern radio . . . a new General Electric All-wave set.

As the angry Atlantic spends its fury on the rocks, he and his family listen to scores of American and Canadian stations . . . delight in music winged from London, Paris and Berlin . . . get the headline news of two busy hemispheres.

After spending 10 minutes with a new G-E set, you'll turn "thumbs down" on your present radio

You'll leave the radio world you know behind—the familiar realm of American stations—

And embark on thrilling voyages of discovery . . . touch many strange ports-of-call . . . get entertainment refreshingly new from European capitals, Latin-American cities, scores of foreign stations.

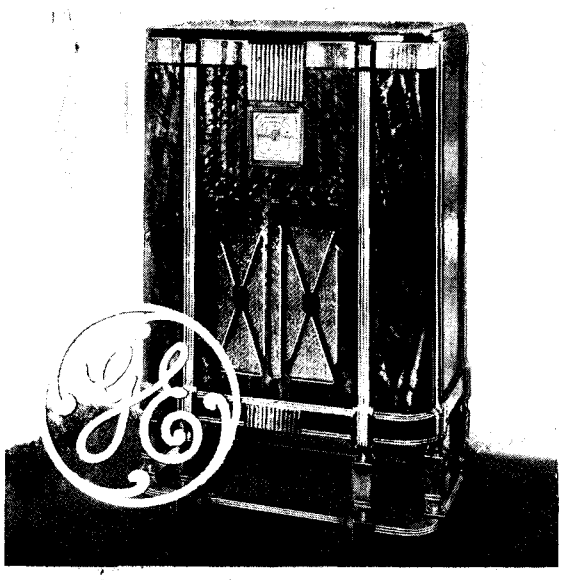
You'll also hold a passport to the air waves where drama rides . . . for you will listen to grim calls to police cars, aviators flying the night mail.

And your favorite American programs will give you a new delight . . . for no other radio brings them in as does this new All-wave G-E . . . with a fidelity, richness and brilliance of tone for which General Electric Radio has ever been noted.

Hold a thrilling "Tone Test" in your own home!

Ask your nearest G-E dealer to demonstrate one of the new G-E All-wave models—highly improved descendants of the famous G-E sets that "won the tone tests." "Believe your own ears" as you compare this new G-E with your present radio . . . And remember that this distance-defying G-E is less expensive than the standard-range set of three years ago!

Many superb models . . . table receivers, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations . . . ranging from $18.75 to $375.00. Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. See your nearest G-E Radio Dealer or write the General Electric Company, Section R-4811. Mdse. Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.



MODEL M-106—A new General Electric All-wave console. Priced at $149.50. Other international receivers as low as $39.95.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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BORN OF THE PIONEERING ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE FAMOUS "HOUSE OF MAGIC"

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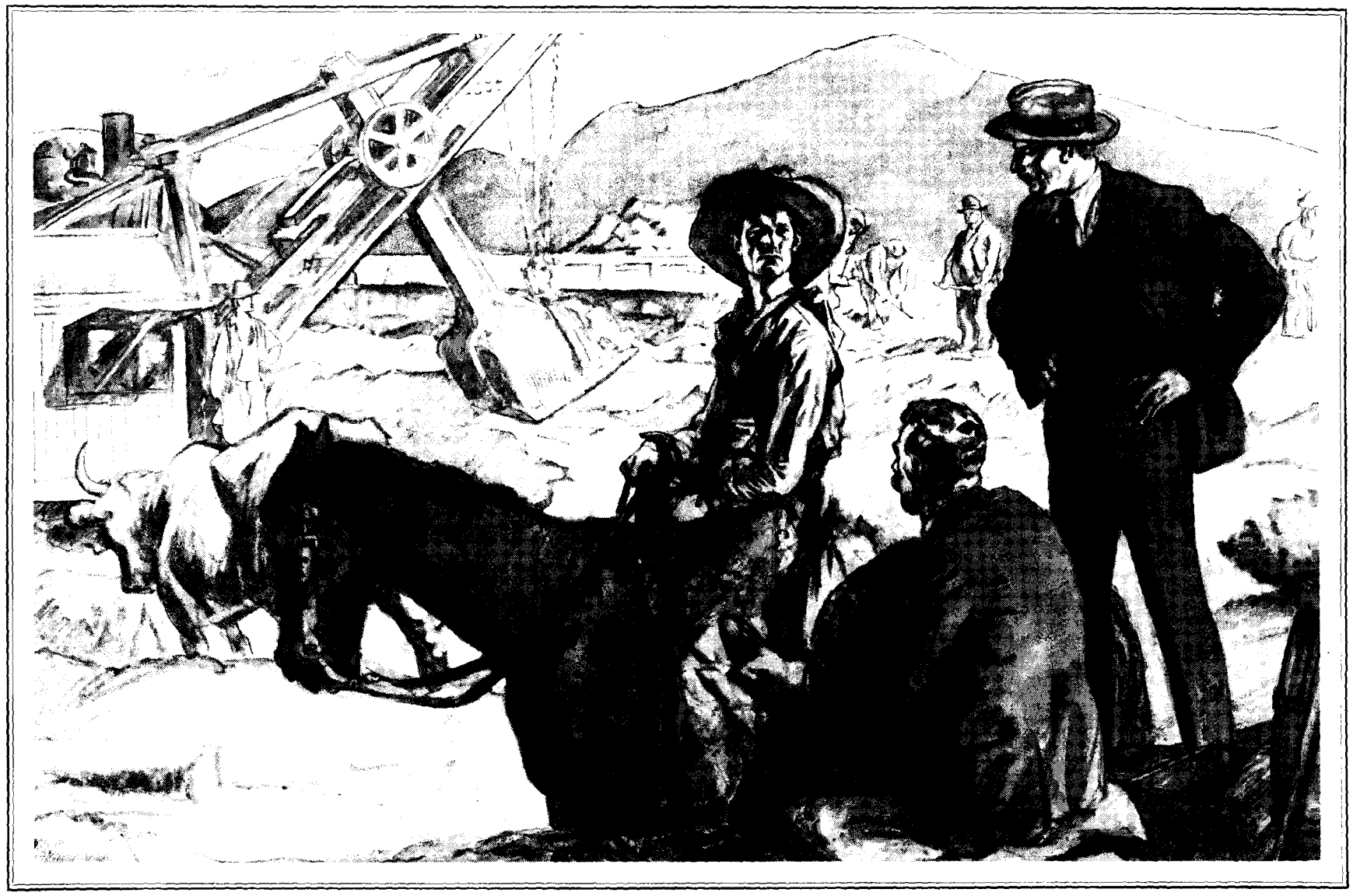

He drew rein before Buckley. "Is this construction job puttin' on any extra men?" he inquired

Shotgun Junction

By H. L. Davis

Hale Cutler never picked a fight in his life. Fights just hatched out and lit on him

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND F. WARD

BUCKLEY, the veteran general superintendent of the Simnasho Branch Railroad, sat down on a pile of cement sacks and emptied the sand out of his shoes. He was hot, tired and thoroughly disgusted. Fosnot, his young division engineer, waited politely for him to speak. Which Buckley did, after studying for a baleful moment the indolent actions of the group of pick-and-shovel men working on the main line.

"Scum!" said Buckley. "That gang is a bunch of scum, and it would suit me fine if they didn't get on with their work at all!"

Fosnot said nothing, although he knew this wasn't altogether true. The Inland Empire had decided to straighten out all the curves in its line up the Columbia River, to cut running time between there and Chicago. The Simnasho Branch, to keep the Inland business, was faced with the necessity of extending its own track three miles to join up with the new line the Inland was laying. Until this bunch of "scum" finished their part of the job the Simnasho Branch people couldn't go ahead.

"The trouble with railroads—" Fosnot said mildly.

"You don't know anything about what's the trouble with railroads," Buckley snapped, "because you never saw a real railroad in your life. The trouble is that they've quit getting men to work for 'em. Look over that bunch—ukelele pickers and gas hoboes! Cheap. Watch 'em duck and sling gravel when that construction boss goes past 'em!"

The construction boss was large, with a round head, flat features, a hard eye, and a worn-looking pick handle. Buckley commented on that with contempt.

"A bunch of old-time gandies would take that club away from him and wear the seat of his pants out with it! If you had any men on your division, I'd go over there with 'em and do it now. What kind of stuff have you got working for you? Sagebrushers and sandrats and hog-herders. Here comes one of 'em now. Let me talk to him. You couldn't talk to him without hiring him, and you've got too many of his stripe already."

A TALL horseman turned toward them. They waited for him without guessing how quickly Buckley's prayer was going to be answered, or how much he was going to dislike it.

Four bony cows and a frisky bull calf plodded past in the sand, driven by a big-boned, glum-featured horseman. His frazzled saddle had curled from being left out in the rain, and his overalls, besides being busted out at the knee, had the bottom of each leg split open to accommodate a man with oversize feet. He drew rein before Buckley, who, he had evidently decided, must be somebody in authority. He acted timid and bashful.

"Is this construction job puttin' on any extra men?" he inquired. "I've done steel work and gandyin' in New Mexico and Colorado. I'd like to catch onto a job in this country, if there's one open. My people live here, and it's home to me. My name is Hale Cutler."

Buckley didn't notice the introduction. To be taken for a hireling of the Inland Empire maddened him. "Why, I guess so," he replied treacherously. "You go up yonder on the fill and give your name to the foreman. He's the fine-looking man with the pick handle. Just introduce yourself and tell him your people live around here. He'll be glad to sign you on, I feel sure."

"All right," said Cutler. "Much obliged to you, sir." He kicked his horse with a long spur and went, and they watched him turn into the fill and dismount.

Fosnot felt thoroughly disgusted with Buckley, and showed it. "I ought to have told him, I guess," Buckley apologized. "He's certainly in for a surprise, but, damn it, what did he come at me like that for? What business—"

The construction boss' voice came plain and clear. "Git to hell out of my way!" he ordered. "Take them damned cattle with you, or I'll flog the stuffin' out of you right now!"

CUTLER'S reply was indistinct. His actions weren't. Stepping back from the threatening pick handle, he rammed his boot into the construction boss' stomach, and then swung on him with both hands. The construction boss fell. Cutler sat down on his chest, took him by the throat, and churned his head up and down on a rock. "Pick-handle me, will you?" he inquired. "Damn you, I'm goin' to beat your brains out!"

"Fosnot, my God!" said Buckley. He was scared. "That'll be a killing! It's my fault! I sent him up there! Can't—"

The rest fell on air. Fosnot was running. He didn't even know how he was going to head off the killing when he got there. He grabbed Cutler's arm.

(Continued on page 41)

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Employers of the United States and Canada make protection possible for approximately 6,000,000 employees

The business concerns which are helping their employees to help themselves through Group Insurance are performing a fine service. They are doing their part toward solving one of the country's problems.

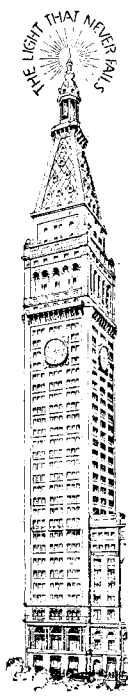
It is significant that even though American business was compelled to "trim its sails" during the depression, a large percentage of the Group Insurance previously established through various Life Insurance Companies is in force today.

Not long ago the president of a middle-western manufacturing company was asked "How does your Group Insurance Program operate?" He replied:

"The cost is shared between our employees and the company on a mutually satisfactory basis. Our plan provides a year's wages to the widow should an employee die; it provides a check from the insurance company every week when he is sick or hurt; it provides him a life-time income when he is too old to work. Such economic security is of great value to our employees, their families, our company, and to the community at large."

Not all employers are in a position to institute such complete plans. Many plans provide just for a stated sum of money for the employees' families in case of death. Some plans also include sick benefits, and others make provision for future retirement as well.

The Metropolitan cordially invites executives to send for plans which clearly show how employers and employees have put into effect Insurance Programs on a sound and economic basis. The Metropolitan will be glad to prepare a plan specially adaptable to any individual business organization.



The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

"I want to tell you that one of the best things our Company ever did was to offer our employees Group Insurance."

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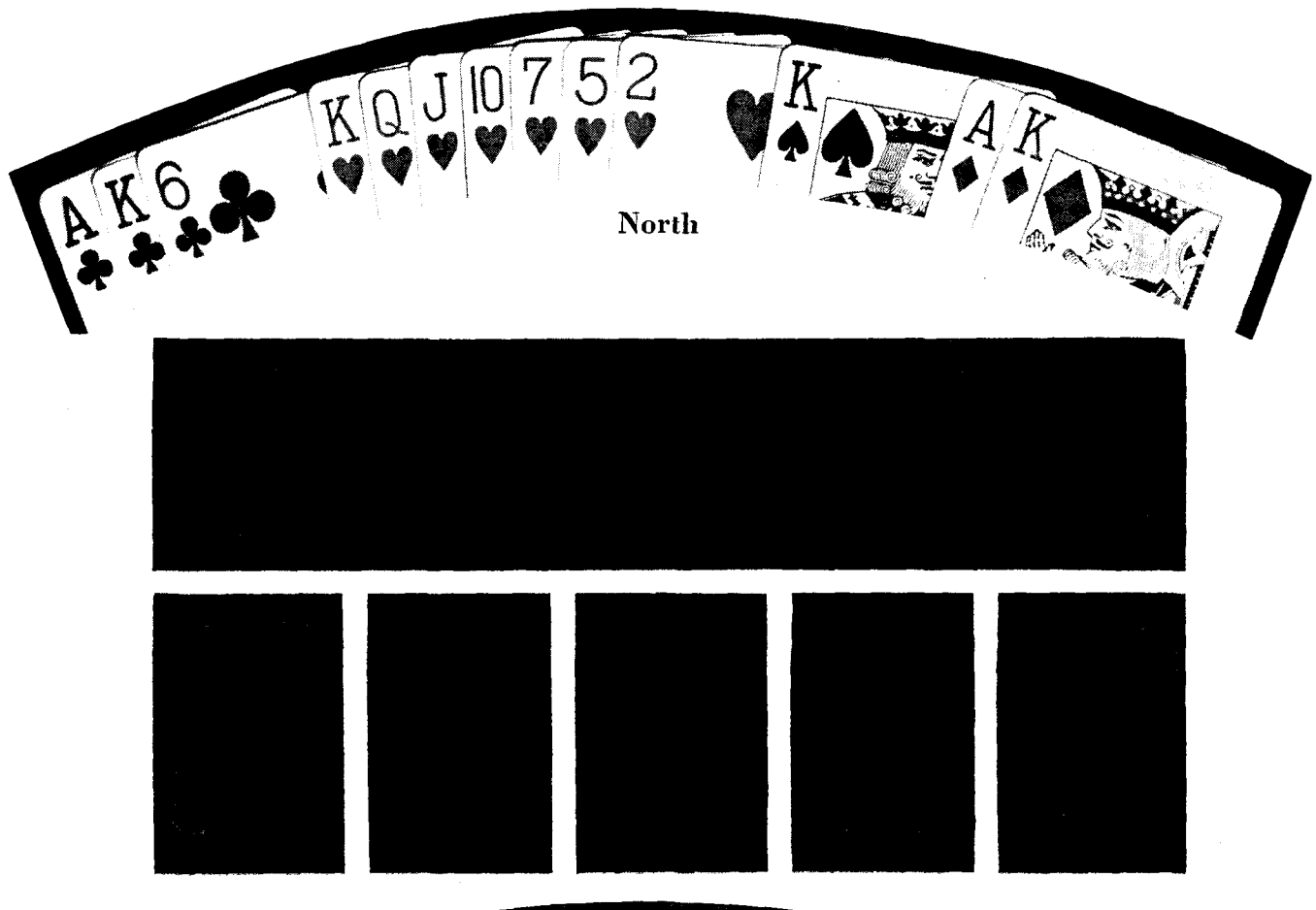

Bid 'em Up!

By Shepard Barclay

A LAYDOWN grand slam at no trump, and we played it at only three spades!"

"Sorry, partner. I would have bid my clubs again, or diamonds, but I thought you were bidding to the score."

That colloquy between two really good players is typical of thousands, yes, millions, of conversations by disappointed contract bridge players all over the world. It will be duplicated time without number during the fall and winter season now about to get under way. There will be recriminations and arguments, probably a few very genuine fights, between people whose tempers are not under control. Even those polite and philosophical contractors who take such discouragements in their stride will at the best lose some thousands of perfectly good points because of them.

And nothing can be done about it? Yes, plenty. Indeed, one little ounce of prevention will render unnecessary the pounds of disheartenment. The asking of just a few questions by one member of a new partnership makes most of such costly mixups impossible. One of the most important of those questions between rubber bridge players is: "Do you bid to the score?"

In the dialogue reported, the first speaker was Mrs. Georgia Lee Parker, of Memphis; the second, Mrs. George Washington Williams of New York, who had just let the bidding die at three. They were playing at the famous Westchester Country Club, in Rye, N. Y., one of the greatest centers of social rubber bridge. They had never played together before, and had not exchanged any questions about their style of bidding, except to state that they would use the approach-forcing method.

With a score of 60 toward the first game, Mrs. Parker had opened with a bid of two spades. "Three clubs," responded Mrs. Williams; Mrs. Parker called three spades, whereupon Mrs. Williams passed and then, after the diamond lead, laid down this dummy:

Spades, 9 5 3; Hearts, 9; Diamonds, A 8 6 4; Clubs, A Q 10 7 5.

Mrs. Parker's hand was this powerhouse:

Spades, A K Q J 4 2; Hearts, A K Q 2; Diamonds, K; Clubs, K J.

Between them they could have run sixteen consecutive tricks at no trump if there were that many to be taken.

During the ensuing conversation Mrs. Williams showed what had befallen her a week before when she thought a new partner was showing a big hand with a two spade bid in a partial score situation. Her partner was "bidding to the score" on these cards:

Spades, A K Q 7 5 3 2; Hearts, 6; Diamonds, K 4 3; Clubs, 10 6.

Mrs. Williams held this hand, stronger than the one she passed at three with Mrs. Parker:

Spades, J 6 4; Hearts, K Q J 10 5; Diamonds, 7 6 5; Clubs, K Q.

Over the two spades she bid three hearts, her partner three spades, she five hearts, her partner five spades, and she six spades which an opponent doubled. A club was led to the ace, a diamond returned through the king, so that three diamonds, a heart and a club were lost, setting them four tricks for a loss of 1,400 points, since exactly two spades and no more could be made.

She could not be blamed for learning that lesson, but after the loss of the grand slam a week later, both players agreed that thereafter it would be a good idea to ask any new partners whether they "bid to the score."

Among the various bidding tactics on which fine players still disagree, one of the most widespread is still that about original bids in part-score situations. On one side of the argument are those who show exactly the same hands with higher bids as they would when the side has no score toward game. On the other side are those who favor stretching their hands at such times and letting a two bid, for example, mean: "Partner, it looks to me as if we can make the two spades we need to give us game in this part-score situation."

Those players do not like to have their partners monkey with the machinery at all except when holding a very strong hand. They make any voluntary call of more than game by either partner, such as an original three spades or any response of three to the two bid, a definite slam signal practically guaranteeing ability to make four or five odd if the partner's hand is the weakest it could possibly be and inviting a slam if the partner has anything extra.

Know Your Partner

The important thing is not to change one's preference regarding either of the methods of part-score bidding, but to know what kind of hand the partner shows, so that disastrous misunderstandings may be prevented.

Successful bidding in all situations is largely a matter of understanding the messages flashed across the table.

The policy that seems to pay the best dividends in championship play is a wise one for most contract enthusiasts to follow. That is, to try to be prepared for any partner by having a pretty good general idea of the various leading methods of bidding, and thus be ready to use whatever system a new partner may happen to know best. That is not hard now, since the number of widely used methods has decreased very appreciably in the last several years.

The differences among the six most extensively employed methods are now very few. They can be very briefly catalogued, beginning with the one used by the largest number, the approach-forcing method, popularly called the "Culbertson" system. Its chief characteristics, as compared with other methods, are:

Opening suit bids of one show all normal hands from a minimum bid with two and a half "honor tricks" up to within two playing tricks of game, third and fourth hand requiring about a king more strength than dealer and second hand.

Opening suit bids of two guarantee a hand so strong that the side must reach a game bid no matter how weak the partner's cards. With about one honor trick and a biddable suit, he can respond with that suit; with such strength and enough trumps he can raise the opener; with about one and a half honor tricks he can bid three no trump or more; with none of these he must call two no trump, but in no event should he pass at less than game except to double some opponent's bid.

Opening suit bids of three show a trump suit needing no support; partner may raise to game in a major on side strength alone, or can bid three no trump if the three bid was a minor, with mere good stoppers in the other suits. An original four of a minor invites a game raise on side strength. Fine players almost never make these bids, preferring a bid of one.

Opening bids of game in either a major or minor are "shutouts" lacking defensive power against any opponent's bids, within two playing tricks of game if the side is vulnerable or three if not vulnerable.

Opening one no trump bids are of normal strength except that when vulnerable they reveal at least an honor

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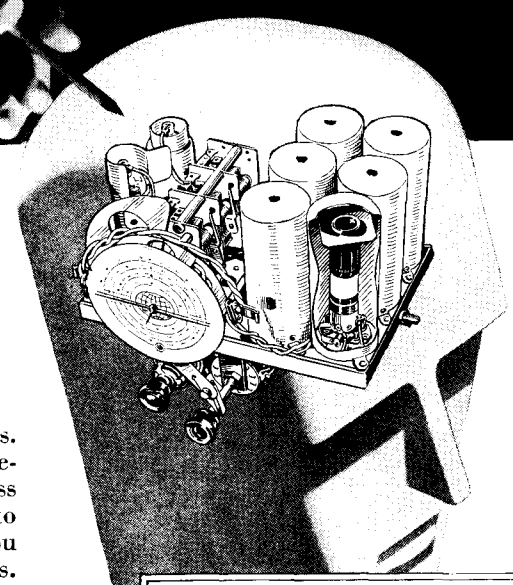
This "Magic Brain" releases World-Radio's supreme thrills!

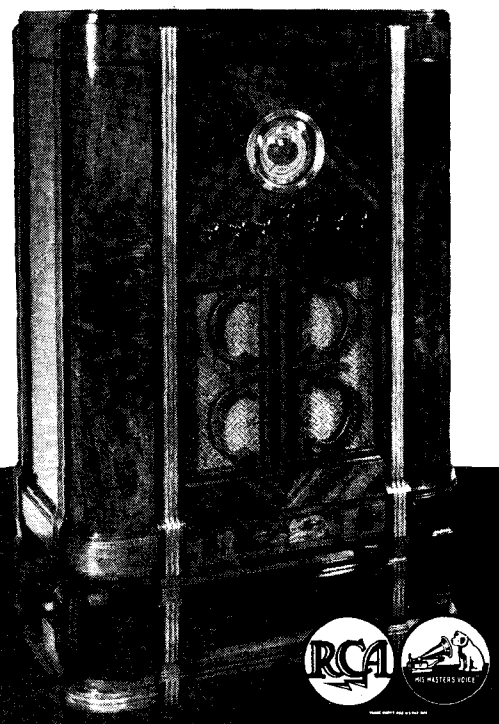


RCA Victor now introduces uncanny development—tone of far higher fidelity... far more stations here and abroad... far greater ease, accuracy of tuning... an exclusive "X" band.*

ALL who hear it are agog! All who hear it say, "Never did I think all-wave radio could be so entrancing!" And all who *see* RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" say, "Well, no wonder these radios outperform!"

Yes, it's this unique "Magic Brain", first developed by RCA engineers, that puts radio on a new high plane. It is like a master mind placed in the center of the all-wave chassis. There it directs, selects all reception. It reaches out across oceans, continents, seas ... to far distant lands. Or gets you *favorite domestic stations.* Or police, amateur, aviation signals. Cleverly it shuts out unwanted programs, as cleverly picks up and amplifies four times the sound of the world or domestic broadcast you want!

In "Magic Brain" performance, sound comes into its own at last. The poignant throb of a cello...the delicate overtones of a violin ... the mighty, stirring sweep of a world-famed symphony ... the dramatic shades of meaning in a human voice. These find full expression in the rich, true, completely lifelike tone of superb higher fidelity...a supreme tone only RCA Victor could bring to you ... in an all-wave radio only RCA Victor could make!



MODEL 262—5-band "Magic Brain" superheterodyne. Tone control, automatic volume control ... all short and standard wave broadcasts. De luxe cabinet ..... $149.50.

What RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" Does!

As a maestro leads his symphony orchestra, so "Magic Brain" directs the performance of RCA Victor's all-wave radios. Human *in its thinking, we compare it to the human brain.* You choose the broadcast—from no matter where in the whole world. Then, watchman-like, it keeps out undesired radio signals. It concentrates on that one and makes it four times stronger. *Each* tone has higher fidelity ... and you hear, directed and blended by "Magic Brain", the fullest possible performance from the whole set—in a quality reception heretofore unequalled.

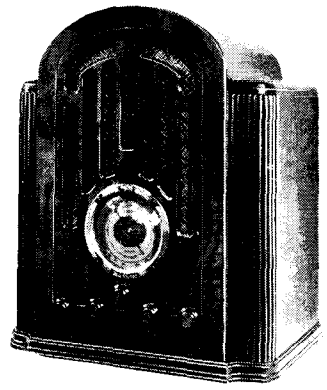


TABLE MODEL 128. "Magic Brain" superheterodyne. Domestic, foreign, police, amateur wave bands. Superb cabinetry. $69.95

Since the "Magic Brain" chooses each program with such unerring precision, this higher fidelity tone is fuller, more serene. Annoying buzz, irritating fuzz are gone. Truly it can be said never has radio reception and radio enjoyment reached so marked an improvement...as in RCA Victor "Magic Brain" sets!

Added to all this is the exclusive RCA Victor "X" band. This separate wave band brings you minute-by-minute government weather reports and forecasts ... the reports aviators hear as they fly! Think of this thrill!

You *must*, without delay see this achievement in new-day radio. See the "Magic Brain", hear what it does, note the exquisite, modern cabinets...and discover prices are those you can afford!

A RADIO AND A PRICE FOR EVERYONE!

RCA Victor instruments priced from **$18.75** to $375.00 *including Standard Receivers, Auto Radios, Air-Cell Battery Radios and Radio-Phonographs.* All RCA Victor instruments equipped with RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio Tubes. All prices F.O.B. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Any short-wave radio performs better with an RCA World-Wide Antenna.

*The "X" band is in all sets of 8 tubes or more.

RCA VICTOR

RCA VICTOR CO., INC., ONE UNIT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA . . THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO ORGANIZATION. OTHER UNITS: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., INC.... R. C. A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.... RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.... RADIOMARINE CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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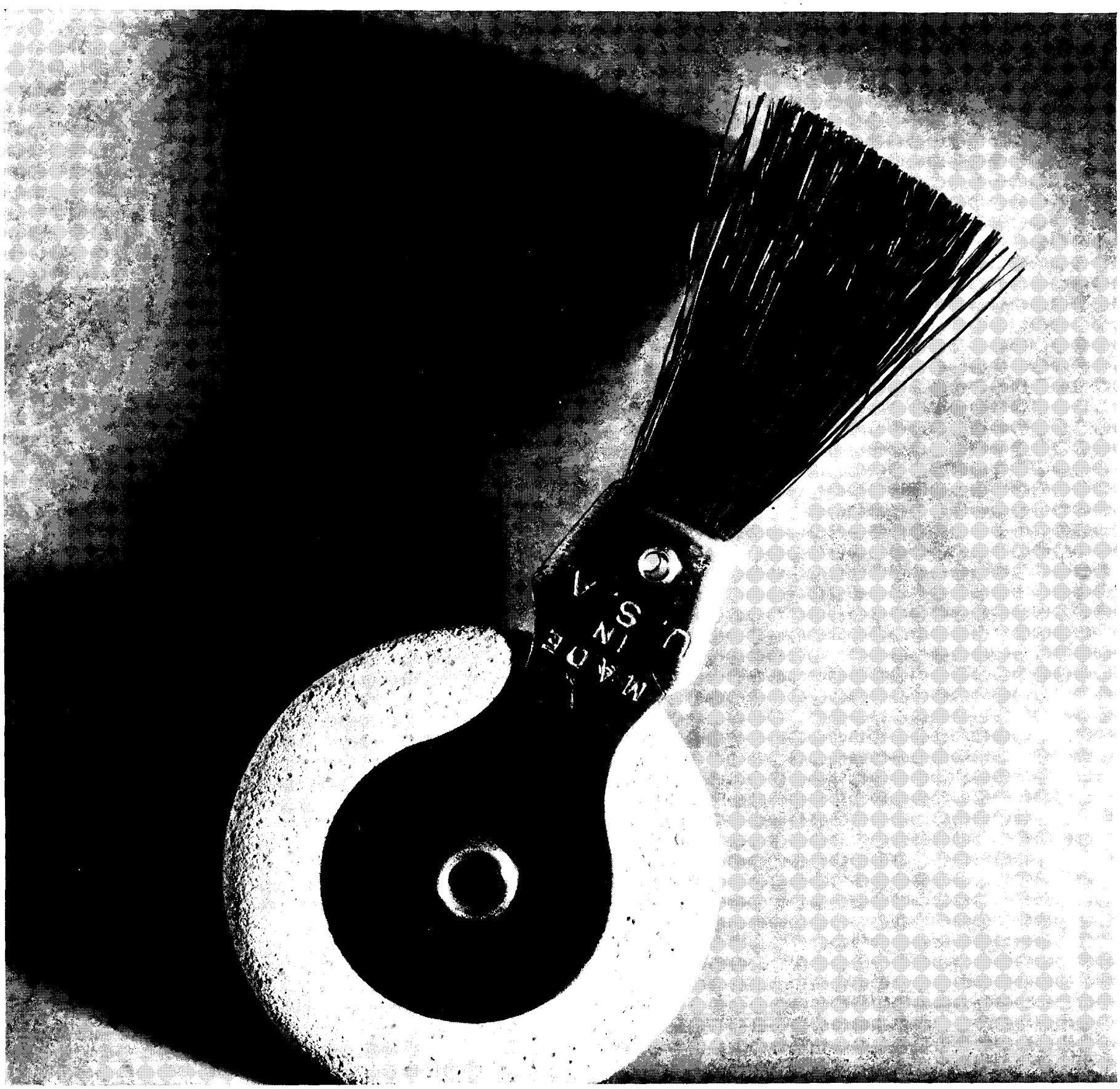

Ever try to erase with a piece of raw rubber? It smears. An imperceptible salting of grit is necessary to dig in, do the job. It's the same with an editorial policy. To dig under the surface takes an extra quality...so rare that only a few publications have it...*editorial sand* that bites in and gets results.

THE American MAGAZINE

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY... Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 15

surprisingly, she had come to Sturdevant's defense against his own parents when his mother and father objected to certain things he boyishly had wished to do.

She received him in a boudoir that might have served as the executive office of a corporation head, so heavy was the furniture, so businesslike the appointments.

"Well, young man," she greeted him. "You tell me everything about this disgraceful affair."

"Nothing to tell that you don't already know," he replied.

"Oh yes, there is!" Beneath eyebrows which she had disdained to pluck, she glared at him with eyes as gray and hard as granite. "What about your carryings on with the Plaice woman? What do you mean by running around with her?"

"What do you mean by talking to me this way?" he countered.

"Don't you be impertinent to me, young man," she scowled.

"Don't you be rude to me, young woman," he said.

HER scowl melted into a smile that became a grin.

"The most impertinent, the most ill-mannered—I want all the details. What did you hit him with?"

His own grin matched hers.

"The right," he replied.

"They never got up when your father hit them," she said.

"You're a very shocking woman," he said. "I didn't think that thirty years ago nice women knew about the brawls their men relations got into."

"What do you know about nice women? You don't go round with any. Trenna Plaice, Inez Johnson! Don't you know any decent girls or don't you want to know any?"

"Darling, how I'd like to sock you one," he told her.

"I'll bet you would," she chuckled. "Tell me, what's the Plaice woman like?"

"She's beautiful; she's charming; she's much better bred than you are," he replied.

"I should *hope* so! If I thought she'd turn into a bad-tempered old woman like myself I'd cut you out of my will," she laughed.

"But you did cut me out of your will the last time we quarreled," he reminded her.

In her cheeks appeared a faint spot of color. Her smile was shamefaced. She reached over from the heavy chair in which she sat and patted Sturdevant on the knee.

"Meant to, but forgot," she said. "But don't build too many hopes. I may do it yet, and anyway, I'm going to live to be eighty."

"Giving yourself two more years?"

"You impertinent—tell me all about Trenna Plaice."

"It would take years. You see, I'm going to marry her."

"So?" The bushy eyebrows lifted. "The papers say she was engaged to Haworth."

"She'd have broken it. She loves me. You'll like her. Ever see her on the screen?"

"Namby-pamby."

"Ice and fire," he said.

She shook her head slowly.

"Had high hopes of you. Had a feeling that you'd never be gulled by a pouting mouth or moon eyes."

"And a lot of other gorgeous things," he smiled.

"They fade; they wither; they vanish," said his aunt.

"But they're pleasant while they last," he told her.

"They are," she gently admitted. "Will you bring the insipid thing to dinner very shortly?"

"Will you speak of her politely and will you treat her with great courtesy?" he asked.

"I'll probably poison her food," said Mrs. Pillson.

A servant entered the room and announced luncheon.

"Sorry I can't stay." Sturdevant rose.

"Why not? You'll have a thousand meals with Miss Plaice. Have this one with your old aunt."

"Why don't you say lonely, loving aunt, and sob a bit?" jeered Sturdevant. "Anyway, I'm not lunching with Trenna."

"Then stay here with me."

"I'd love to, but I have an engagement. With Lisa Bellwood."

"You haven't told me a thing about her," protested his aunt. "Do you think she could have done it?"

"Good Lord, no," said Sturdevant.

"Bad blood," said Mrs. Pillson, wagging her head from side to side. "Her mother's uncle was shipped out West when he was a boy. Lots of scandal. He didn't do so well out there. Her father's cousin barely escaped jail over a banking matter twenty years ago."

"So I suppose Lisa shot Haworth," grinned Sturdevant. "It all seems to dovetail."

"Well, I don't like her. Insolent little brat."

"Whom do you like?" asked Sturdevant.

"Nobody," she replied.

With a laugh Sturdevant bent over, kissed her lightly on the tip of her nose, and left the room. The threatened snow of last night had not materialized; instead, a cold drizzle of rain was falling. He found a taxi, fortunately, on Madison Avenue, and drove to Bellevale, the restaurant where Lisa was to meet him.

SHE was already in the lobby when he arrived there, and after checking his hat and coat, he went with her to a secluded table which she had reserved. As they sat down Sturdevant glanced around the room. He had never happened to lunch here before, although he had heard of the place, and knew that it had become recently popular among the younger people. But today there was no one here whom he recognized.

"I even ordered luncheon," said Lisa. "Wouldn't I make a good housekeeper?"

"Looking for such a job?" he asked. He lifted the cocktail before him to his lips. Over the rim of her glass her hazel eyes were bright.

"Part of a wife's duties, housekeeping, isn't it?" she asked.

"When are you getting married?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Simply presenting the qualifications that aren't visible."

"The visible ones are pretty good," he said.

"Pretty good?" Beneath the hat perched jauntily on one side of her head, her black hair shone; her hard but lovely face took on an impish expression. "Don't your pulses stir a little at being alone with me?"

Deliberately he ate a morsel of sole. He looked at her appraisingly.

"The pulse was seventy-six when I entered this place; it's seventy-six now," he told her.

Her lips parted, faintly provocative.

"Is that a challenge?" she asked.

"You're not flirting with me, are you?"

"No experience? Can't you tell?"

"The man you loved was killed last night," he said with deliberate brutality.

"Who said I loved him?" she demanded.

"You told Trenna Plaice you were going to marry him."

"Did I? That was before he had that brawl with you."

"What would that have to do with your marrying him?"

"I like winners," she replied.

"Oh, for the love of Pete, Lisa!" Sturdevant made no effort to hide the disgust which he felt.

"Brazen, am I?"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders distastefully.

"You're a bit too hard for me, Lisa."

"I can be soft when I want," she told him.

"I think you *are* flirting with me," he said.

"Mind?"

"Of course I mind."

"Bad taste and all that? But suppose I wasn't just flirting?"

"Let's not suppose anything so ridiculous. You wanted to see me. What was it about?"

"I thought we were doing quite well," she replied. "But if you don't think so—the police aren't through with me, Sim. They aren't through with Trenna Plaice. They aren't through with you."

"Of course not. They won't be until they're satisfied that each and every one of us had nothing to do with Haworth's death. But they should come to that conclusion pretty soon."

"Why?"

He stared at her.

"Because you couldn't have done it, Trenna couldn't have, and I couldn't have. That ought to be answer enough."

"What makes you so certain that your actress friend couldn't do it? She was there. Hid herself away and sneaked out. She says she left before I did. But who's to prove she's telling the truth?"

"You were there," said Sturdevant. "Don't forget that."

"Don't think I have," said Lisa. "But I didn't hide and I didn't sneak out."

"But Trenna would have no reason, no motive. The man wanted to marry her."

"Says she," said Lisa scornfully. "That's *her* story. Why do you suppose he phoned and asked her to come over? To give her the air, that's why."

"That's *your* story, is it? But suppose he wasn't going to do anything of the sort? Suppose you were in love with him and he wouldn't break off his engagement with Miss Plaice? That gives you a motive, Lisa."

"And suppose you thought Trenna Plaice was going to marry him? Does that give you a motive?"

"I suppose people might think so, some people. But you have to show opportunity as well as motive, Lisa. I didn't have that."

"No? Then what were you doing outside Len's apartment just as I left last night?"

He stared at her bewilderedly.

"Doing there? I wasn't there. I wasn't within a couple of miles of his place. Who says I was?"

"No one has said so—yet."

"Who can say so?" he demanded.

"I could," she answered.

(Continued on page 30)

He blamed weak arches

but his trouble was LOPSIDED HEELS

EVERY step wrenched the bones in his arches—every day made a torture of his job—because he didn't know this simple fact—

93% of America's leading orthopedic surgeons agree: "Walking on run-over heels can injure the foot structure, often permanently."

Guard against this common cause of fatigue—protect your feet from this source of arch trouble as well as corns and bunions—with Goodyear Wingfoot Heels!

Goodyear builds these heels of such tough, resilient rubber that they *keep their shape*—wear down *evenly*—distribute pressure *equally* and keep the whole shoe in shape!

More people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. No wonder! Any good repair shop will put them on *your* shoes.

GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

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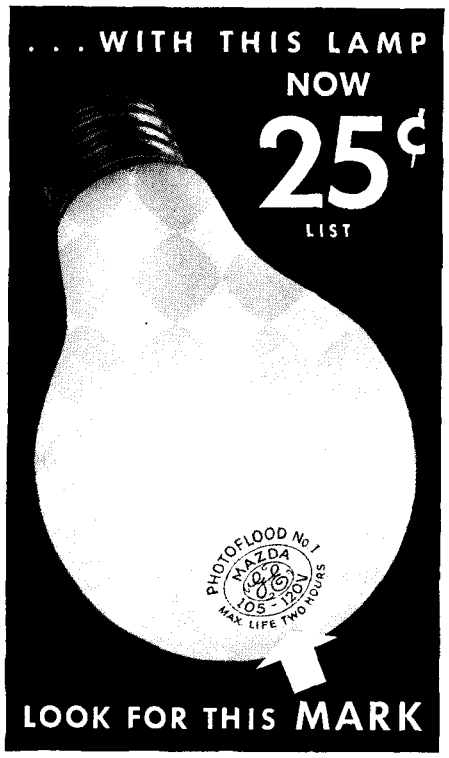
TAKE *Dozens* OF

Snapshots at NIGHT



IT'S EASY. Snapshots at night are now as easy to take as snapshots in the sunlight . . . *thanks to super speed film and G-E* MAZDA *Photoflood lamps.*

And they're inexpensive, too . . . for G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps are good for two hours of picture-taking . . . good for dozens of pictures.

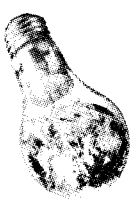
All you need is a camera with a fast F/6.3 lens* (use wide open), some super speed film, and a few G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps in your light sockets. Then you are ready to snap pictures of your family, friends and parties . . . indoors AT NIGHT!

Your druggist or camera dealer can supply you with film and lamps. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

* *Box cameras and folding cameras with slow lenses can get good pictures with time exposures of one or two seconds.*

FOR ACTION PICTURES

and shots of babies and pets, use G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps. They operate simply, in light socket or from flashlight batteries. Enable even box cameras to get lively night shots. Each lamp gets one picture. Retails for 15c.



GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

(Continued from page 29)

"What do you mean? What are you driving at?" His eyes blazed, and that softening of his harsh features which accompanied anger was visible now.

"I thought I was making myself pretty clear. As I stepped into a taxi you came around the corner of the building. What were you doing there?"

"I wasn't there," he said simply.

"I can swear to it," she told him.

"You'd be swearing to a lie," he charged.

"I'd be believed. You knew Trenna Plaice was going to Len's apartment. You were out of your mind with jealousy. You went there, found her, and killed him. Or else you got there and found that your girl friend had already killed him. I don't know which is right and don't care. The point is, do you want me to remember that I saw you or not?"

"I don't care what you remember, but you'd better be sure that it's the truth, Lisa. I assure you that you're mistaken, to put it as gently as I can. My God, what sort of a girl are you? Haworth was your friend, at least. And you sit here telling me something that you should have told the police last night, if you think it's the truth, talking to the man you pretend to think killed him—and you don't care."

"Why should I care? Len got what was coming to him."

"And you think *I* gave it to him?"

"You or Trenna Plaice. Who else? You don't have to lie to me, Sim. I'm for you. Or hadn't you guessed?"

"I think you're crazy," he told her.

"Do you?" Her hazel eyes glinted with mockery. "Let's have some more talks; maybe you'll change your mind. Meantime, don't worry. I'm not going to tell the police—yet."

"Tell them now," challenged Sturdevant angrily.

She shook her head.

"No, I'll wait awhile. Shall we go?"

HE PUT her in a taxi, brusquely refusing her offer of a lift, and despite the rain started on foot toward Trenna's apartment on Park Avenue.

Fluently, though under his breath, he cursed Lisa. What sort of woman was she? He had always known that she was hard, but the side of her which she had just permitted him to glimpse was more than hard: it was vicious.

He shrugged his shoulders with distaste for his own thoughts.

But dismissing Lisa from his thoughts was not easy. Coat collar turned up and hat brim pulled down over his eyes, he faced the cold, light rain. Did Lisa think, really think, that she had seen him last night outside the building where Haworth had been killed? He was inclined to think that she believed she had seen him. Lisa would stop at no falsehood to gain a point, but there was no touch of the blackmailer in her. Because she wanted a man she would not tell the sort of lie that might jeopardize his very life. Lisa's scruples were hard to find; nevertheless, they existed.

She would not invent a story of seeing him, but if she believed her story she would use it as a threat. Yes, there was a touch of the blackmailer about her; he corrected his more generous estimate.

But what was the object of this blackmail? He had nothing that Lisa wanted that she didn't already possess. Except—and he was contemptuous of himself for this conceited thought—himself.

But that was exactly what Lisa did want, or thought she wanted. Sturdevant could not take too seriously the wandering desires of Lisa. Lisa wanted what she thought some other woman had. She had wanted Haworth only for the pleasure of taking him away from Trenna Plaice. Now she seemed to want Sturdevant, but only because he also was devoted to Trenna. The world was filled with women like that, exactly as it was crowded with men whose love—if it could be called that—was aroused only by the desire to take away.

He squirmed as he walked, as though touched by something slimy. Lisa had him in a spot. If she went to the police with that tale of hers, he would have a difficult time explaining it away. In fact, there was no explanation possible; the story could be met only with flat denial, and denials are not evidence.

She had put the matter very succinctly too. She had been at Haworth's apartment, but she had not left it surreptitiously. Trenna had. Was Lisa aware of something else, as yet undisclosed, about Trenna's visit to the apartment? And was she offering her silence about this as her price for attention from himself? Lisa could be a trifle devious if she thought it necessary. She hadn't mentioned anything like this, had mentioned only that she would keep silent about having seen him near Haworth's apartment, but perhaps she had wished him to infer this.

HE SCOWLED angrily, enraged at his own inability to reason clearly. In extenuation of his own dullness, he told himself that no one could reason clearly from such a premise as Lisa. He damned her again very fluently as he turned into the building where Trenna lived.

The doorman craned his neck after him; the telephone operator twisted in her seat to stare at him; the elevator operator grinned knowingly. But these were petty annoyances, not worth a thought in comparison with the more serious things that confronted him. And even these more serious matters were obliterated from his mind as Trenna greeted him.

As last night, or early this morning rather, she had amazed him by the freshness of her appearance, so she surprised him now by her composure. If there were beneath her eyes the faintest black smudges, these signs of inner turmoil but made the eyes above more lovely.

This afternoon there was no lack of response to his kiss. She clung to him for a moment, and he knew that no nervousness or hysteria had prompted her avowal of this morning. Yet, when she released him, her first words were not an iteration of his own whispered endearments.

"What did Lisa Bellwood want with you?" she asked.

Sturdevant hid a smile. Trenna was very much a woman.

"She says that she saw me outside Haworth's building just as she was leaving there last night."

"Why does she tell a lie like that?" blazed Trenna.

"Perhaps she thinks she did," he replied.

"Nothing of the sort! If she saw you she'd have told the police, to save herself. She wants something from you."

Sturdevant stared at her. A man might have arrived at this conclusion, but only after a certain amount of thought. A woman leaped at it instantly.

"She wants you," said Trenna.

"She's not going to have me," he smiled.

"She's wicked," said Trenna. "That *is* what she wants, isn't it?"

Sturdevant blushed uncomfortably.

"At the moment Lisa gets a kick out of me. Pretty morbid. You know—she doesn't really mind being mixed up in something sensational. And to have a secret with me—that's all it amounts to. Tomorrow a new song writer or a parachute jumper will come along."

"She's a vulgar and thoroughly bad girl," said Trenna. "And I suppose she had lots to say about my being at the apartment."

"That was discussed, too," admitted Sturdevant.

"She knows perfectly well that neither of us did it, but she'd like to think so. Sim, do you suppose she'll tell that lie about seeing you if the police show they suspect her?"

"The longer she delays telling it the less likely she is to be believed," he assured her.

"Perhaps she's told them already," Trenna suggested.

Sturdevant's eyes narrowed.

"She might. Sergeant Wilcox called on me this morning and wanted to know the exact route I followed from the Merrygoround to Gramercy Park. Wanted to know if I'd stopped in anywhere on the way."

"Did you?"

He shook his head.

"I haven't the tiniest evidence of an alibi. But don't worry about that," he said hastily as he saw the alarm in her eyes. "I didn't do it."

"You don't need to tell me that," she told him. "Any more than I need to tell you, I hope."

"We never need to tell each other anything except that we love each other," he told her.

"And we'll do that for the rest of our lives, my dear," she replied. Then she dismissed sentiment. "Sergeant Wilcox called on you? No one has been to see me. Reporters have called, but I told them that I would see them at Mr. Granby's office at four o'clock."

"Granby advise that?"

She nodded.

"He's right. Unless the papers treat me with sympathy, my future may be in danger. You know how the censors feel. Not only must a picture be above suspicion, but the players in it must not be involved in scandal. If the press treats me badly, women's clubs and civic organizations will demand that I be banned from the screen. And I have nothing to hide. Going to a man's apartment isn't very shocking in these days."

Sturdevant laughed.

"Certainly not. And the police haven't called?"

"I think it's funny. It's as if—well, they suspected me and were sort of giving me an opportunity to do something that would be really suspicious."

"LET that imagination of yours take a long nap," he advised. "The police aren't bothering you, because they haven't got around to it. Naturally, they're going to suspect everyone, but until they get more evidence than they have now they can't do much. After all, because a man is found dead in his apartment, it doesn't absolutely follow that a recent visitor killed him. There are such matters as motive and weapons to be considered. When the police found that you bought or owned a thirty-eight caliber revolver they'll act. But they aren't going to find that out, because you never had one. What's the matter, Trenna?"

Her face was suddenly white.

"I do own such a weapon. At least, I did have one. I bought it in Los Angeles last year. You know, so many of the stars received threatening letters demanding money. I didn't, but I was nervous. I slept with a revolver by my bed."

Sturdevant laughed.

"What would you have done with it if you'd needed to use it?"

There was no answering laugh from her, no mirth in her black eyes.

"I'm a good shot," she said simply. "I used to shoot a lot."

"Still another accomplishment? I'm always discovering new delights about

(Continued on page 32)

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Here's how to take snapshots like this AT NIGHT!

IT'S EASY TO MAKE THIS PICTURE
Use Kodak "SS" Film. Set your camera for 1/25 second—open lens diaphragm to f.6.3. Put 1 Mazda Photoflood bulb in lamp A—2 in lamp B. Distances as indicated. Sight the subject, click the shutter—and you've made the picture. Photoflood bulbs cost 25¢ each—last for many pictures.
A
4Ft.
2Ft.
B
5Ft.

. . . with Eastman's new high-speed "SS" Film

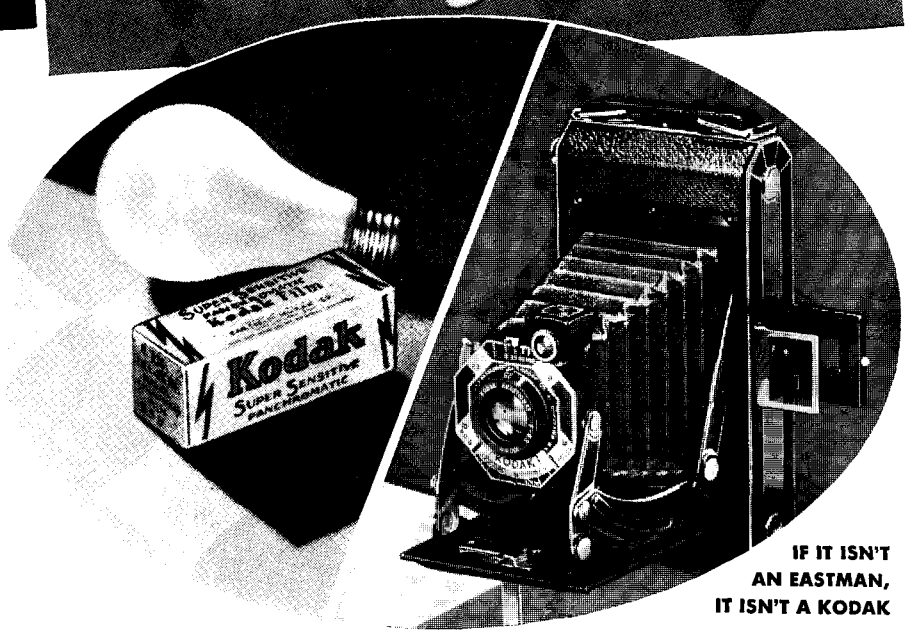
THINK how much more thrilling picture taking becomes! Now you can take snapshots indoors—*at night!* All the "home life" scenes you could never get are at your finger tips—without special skill or elaborate equipment.

Use a camera with an *f*.6.3 (or faster) lens, loaded with Kodak Super Sensitive Panchromatic Film. This high-speed (extra sensitive) "SS" Film does the trick—it's three times as fast as ordinary film under artificial light.

For light, use two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs. They cost 25¢ each—last for many pictures. Hold the camera in your hands as you would outdoors, set for 1/25 second, lens at *f*.6.3 opening. Click the shutter. You've made a snapshot. Indoors. At night.

For indoor pictures at night with slower lens cameras (including box models) use Verichrome (or "SS") and a Photo*flash* bulb—see free folder—with camera set for "time" exposures.

FREE FOLDER . . . Complete instructions on indoor night photography. Photo*flood* snapshots . . . Photo*flash* pictures . . . all are covered in this free folder. At your Kodak dealer's—or write for your copy today. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.



IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

KODAK "SS"—with the green lightning flashes on the familiar yellow box—the film that indoors or out, in any light, improves picture quality.

KODAK SIX-20 with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3 is ideal for night snapshots. Pictures 2¼"x3¼", $17.50. Kodak Six-16, with *f*.6.3 lens, pictures 2½"x4¼", $20.

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BROGUES for the big games

and after... Long, long after the final whistle has ended the football season, you'll still be wearing these smart town and campus favorites. That's the big advantage in choosing Walk-Overs. Made only from the choicest, meatiest hides, and fitted naturally to your feet, they keep their shape and style through the hardest sort of service. More style miles and comfort for your money. Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

All out for the Big Games Saturday, November 3rd.

PRINCETON—HARVARD
DARTMOUTH—YALE
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WISCONSIN—NORTHWESTERN
MICHIGAN—MINNESOTA
ARMY—ILLINOIS
PURDUE—CHICAGO
GEORGIA—FLORIDA
STANFORD—CALIFORNIA (L. A.)
OREGON STATE—WASH.

Before November 3rd visit your Walk-Over dealer. There's one in every important football center.

NORWEGIAN CALF—Finely grained, soft, meaty, in a mellow shade of brown. Also black. A unique combination of punching and seamless vamp. . . . $8.50.

NAIRN CALF—Tanned from a plump young hide. Rich, reddish brown. Smartly detailed with brass eyelets. British semi-brogue type. Also black calf. . . . . $8.50.

WALK-OVER

Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 30

you. You didn't bring the gun east with you, did you?"

She shook her head.

"Then the police, if it comes out that you owned a revolver, will find it in your Hollywood house."

Again she shook her head.

"It isn't there, Sim. At least if it is, I don't know where. It disappeared some months ago."

"Revolvers don't disappear," he objected.

"This one did. Maybe a servant took it, though I wouldn't know why. Sim," she cried, "you don't think that I—"

"Shot Haworth? That you're lying to me now? Don't even think such stupid thoughts. I was just going over it in my mind. I wish that gun could be located. We mustn't delude ourselves, Trenna. It's fine to be innocent, but it's lots sweller to be able to prove innocence."

"They wouldn't arrest me! Just because that revolver—"

"Don't be absurd. There's no question of arrest yet. The mere fact that you owned a gun isn't evidence. Not by itself. I've owned revolvers. I don't know where they are now. But they're not going to pin Haworth's killing on me just because of that."

"BUT you said a minute ago," she protested, "that the police would act if they found out that I ever owned a revolver."

"They'll question you about it, of course. When the gun was lost did you ask your servants about it?"

"We searched the house," she answered.

He sighed with a relief that he tried to hide from her.

"There you are. The servants will testify that the gun was lost. Now you stop worrying."

She rose from her chair and sat beside him on the couch.

"I feel so—ashamed. After all, I *was* engaged to Len. I really thought I was in love with him, intended to marry him. Oh, last night I knew that I never *could* marry him, but that doesn't alter the fact that I had thought myself in love with him. And here I am worrying about myself. It makes me feel pretty small. I should be feeling sorry for poor Len; I should be filled with horror and hatred of the person that murdered him. I guess I'm not very admirable, Sim."

"Aren't you?" He put his arms about her, drew her close to him and kissed the eyes in which tears just appeared. "You're pretty admirable to me, and rather lovable if you really want to know." Gently he released her. "I've got to go to the office. Saunders Soap goes on the air no matter what happens. I've a date to sign Inez Johnson in the spot I wanted for you." He eyed her curiously.

She read the question in his eyes.

"No, Sim. I couldn't."

"It might be a good idea, Trenna. The very fact that you signed for the air would convince a lot of people of your innocence."

"Radio is just as fussy as pictures. They wouldn't want me. And even if they did, I couldn't do it. I never want to appear in public again."

He smiled soothingly at her inconsistency.

"A minute ago you were worried about your career. Now you don't want one. You quit being nervous."

"I suppose I should go into a song and dance with delight at the situation I'm in," she retorted.

He sensed a rising tempest. He didn't blame her. At a time like this why expect consistency?

"I wish you wouldn't appear in public again; I mean as an actress or singer. I want you all to myself for the rest of your life."

"It looks to me as if you'll get your wish," she smiled at him, irritation gone from her voice.

"I'll try to get down to Granby's office while you're there," he said. "We'll go somewhere afterwards. Like that?"

"I love everything you suggest," she replied.

He kissed her again, once more finding nothing to complain about in the fervor of her response. Then he left her.

He took a taxi to his office; the rain was too heavy to face now. Besides, he felt a terror of walking too far; that limp, which had appeared as he walked from the Bellvale might reappear. And although it was only slightly uncomfortable, it reminded him of the days when he had been stretched in a hospital wondering if he would ever recover. Also, people noticed it, and his pride of health and strength suffered by the notice.

"Young lady in your office," Miss Maley greeted him.

Sturdevant went into the inner office. Pert little Inez Johnson was seated in a chair, but there was no impishness in the face that she turned toward him as he entered the room and closed the door.

"I'm scared, Mr. Sturdevant," she greeted him.

"You mean you've stage-fright? Or air-fright?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"You know what I mean. The police woke me up early this morning. They came back again this noon. They just won't believe that I went straight home like I tell them."

"Don't you worry about what they believe," he advised her. "You wait until they start to *prove* that you didn't go home. And they can't do that. Or can they?" he asked, leaning forward. For in her eyes was a sudden glint of terror.

SHE twisted her gloves in nervous fingers, plucked at the buttons on the sleeves of her coat. Sturdevant leaned back in his chair.

"Inez, what's on your mind? Didn't you go home?"

"Suppose I didn't? Would you tell?"

Sturdevant hesitated.

"I won't tell any of the conversation so far, Inez," he told her. "But maybe we'd better not talk any more."

"But I got to," she cried. "I just have to talk to somebody. I didn't go home. I got worried, awful scared. You're a man; you don't know what that Haworth could be like. Only girls know about him. He was just a madman. I know girls that he nearly killed. He wasn't like those people that hurt for the fun of it; he just used to go crazy when he had enough drinks. He'd slug anybody, but it was usually girls. And I was afraid that he'd get someone to help him give you the works. So I followed him. I chased all over town trailing him and Miss Bellwood."

"To protect me?" Sturdevant stared at her incredulously. "Why, Inez, that was pretty swell of you."

"You're a pretty swell person," she said, coloring. "You won't tell the police? They might think I followed him to get a chance to shoot him."

"Tell the police? Certainly not," said Sturdevant.

(To be continued next week)

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November Jitters

Continued from page 22

attracted the majority of the voters in a polling which was advertised as a test of their idealism and perfection. Nationally, they pocketed Democratic cash and ignored Republican warnings against such shiny temptations.

Despite—perhaps because of—these vagaries, the Democrats are appallingly cocky. They refuse to discuss the congressional outcome except in Farley-esque figures comprehensible only to students of planetary politics. Whether their assurance is honestly based or not, it is a political fact. Overconfidence has lost as many elections as it has won.

When almost every candidate the President beamed upon directly or indirectly walked away from both unknown and distinguished foemen, as did Ed Burke in Nebraska, Tom Connally in Texas and George Radcliffe in Maryland, they pasted it in their hats that the President's popularity was good for at least one more celebration. So did every Democratic office-seeker, whether he was shouting for constable or congressman.

The Democrats Are Smiling

It may be the good old bunk, but Democratic seers suggest that such an unshaken citadel as Pennsylvania may spring a surprise. Dave Reed, Republican stalwart, is visibly worried, and his tactics show it. This aristocratic senator, who once referred to the Pennsylvania electorate as "dunderheads" in a senate debate, has no stomach for political slumming. His refined tastes don't run to church-basement suppers and street-corner rallies. Early in the campaign, when he was more sure of winning, he canceled many contracts for speeches and hand-shakings and chicken-liver orgies. But the Maine debacle improved his digestion and filled his heart with the milk of political kindness. His managers immediately "regretted" somebody's "mistake" in saying that Mr. Reed could not be on hand to meet his friends, shake their hands and eat their provender. Now poor Dave whirls around Pinchotted provinces like a Democratic dervish and agrees that politics, like reading, maketh a full man.

Although the Democrats never owned to any fear of losing House or Senate, there was a day when they shivered at the thought of dropping seventy House seats and barely holding their own in Mr. Garner's chamber. That, to their minds, would have been a sign of a normal Republican comeback and partial repudiation of the White House. Now, however, they have revised their estimate of House losses to twenty at the most, and some profess to believe that they will almost break even.

When they mention Senate contests, the Democrats smile. They anticipate that all records for party control of this body will be broken. Roughly, they envisage a Senate gain of six seats at a minimum and ten at a maximum.

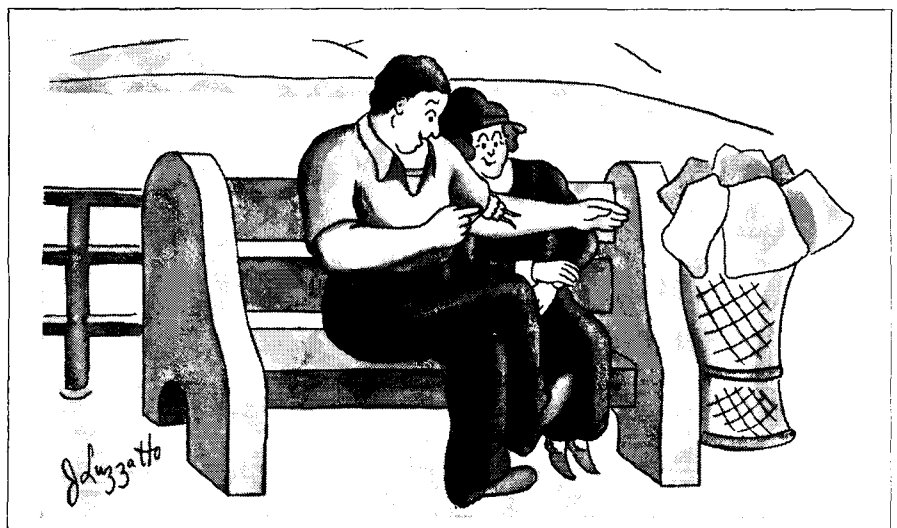
The Republicans, in private at least, dispute only the most extravagant of these claims. Maine and similar upsets shattered their morale in the thick of the fight, and they dare not hope. At the opening of the congressional conflict they felt that they might win back seventy House seats and hold down Democratic Senate gains to four. Now they will offer thanks if they upset thirty-five to fifty Democrats in the House and lose no more than six down the corridor.

Mr. Fletcher has had no easy time. He has had to argue it out with Republicans behind the scenes as well as with the foe in the field. At no time has there been united leadership or counsels in his camp. Although he originally advised against a mere "To hell with Yale" attack, his hard-boiled associates insisted upon some swinging uppercuts. At first, in accord with his strategy, they stressed such questions as regimentation, possible inflation, future taxation burdens, crimes against the Constitution and, upon Sinclair's nomination, that of "Socialism." But these refined abstractions got nobody mad or excited enough to jump up and toss his hat in the air. They persuaded nobody to reject Democratic cash.

Then, in the desperation which Maine produced, the G. O. P. campaigners grew a little hysterical. Some speakers suggested that the Administration's policies contributed to the deaths in the Morro Castle disaster and to industrial disputes. That, too, failed.

Meanwhile, many Republicans cut loose from the national leadership and endorsed the basic principles of the New Deal.

The Democrats, whose strategists and publicists have been much the cleverer, missed no chance to capitalize on these squabbles and inconsistencies, citing one Republican as witness against another. Thus, for a campaign avowedly so "crucial" and "acute" and momentous, it has been a slightly silly and mixed-up affair, proving nothing much except that the people still think Mr. Roosevelt is grand and take everything else on faith—except the cash.



"I'll show you the rest of it after we're married" JACK LUZZATTO

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One Time it Rained

Continued from page 9

of the pasture road to the turn-off toward Bushwhacker.

Joe Aitken come raring in while I was eating supper.

"Doctor Hodge is missing!" he says, wildlike. "We're afraid the Bushwhackers lynched him. And your boy Perly is in on it! He was seen with Efra Gundle this afternoon."

"Hold on, Joe," says I. "Was anybody seen hanging from a tree?"

"If they haven't lynched him they're only waiting for dark," says Joe, "and you're the only man with influence enough to stop it!"

Well, son, I didn't want to be rushed into nothing. Them Bushwhacker roads is a mite dangerous after dark during the big dry. A rabbit is apt to run across in front of the car and kick up so much dust you're apt to go rolling down a hill.

I waited half an hour to see if Perly would come home. By this time Perly's maw was raising Ned about it and so was Joe, so finally I says: "Well, Joe, if you drive extry careful I'll go."

WHEN I and Joe got to old Ab's front porch, we seed Ab and a dozen men relations a-setting there. Old Ab had a pump gun across his lap. My boy Perly wasn't nowhere in sight and all the women folks was a-setting inside with the doors locked. What say? Had they lynched the Brain-Truster, you mean, son? We-ell, no, they hadn't. But it looked a mite ticklish.

Old Ab gets up and he says: "Black or white men?"

"It's Cliff Collins, Ab," I says, "and this is Joe Aitken with me."

"We don't talk to no county agent," Ab says. "Joe will have to get back in the car."

"Now, Mr. Gundle, after all—"

"Git!" old Ab says.

Then, after Joe is back in the car, old Ab is right friendly. "Set down, Cliff," he says, "and have a drink of beer. It's wormy, but it's wet."

Dry? Why, son, you could hear them Bushwhackers' bones rustling like winter leaves when they moved. I grabbed me a quart of sorghum beer and never drawed a thoughtful breath till it was down. I broke out in sweat right off and all that dust on me turned to mud; but before I could wiggle once it was hard as clay. Dern' uncomfortable. Fact.

"You-all must have been having right smart of a dry spell, Ab," I says.

"You're daft, Cliff Collins," says old Ab. "Hoss Crick is out of its banks from the big rain we just had. That cloudburst drowned four hogs."

"You're mighty cheeky for a dern' prairie dog," says another Gundle, "coming down to Jefferson Davis Caounty and trying to make out like we got a big dry here."

"Best season in eighty year," says another.

Old Ab he tooken another swig of sorghum beer and allowed the ground was so wet they couldn't do no fall plowing. Another Gundle says his wife lost sixty hens when the mill pond dam busted loose. Another Gundle—

What say? Oh, that Brain-Truster? I was a-coming to him, son. I ain't a-saying I wasn't worried about that Brain-Truster, but I had to bide my time whilst old Ab made a speech orating that Bushwhacker was a land flowing with milk and honey.

"Milk and honey and sorghum beer," yells old Ab, "the best dern' farm land on God's green footstool. We ain't allowing no Washington perfessor to come down here making out otherwise."

"Yay—telling 'em!" yelled another Bushwhacker. "The sky's clearing, Ab. Let's hang that so-and-so afore another rainy spell sets in!"

And up marches my boy Perly with my old double-barrel and Efra with him handling a squirrel rifle. They didn't recognize me on account of the mud, right off.

"How's the perfessor, son?" says old Ab.

"He won't drink any sorghum beer," says Perly. "He wants a drink of water."

"He says he'll law us into Jeff City pen, Paw," says Efra, right spunky, "and I says, 'We'd rather a heap sight be in Jeff City pen than moved down to that pesky river bottom!'"

Well, I reckoned it was about time for me to speak my piece. I knowed Perly was in on it deep as any Bushwhacker and little Efra was in on it, too. I knowed that hanging a Washington perfessor wouldn't set so good with the law.

"You listen at me, folks," says I. "That perfessor come from Boston and allowances has to be made. I ain't a-saying he done right snooping down here when he was warned agin it. But if you hang him, they'll taken my boy for it, and that I don't allow!"

Perly he had some sorghum beer too and he says big as all get-out, "They'll never taken me alive!" and Efra she says, "Landsakes, Paw Collins, you taking up for that Brain-Truster?"

Old Ab he made us all shut up and he orated:

"I'm in favor of hanging the jackleg as a warning to them Brain-Trusters to leave us farmers be. We're good Democrats here but we ain't asking nothing from Washington. Leave all that whining around to them folks on the prairie, says I. Let them beg corn and hog money if they like. As for us Bushwhackers, give us liberty or give us a Brain-Truster to hang! They ain't a-going to move a free people from the finest farm land on God's green footstool down to no swampy river bottom and into no dern' prison factory. Go git a stout rope, Irie!"

THEM Gundles give a blood-curdling rebel yell and downed another three gallon of sorghum beer. I seed things was a-getting a mite ticklish so I up and says: "I left my 'backy in the car," and edged out of there before they could think. I run down to Joe Aitken and I says: "Joe, shake old brown for the sheriff! They're aiming for to hang Doctor Hodge." Joe seed I mean it and he lit out from there.

A couple of Gundles took a shot at Joe's car but couldn't see it in the dust and old Ab yells out: "Let him go. We'll have that Brain-Truster hanged 'fore Joe gets to Stump Wallow."

They had broughten the Brain-Truster out to the porch. Irie Gundle had gone for the rope. The Brain-Truster was covered with dust and he was too thirsty to sweat. But he was a spunky cuss. I'll say that for him. Yay—spunky.

"You're a pack of ungrateful hill billies!" he snaps out. "This Administration is trying to help you farmers and keep you from starving to death. I've told you that the idea of moving you Bushwhackers to the river is just talk. I've explained that I'm merely making a survey to see what should be done—crop planning, emergency rations, stock food—"

Old Ab he yells: "Yay—Perfessor! Interfering with the will of Almighty God. Irie, bring that rope!"

That Brain-Truster sure told them. He says they was ungrateful hounds. He damned them plain in Boston language. He rattled off a lot of big idees for the future of Bushwhackers in particular and the farmers generally. Them Gundles hooted at him. But I was a-watching my boy Perly and Efra. They listened mighty close to the Brain-Truster. Finally, when he says: "Go ahead and hang me; I won't be the first man who died for an ideal," it got too much for Efra.

She raised up her squirrel rifle and jumped in front of the perfessor.

"Drop that rope, Irie Gundle!" she yells. "You ain't a-going to hang no Roosevelt perfessor."

"Slap her over, Newt," yells old Ab.

My boy Perly stepped up with his double-barrel.

"Lay a hand on her and I'll get busy!" says my boy Perly.

THE two of them stood there right in front of the Brain-Truster. Things was getting mighty ticklish. Irie and Newt began edging around to their guns. Old Ab he taken a final swig of sorghum beer.

"Hang him!" Ab yells, "he's interfering with the Lord Almighty!"

"I may be interfering with your idea of the Lord Almighty," says the Brain-Truster, "but it's a dumb, stupid hill billy idea. You youngsters put down your guns. I don't want you to get in trouble."

Efra shakes her head right peart.

"We ain't a-doing this for you, Perfessor," she says. "We're a-doing it for President Roosevelt."

Newt and Irie laid holt of their guns. I heard the hammers a-clicking. Yep, son, it was a mite ticklish. And dry—yay, dry. It was so dry on that porch them gun stocks started cracking. Fact. And—

What say? Oh, that Brain-Truster. You mean, son, was there a shooting? Did they hang the Brain-Truster?

We-ell, no, they didn't. Just as Newt and Irie took aim on Efra and Perly and the Brain-Truster, it come on to rain! Fact. Rain? Yay—rain. The clouds had kind of sneaked up on Bushwhacker and without no warning at all they spilled rain. They cut loose—yay, cut loose. The first thing I knowed a big cloud of steam come up from the ground around old Ab's porch. That ground was hot, son, and it was just like pouring water on a skillet. Then, whangee, the thunder and the lightning cut loose too.

Rain? It rained so hard it sounded like cannons agin Ab's tin roof. That Brain-Truster backed off like he'd already been shot and old Ab he yells: "Give him the other barrel, Irie!"

"You dern' old fool," says I, "that ain't shotgun firing. That's rain on the roof!"

Rain? Why, son, before we could take two jumps that rain had washed the log foundations from under the porch. The porch floor give way and water pounded the roof right down on top of us. I started for the door of the house and a shoat floating down from the barn smacked me square in the face. Rain. Yay—rain. We all scrambled into the house, somehow, and then it really begun to rain. It rained chicken coops and red hogs and shorthorn cows. It rained so hard that water she bounced off the hard ground and made regular geysers. Fact. I looked out a winder and seed something black going by.

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"Your cow barn's gone, Ab!" I yells.

Old Ab, he takes a look and drinks some more sorghum beer.

"That ain't my cow barn you dern' fool!" he yells, "that's the Knob Church!"

Why, son, that was right smart of a rain. Maw Gundle she taken a notion to catch some fresh water and stuck a ten-gallon crock out the winder. She was so plumb excited she held that crock upside down, but that rain filled the crock just the same. A hundred-foot cistern outside the door was filled to running over in five minutes and Big Cold Spring started to gushing but that rain knocked the gusher right back into the ground. Fact.

And, son, you should have seed old Bushwhacker the next morning! I taken that Brain-Truster and Perly and Efra back to the county seat in a skiff along Sunken Road. And green! Yay—green. All that there Kansas dust had sprouted wheat planted three year ago; grass growed eight inches on them hillsides in two hours; the air was filled with moaning sound made by them black oak trees a-growing. Sorghum patches come up so tall they made deep shade at high noon. The birds was a-singing and them Bushwhacker cows was drinking water and spitting it out just for the fun of it. Fact. The only things that wasn't happy was them Bushwhacker red hogs. That rain had washed away all the sorghum beer mash from the stills. You never heard such disgusted squealing out of red hogs.

THAT Brain-Truster got away scot free? Yep, son, them Bushwhackers was too busy re-building their sorghum stills to pay attention to him. Perly and Efra? They taken a notion to get married that very day.

What say? Oh, you mean was them Bushwhacker farmers satisfied with the rain? No, son, they wasn't. I seed old Ab yestiddy.

"How's it going, Ab?" says I.

"Mighty poorly, Cliff," says Ab. "That dern' thunder that come with the rain plumb ruint all my sorghum beer. Us folks is going to starve out sure this winter."

What Football Does to You

Continued from page 13

just a matter of dropping into their offices, talking football or playing a round of golf. Life was going to be pretty swell.

And it was—for a couple of weeks. He dropped into offices, he talked football and he played some golf—but he didn't sell any bonds. Suddenly he realized that a football reputation meant absolutely nothing in convincing an astute gentleman that he should invest serious amounts of money. Gentlemen who were not astute, he found, seldom had serious amounts of money to invest. The young man left the bond business flat. He turned to preparing himself for work more appropriate. He played some professional football in the fall and attempted to make good use of the money thus earned, making his post-graduate football a means to an end rather than an end in itself. He had learned his lesson.

I can speak with some authority on the case of this young man. His name was Lou Little.

Coaches' Methods Have Changed

What are some of the other reasons you've heard presented why your boy should not play college football?

Well, for one, there is probably the argument that the sport takes too much time from his scholastic work. Do you remember Barry Wood, Harvard's All-America quarterback of three or four years ago? He won varsity letters for three years in football, hockey and baseball. He gained a high ranking in national lawn tennis. He was a varsity captain and an "A" student, graduating, I believe, with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain. Not a bad model for your boy?

A story told to me by one of the Harvard coaches provides interesting insight on how Barry Wood did it. Early in the season of Barry's senior year, the varsity backfield coach one afternoon at practice asked the quarterback candidates, of whom Captain Wood was the leader, if they could meet him for a half hour before dinner—from 6 to 6:30. Frequent discussions of strategy with the quarterbacks during the season help to win football games.

"I'm sorry, I can't be there this time," Wood told the coach. "If I'm going to do the work ahead of me this year, and play three sports as well, I've decided I must budget my time. Today my schedule calls for me to be in the library from 5:30 to 6:30 to do some required reading and I can't change it. But I'll be at all the other meetings if you can give me a day or two of notice or if you can fix them on regular days so I can make my plans."

"And he didn't miss another quarterback meeting all season," the coach told me.

Unusual? Yes, I'll grant that. But every squad has its outstanding students who prove that football is no bar to scholarship in the ordered mind. Bob Michelet of Dartmouth, one of the finest young college football players I have ever met, was the leading student in his class scholastically, the choice of his classmates as president and a leader in the most worth-while activities on the campus until his sudden death shocked his college last spring. Dartmouth sent Nathan Parker, its football captain of a few seasons ago, to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, where he proved an outstanding student. George Pfann, Cornell's All-America quarterback, went to Oxford about the same time to establish a remarkable record of scholarship in that ancient university. Now he is one of New York's most brilliant young lawyers. One of the highest ranking students Columbia has had recently was an exceptional running guard in football, Frank Nobiletti. Now he is establishing unusual records in the medical school. Kenneth Fields, triple-threat halfback and all-around athlete at West Point for three years, was graduated No. 1 in his class and Cadet Commander. Meanwhile the average scholarship grades of football squads everywhere have climbed so that in nearly every college you'll find they are as high as the average of the non-competing students and in many cases higher.

One reason for the improvement is that football training methods have changed. Years ago I think it was true that his exertions on the practice field tired a boy and shook him up enough to be distracting and to hamper his evening study. Today, rough contact work and long scrimmages are virtually over by early October. After that, mid-week scrimmage is rare. That's one reason why a survey made two or three years ago revealed the fact that foot-

(Continued on page 36)

Smoking overtime? Who cares!

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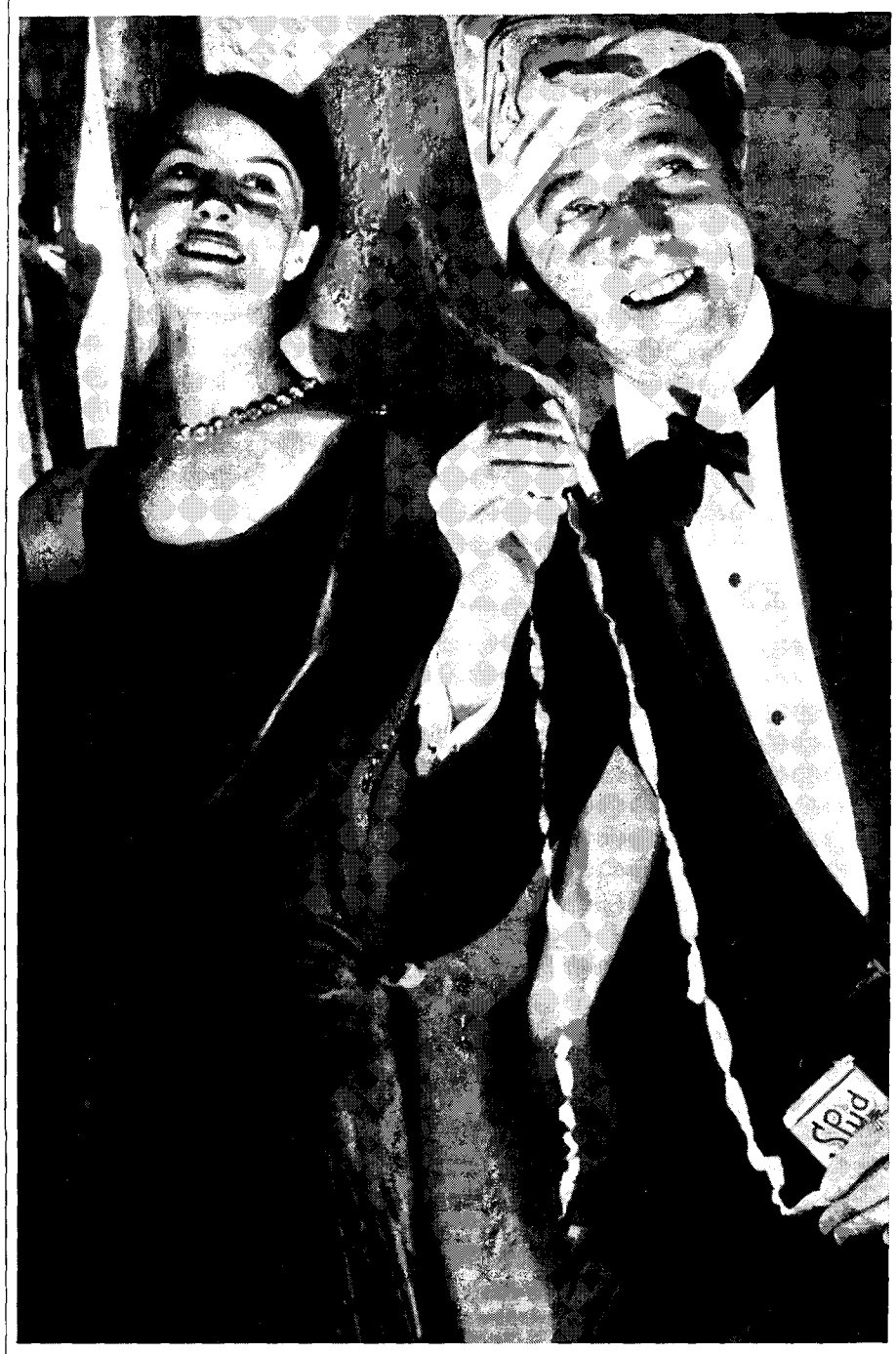

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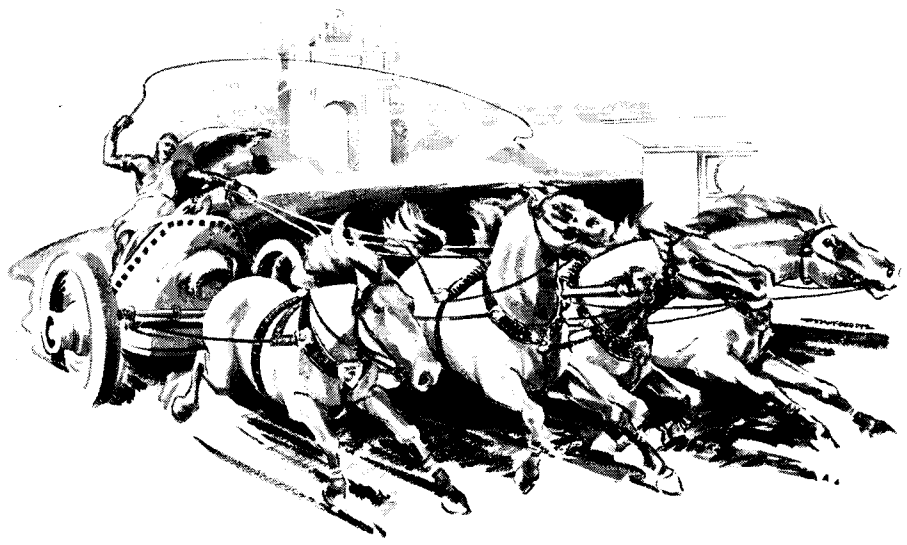

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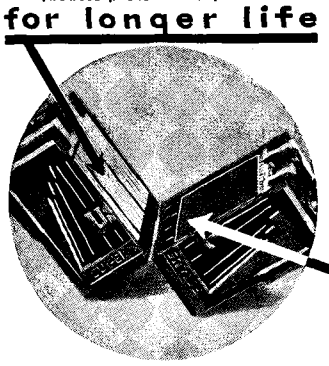
DURABAR
(double-protection separators)
for longer life



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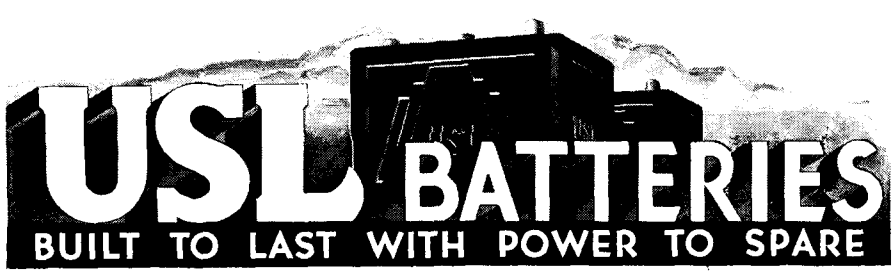

(Continued from page 35)

ball required less time during its season than several other extra-curricular activities, including dramatics, debating and work on student publications.

Coaches' methods have changed, too, in another way. You remember the old story of the coach who, discovering his star fullback studying at 10 P. M. two nights before a big game, snatched away the book and demanded, "Haven't you any more college loyalty than to be studying like that with a football game just ahead?"

The coach in most cases is on the campus nine or ten months an academic year now. He used to appear on the first day of practice and leave on the evening of the last game except when he stayed over for the annual banquet—if he had had a winning season. Today he keeps constant check on the classroom work of his squads. He is in touch with the professors and the dean's office. He works with, not against, the academic group. He is an adviser to his players in and out of season and that relationship doesn't cease after the boy's graduation.

I hope I don't strike you as prejudiced in the conclusion that football need not deter your boy in his scholarship.

Starting All Over Again

Perhaps you wonder whether the emotional strain about which you have read in football fiction is so great as to be harmful. The temperament of your particular "Johnny Black" and his tendency to worry are factors here. One item bearing on this phase is the fact that the old "fight talk" that sent football teams onto the field keyed to an emotional breaking point is less often used today. A football team now needs clear minds and mechanical precision, not over-wrought boys kindled to a fury by dressing-room oratory that used to make Billy Sunday seem quieter than a meeting of the Ladies' Thursday Reading Club. Football players still worry over a missed tackle, a fumbled punt or a miscalled play which costs a big game but they don't leave college or shun classmates as they are supposed to have done often in the misnamed "good old days."

Probably no team in the East last season bumped into more unexpected and decisive disaster than Columbia met at the hands of Princeton early last season. It was merely unfortunate for us that some of those fine Princeton sophomores did not reach college a year later, or that Captain Lane and Ceppi, a remarkable pair of tackles, had not been graduated instead of being seniors. Our misfortune—but the good fortune of Princeton and Coach Fritz Crisler. The Tigers were a fine, beautifully drilled team.

And the Columbians were a glum group on the journey home. I was glad to see they were. I don't admire a football player who loses easily and happily. Football should teach your boy to be dissatisfied with failure. I see an asset there in man-building that conflicts in no way with genuine sportsmanship. Lose with a smile—yes. But it ought to be a smile that is a little forced.

The quiet of Sunday began to bring the change I expected. By practice time on Monday, they were ready to begin to look forward again.

"We're playing two football seasons this year," I told them. "The first ended at Princeton Saturday. That was the short season. The second begins here this afternoon. We're starting all over again."

There was nothing very brilliant, or very oratorical, about that pronouncement. But there was no more moping and there were no more defeats.

Perhaps you've heard the objection to football that it is a sport your boy cannot play after leaving college unless he turns to the professional game. That is true. Tennis, golf, squash, baseball and basketball to some extent, even polo, perhaps—they can be enjoyed after graduation. Football can't. Rugby football, which is being played more and more as a spring sport and which is a first-class off-season pastime for football players, has that advantage. But our gridiron game demands first-class physical condition and the precise coordination of eleven men. My own opinion is that the game is worth it.

And why? Well, I've tried honestly to point out some of the objections, real and fancied. Here are some reasons why I believe the game justifies itself to the player for its expense in time, pain, emotion and thought.

It will provide your boy with the physical contact he needs and of which he will get far too little in later life. Physical contact develops physical courage and it is my experience as a player and coach that physical and moral courage are closer kin than usually credited. One breeds the other. Definitely, the game will teach your boy self-confidence and sharpen his ability to think quickly under stress as will almost no other game I know.

It will emphasize to your boy at an important age the value of discipline. Football discipline today is the most valuable because it is so largely self-discipline. Twenty-five years ago the coach and trainer ruled. Almost literally the squad was locked up and sent to bed at 10 o'clock. Training diets were drastic. The football player trained as a prize fighter trained for a title match.

Today the boy lives in his own room. If there is a training table, the diet is of common-sense food. His hours of sleeping, routine of study and habits are his responsibility. He disciplines himself. He learns that it pays, surely in self-respect, perhaps in a winning team.

Along with all this belongs the worthwhile fact that football will develop a keen spirit of competition and the ability to get up and hit harder after you've been knocked down. Sportsmanship has become the vogue to an extent not approached twenty years ago. The type of sportsmanship, for instance, which prompted Captain Bill Corbus of Stanford to come up to Columbia's Cliff Montgomery five or six times during that Rose Bowl game and inquire, "Monty, is everything going all right and are you getting a fair shake from our team? Let me know if anything goes wrong."

A Heck of a Lot of Fun

These and other things my luncheon host and I discussed that day. I didn't try to convince him. I didn't quote to him the names of some of the former football players who have gone on to become important people in business, political, academic or professional careers. I didn't try to convince him that football implants traits that make men successful or otherwise. I believe, rather, that the game reveals those traits at the time when they may be most easily developed—or, on the other side of the picture, curbed. And I did tell him that for the normal American boy, the games—perhaps not the practices—are a heck of a lot of fun.

In a word, I tried only to answer the question my luncheon host asked me.

My answer was: "Yes, I would encourage your boy to aim at being a varsity football player in college."

Good Scouts, another article of this series, will appear in next week's Collier's.

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Bid 'em Up!

Continued from page 26

trick surplus, and two no trump openers show hands just under the strength of a forcing two bid of a suit.

The response of one in a suit over partner's suit bid is not absolutely forcing; it may be passed with a minimum. Neither is a jump of one more than necessary in partner's suit, or in own rebid, quite forcing; it may be passed. The real forcing response in this system is a bid of one more than necessary to overcall the prevailing bid with a new suit; this guarantees that the side should not stop at less than game at least, and does not deny trump support for the first suit.

How to Use the "One Over One"

In the next most generally discussed system, usually described as the "One-over-one" or "Sims" system, the main features are:

Original suit bids by dealer or second hand disclose a holding appreciably in excess of a minimum in playing trick strength. With good offensive distribution, with rather long suits, the high card strength can be just about normal, but with evenly distributed hands, at least one more high card trick is essential. A fair measure for hands predominantly major-suitish in type is about five-plus playing tricks or else at least four-plus in either of two different suits. If the hand is principally of a minor-suitish nature, at least one more playing trick is required.

Third hand can open in this method on even less than an average hand in high strength, if it has good distribution, to protect the possibility that partner may have passed a pretty good holding. Fourth hand needs only slightly more strength than third hand. In either of these positions, those weak requirements apply mainly to minor suit openings; major suit openings show about a normal opening hand.

An original no trump bid in any position shows a hand at least about a king stronger than a normal no trump opening; two no trump practically guarantees game if the partner has anything better than even one queen in his hand.

An original suit bid of two shows a holding so powerful that not more than three tricks of any kind can be lost when the proper fit is determined. Partner of course must not pass shy of game, using responses approximately like those to the approach-forcing two bid except that more strength is guaranteed originally here and must be borne in mind for slam purposes.

An original suit bid of three guarantees game at the particular suit named, regardless of partner's trump support, and asks partner to respond with suit bids to show aces, if any, the trump ace first and higher ranking side aces next, or with no trump if having no aces.

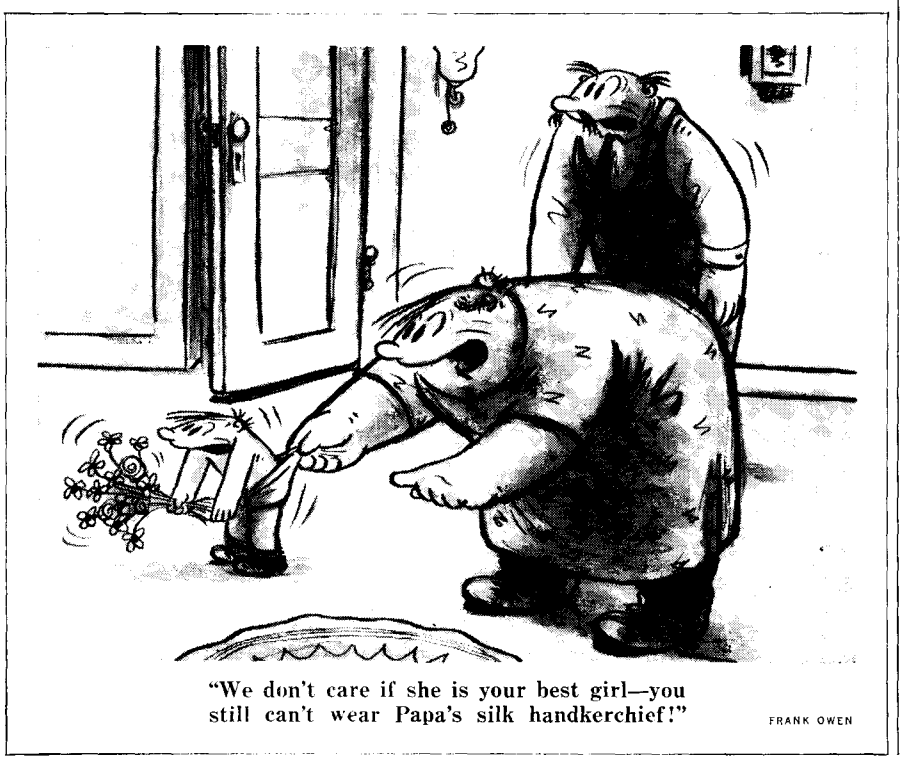
Preëmptive bids of four or more are not recommended.

Any response of one in a suit to partner's one in a suit is an absolute force to keep the bidding open, at least up to one no trump. That is the "one-over-one" feature, and obviates the necessity of an immediate jump to show a powerful hand. It can be indicated later, for any jump of one more than necessary at any time is a force to game, in a new suit, in one previously named by either partner or in no trump. Furthermore, any voluntary call, in the form of a raise, a new suit or a no trump, to exactly one less than game, when there has been no interference by the opponents' bidding, calls upon the partner to carry it to game or keep the bidding open with some other bid. This is called the "leeway principle," since it can be violated through passing by a player who may have made a psychic or badly shaded bid previously.

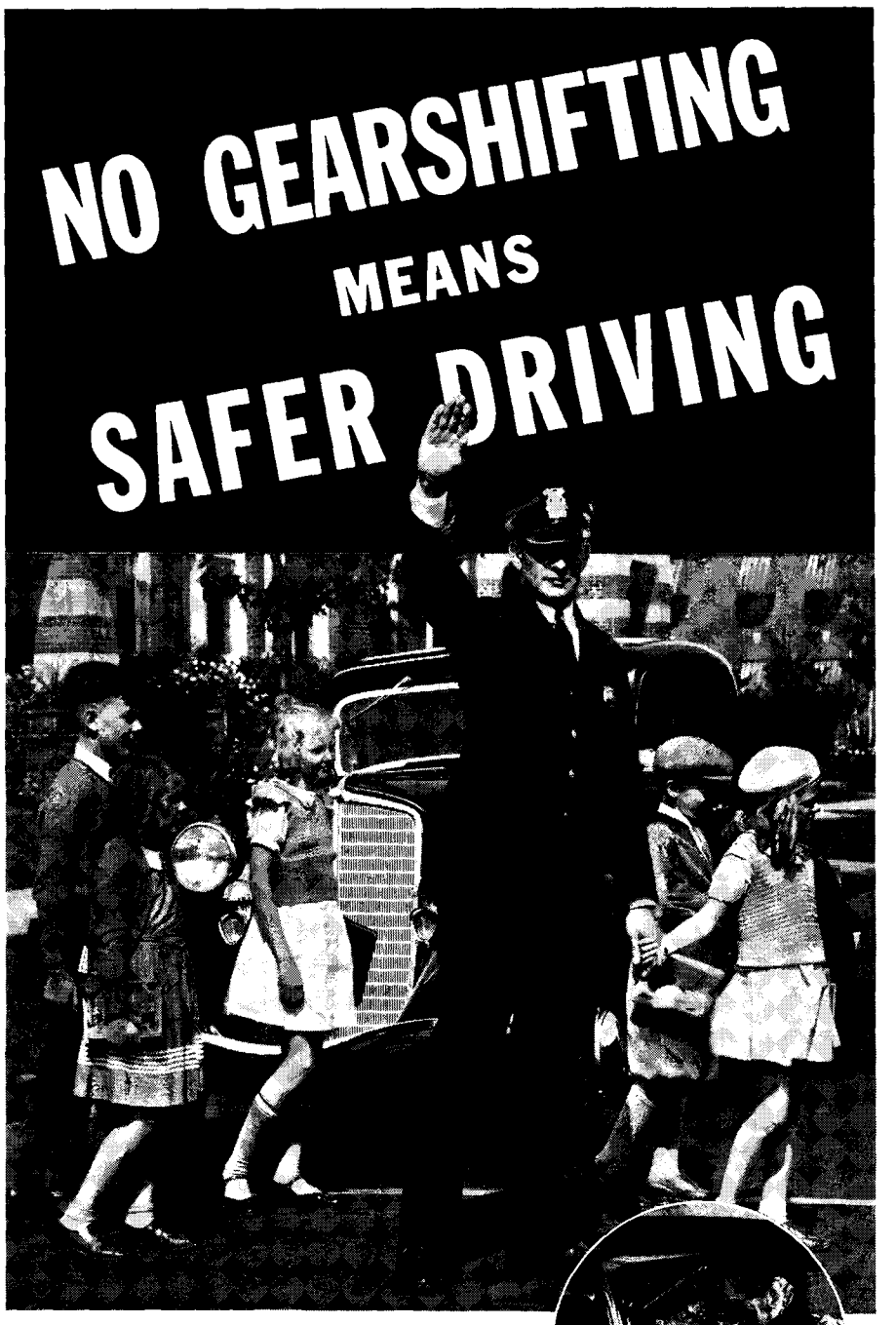
The so-called "official" system is still largely used in some parts of the country.

In this the only original forcing bid is the artificial two clubs, meaning nothing about the club suit but merely proclaiming "Here's a game." If the partner holds an ace and a king or two aces, he shows them by responding with some five card suit containing one of them or a four card suit containing both, or with two no trump if he has no such suit. Lacking them, he makes the artificial denial bid of two diamonds. The opener then names his highest ranking declaration. If it is no trump, the partner keeps it open with three clubs unless he has one of the other suits stopped at least with four cards to the queen-ten, when he bids it. Thereafter the bidding is natural. If the

(Continued on page 38)



"We don't care if she is your best girl—you still can't wear Papa's silk handkerchief!" FRANK OWEN



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He is the President of one of the largest organizations of its kind in the world. He was a sceptic—but he is thoroughly convinced. Rich men, poor men, truck drivers, policemen—shavers in all walks of life are finding the Dry Shaver the perfect shaving instrument. No blades, no water, no soap, no lotions—just a few clean minutes for a close shave.

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(Continued from page 37)

opener's highest declaration is a suit, he names it on his second turn and the partner now keeps it open with no trump, after which the bidding is natural. Neither must let the bidding die below game.

Two bids in the other three suits are "intermediate," requiring a little help from partner to make game, and he can pass them with a worthless hand. The presence of these in the system guarantees that an original one bid cannot be on quite a strong hand, so that there is no need of partner keeping them open except with a really fair holding.

Aside from these features, this method is practically the same as the approach-forcing.

A system employed quite extensively by good players is another form of the "One-over-one" usually called the "Reith" system.

In this, the same strength is needed with a bid in any position—just a bare bit more than "half-a-game."

Playing the Reith System

"Reith" bidders make their "one-over-one" in a suit forcing at least as far as one no trump, their jumps in new suits forcing, their jumps in previously named suits almost forcing and their no trump jumps not quite but almost forcing. The foundation of all their bidding lies in the fact that any opening bid guarantees some kind of a chance to rebid, no matter how partner responds; the rebid may be in the same or another suit or in no trump.

The original suit bid of two in this system forces to game, as in the approach-forcing, but the first responses are different. Two no trump does not deny honor strength; it denies possession of a five-card shaded biddable suit, which should be called if held. Any honor strength in the responding hand is shown after the fit of the hands is determined.

Original three bids are weakness shutouts, the same as preëmptive bids of other methods, except that they are one playing trick weaker than an original four bid.

The oldest of all systems, still effectively used by those who really know it, is the "Vanderbilt" system, based on an artificial original one club bid to show any truly good hand. Partner's artificial response of one diamond denies two quick tricks; any other response is natural, while guaranteeing at least two quick tricks. Any answer except one diamond forces the side to game. Even after one diamond, the original bidder can show a hand of game strength by making his natural bid one higher than minimum, which forces the side the rest of the way.

Since the one club bid shows all really strong hands, one bids in other suits can be safe doubtful minimums, which the partner will not interfere with except with some real strength. Original two bids in a suit are weakness bids, more or less "length without strength" calls to crowd the opposition. Opening three bids in a suit are like those of the approach-forcing system.

Original no trump calls in this method show all suits stopped. Consequently an opening club bid followed by a second round no trump shows only three stopped and begs partner to show his suit, with full assurance that it either plugs the only gap or else finds a fit with one of the opener's three good suits.

The "Boland" system, flourishing in parts of the Middle West, is practically the approach-forcing except for an original club bid something like the Vanderbilt. In the Vanderbilt, if an opener wishes to show an ordinary club hand, he must open with two clubs. In the Boland, he bids just one club. At the time neither his partner nor opponents can tell whether it is an ordinary club bid or the artificial one showing quite a good hand. Everybody finds out on the next round. If the opener then bids two clubs, his was only a plain natural one club call; if he bids anything else at all, his first bid was the artificial one showing a really good hand. The other original bids are practically the same as in the approach-forcing method.

The leading systems have become almost identical in many things. Here are some of them, as employed by fine players:

Defensive overcall suit bids are seldom made now on extremely weak hands, especially by the player at the opener's left. It has been found that too frequently they are heavily punished by a business double from the opener's partner. But if two players pass the first bid, the last hand will cut in on a doubtful hand, being able to infer from the pass of opener's partner that his own partner has at least something worth-while.

Practically all skillful players treat responses to their partners' bids as indicating varying degrees of strength. When there has been no opposing bidding, they rank approximately thus: 1. A minimum rebid of own suit is a virtual sign-off. 2. A minimum no trump call ranks approximately the same; possibly a little stronger or a little weaker, but of course showing a different kind of hand. 3. A minimum raise of partner's suit is mildly encouraging. 4. A minimum bid of a new suit is with some players an absolute one-time force and with all others nearly so. 5. A single jump of one higher than necessary in no trump, partner's suit or own first suit is with some a positive force, others almost so. 6. A single jump of one more than necessary in a new suit is a force to game with anyone. 7. If the opponents have bid a suit, a call of it is the strongest bid of all, excepting seven no trump.

The "four-five no trump convention," which so upset the Englishmen in the international game a year ago, came out first as part of the "approach-forcing" system, but now is used also by some followers of other systems, who like to tack it on as a sort of special attachment. It is of course artificial bidding, and works thus:

After partners have shown a suit fit or guaranteed one by means of a force, the four no trump call means: "Partner, my hand is strong enough so that it looks as if we have a slam. I hold two aces and the king of a suit one of us has bid, or else three aces."

If the partner has two aces, he shows them by saying five no trump. Or he can make that call also on just one ace when he holds the kings of all suits the side has bid, so that he knows the partner's four no trump showed three aces. When unable to answer with five no trump, he bids five of as low a suit as he thinks the side may use to sign off, or six if he lacks the positive answer but has such other elements of value that he thinks a small slam is worth bidding.

Win with Any Partner

In like fashion, five no trump shows three aces and a king of a bid suit, the six no trump response disclosing the remaining ace.

Similarly a player with all four aces can reveal them by bidding four no trump and then, after his partner's five of a suit, calling five no trump himself.

Many average players seem to understand the mechanics of this convention perfectly, but have a penchant for using it too often, when their hands are not strong enough in general to justify it.

Well, a big fall and winter season is just about at hand. Some players consider themselves fortunate in having a favored partner with whom they expect to team up almost all the time. They are indeed lucky. But even they are going to encounter opponents using various systems, and if they are unfamiliar with the hostile tactics, they are at a real disadvantage. We urge them to acquaint themselves with the salient features of other methods which are outlined here, and, if necessary, to keep this copy of Collier's on hand for occasional reference. By so doing, they will be getting prepared to play acceptably with anyone. Later, if they encounter a new partner, they can ask:

"What system do you prefer?"

Then, no matter what may be the answer, they can say:

"Fine, partner. We both know that one. Let's use it."

By so doing, they may make this their motto: Win with any partner.

"H-m-m-m"

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Dinner at Midnight

Continued from page 11

three hundred yards down the beach—and when I telephoned I asked Woodbury to give us our sea-food specialty. They call it sea-food à la Toynbee at the Waldorf. I'd love to know what you think of it."

"Let's find out," Phyllis said.

It wasn't a quarter of a mile to Toynbee's house.

Toynbee took her into the library. There was a wood fire burning brightly on the hearth and a table for two beside it. The butler brought in cocktails and canapés. Phyllis saw by the clock in the corner that it was half past eleven.

She spoke unthinkingly. It was only afterward, in going over what had happened, that she was able to understand why she asked the question when she saw that it would soon be midnight.

"Don't you think," she said, "that it's getting awfully warm in here?"

Toynbee jumped up and opened one of the long French windows.

"You ought to come and look," he said. "The view in the moonlight is lovely."

PHYLLIS stood beside him looking at the moonlight on the Sound. He put his arm around her. He patted her.

Phyllis released herself gently and sat down again beside the fire.

"Will Mrs. Toynbee be down?" she asked.

Toynbee smiled. "There is no Mrs. Toynbee," he said. "I supposed you knew I was a bachelor."

"No," Phyllis said. "And you spoke of 'us.' You said 'we' when you were talking about moving to town."

"When I say 'we' I mean Woodbury and me. Woodbury has been my butler for twenty years."

Woodbury came in just then with an immense silver tray. Phyllis was acutely conscious of a delicious odor when he lifted the cover from the casserole. She glanced at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes of twelve.

"Mr. Toynbee," she said, when Woodbury had gone for the wine, "I have a perfectly horrid suspicion that you are no better than the man you saved me from."

Mr. Toynbee smiled. "My dear," he said, "I am a man of the world. I take it you are a woman of the world."

"I'd like to be a woman of the world," Phyllis said, "but I'm afraid I never shall be. Would you give me a cigarette?"

Toynbee turned to reach for the box of cigarettes on his desk. Phyllis jumped to her feet. She reached the French window in two steps. She ran across the lawn toward the beach. She heard a shout behind her. She picked up her skirts and ran down the beach toward the yacht club. She ran until she couldn't run any more. She had to walk. She was content to walk. She could see the black shape of the cutter, broken by a gleam of yellow light, at the end of the wharf.

Phyllis climbed up on the wharf and walked toward the cutter, trying to make no sound.

She sniffed involuntarily. She sniffed again. It was true. He was cooking steak and onions. Phyllis had to jump from the wharf to the deck. She hadn't realized that she would make such a thump when she landed.

The companionway hatch slid open and Dick Hall looked out.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I'm hungry," Phyllis said.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Come and get it."

Phyllis looked down into the cabin. It was snug. The galley was right beside the hatch. She was right over it. The smell was heavenly. But it was a good five feet to the floor of the cabin and the little ladder was straight up and down.

"How do I do it?" she asked.

"Turn around and come down backward," he said.

Phyllis turned around. The dress got in her way. She didn't want to step on her skirt. She felt wildly for a step behind her. Her foot found something. She put her weight on it and the thing gave way. There was a horrible crash of falling dishes.

Dick Hall did not pause to adjust his language to the ears of a lady.

"I'm so sorry," Phyllis said sincerely.

"Sorry!" he roared. "Sorry! You tried to stand on the handle of the frying pan, you clumsy, drunken fool."

Phyllis put her head in her hands and cried.

"Go on and cry," Dick Hall said bitterly. "It may sober you up."

"I'm not drunk," Phyllis said.

"What are you crying for then?"

"I'm hungry," Phyllis said, "and this is the third time tonight."

"The third time what?"

"The third time I've missed my dinner."

"Is that true?" he said.

Phyllis nodded her head vigorously.

He got the coal shovel from beside the galley stove and began to shovel the steak and onions and broken glass and things into a bucket.

"If you'll give me an apron," Phyllis said, "I'll scrub up."

"There's a suit of dungarees in the fo'c's'le," he chuckled. "If you really want to help."

Phyllis went into the fo'c's'le and slipped out of her dress and into the dungarees. Dick Hall got out a can of corned-beef hash. Phyllis said she thought it would be better with poached eggs on top.

"That's one thing I can't do," Dick Hall said. "I can't poach an egg."

"I can," Phyllis said.

SHE gave him a rapid sketch of her evening as they got the meal together and he told her why he had assumed that she was drunk. He said a girl he had thought he was in love with always got drunk. They were perfectly good friends by the time the food was on the table. There were no chairs. They sat down side by side on the transom.

"At last," Phyllis said.

But even as she raised her fork she heard somebody coming down the wharf. He hailed the cutter. Phyllis knew Toynbee's voice. Dick Hall looked at her.

"I'll fix him," he said. "He's got it coming." He stuck his head out of the hatch. "What do you want?" he asked.

"I—well, the fact is," Toynbee said, "I'm looking for a girl in an ivory dinner dress."

"She's here," Dick Hall said.

"Well," Toynbee said, "I wish—" he hesitated, not daring to explain.

"What I wish," Dick Hall said, "is that you would run all the way back to your house and send my girl's clothes over here."

"*Your* girl," Toynbee said.

"You don't hear her denying it, do you?" Dick asked. "Run along and tell your man she wants that box she left at your house when you got fresh, and her wrap, and to be darned quick about it."

(Continued on page 40)

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS ?

W. G. Mennen in his laboratory conducting tests on Mennen Shaving Creams.

"Forget the bunk! . . and get at this one big truth" W. G. Mennen

"AMONG all the bunk and ballyhoo about shaving, I'd like to insert just one simple *fact*. Listen! *No one type of shave can be best for all faces*—no matter what the manufacturers say. There's one kind of skin that requires a *brushless* shave; there's another kind that gets greater shaving ease thru the use of a *lather* shave.

"Because this is so, I make both lather shave and brushless.

"Your own type of skin decides which is best for you. If your skin is oily, you should use a lather shave—*Mennen* Lather Shave, because Mennen Lather loosens deeply imbedded oil deposits, flushes out over-active pores.

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"If your skin is normal, then lather or brushless is a question of whether you like a brush, or not?

"And remember this, gentlemen, both Mennen Lather and Brushless are whisker-wilters. They take the fight out of the toughest beard—give you a remarkably easy, comfortable shave.

Send for my "Skin-Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin-Tester Kit'—containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin-Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and one of the new Mennen Double-edge Blades. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

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5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-27.

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Acid Indigestion!

"That half-tumbler of harsh household alkali after dinner was a habit with me. I felt I had to have it—yet I feared I was actually abusing my stomach—tying my digestion in knots. Now what a difference with Tums! Such pleasant relief! So quick and thorough—so gentle and safe."

TUMS End Sour Stomach...Gas ...Heartburn New *Safe* Way!

EVERY sufferer from heartburn, gas, acid stomach, fullness after eating, will be glad to know about the new, advanced remedy—TUMS. And you'll be glad to be delivered from the need for a dose of *raw water-soluble alkali.*

There was always a question of how much to take with safety—and a serious question, too. Because too much water-soluble alkali can easily go too far in neutralizing stomach acids. If the stomach becomes over-alkaline, digestion is actually impaired instead of assisted. The excess of soluble alkalies gets into the blood, and alkalosis may be caused if the habit is kept up.

TUMS, the new, advanced treatment for "fussy stomachs" contains an antacid compound that is soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the action of TUMS stops! No excess to seep into the blood and affect the system generally. TUMS release just enough antacid to give you quick, thorough relief—the unused portion passing on, undissolved and inert.

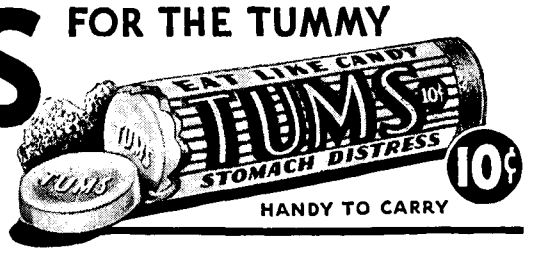
TUMS are dainty candy-like mints. Quite an improvement over the old, messy, mixing method. Millions of people keep TUMS handy in pocket or handbag—easy to take, quick to bring relief. Munch 2 or 3 TUMS next time you are distressed by acid indigestion.

FREE *1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also sample of* TUMS. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 3SLL, St. Louis, Mo.

3-ROLL CARRIER PACKAGE

Contains 3 rolls Tums and handy pocket carrier. Only 25c. Money refunded if liberal test packet attached doesn't satisfy you.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page* 39)

"I'll do nothing of the sort," Toynbee protested.

Dick jumped up on deck.

Toynbee fled.

Dick Hall sat down on the transom beside Phyllis.

"I wish I'd told him you were my wife," he said.

"He'd have known that was a lie," Phyllis said.

"He wouldn't ever be sure—if we made it true," Dick pointed out.

"That would be perfectly silly," Phyllis said.

"Yes," he said. "It would. It always is. But you know that it's going to happen. If not tomorrow—then next week."

Phyllis looked at him. She had liked him on sight and now that she knew all about him she liked him a great deal more. It was going to happen.

"By next week," she said, "you'll be in the middle of the Caribbean."

"Not," he said, "unless you're with me."

"I'm still hungry," Phyllis said. "I'm too hungry to argue with you."

They ate corned-beef hash and poached eggs. Woodbury delivered the box and the wrap while they were having coffee and cigarettes together.

"We're ready to sail," Dick Hall said. "We can make New York by daylight."

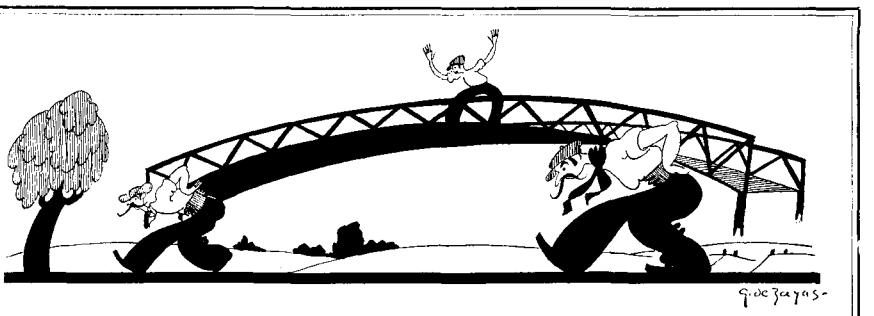
"Can we?" Phyllis said.

He stood looking at her and smiling. "The thing I don't understand," he said, "is why you trust me—after your experience with those two old birds."

"I think," Phyllis said, "it is because you were so impolite."

"Me, impolite?"

"Yes," she said, "you were *so* impolite that I knew you were really and truly decent."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

No kind of property, irrespective of size or weight, is beyond the "lifting" ability of the thieves of Europe. Recently an 80-foot bridge was stolen one night in Treviso, Italy, a whole house disappeared in Budapest while the owner was away for a few days, a large acacia forest was cut down and carted off an estate in Hungary and a whole section of a railroad line vanished in Poland.

Child marriage and motherhood still exist to a certain extent in nearly all countries. Even in the United States today, a baby is born to a little girl mother between 10 and 14 years of age on an average of every three hours.—*By A. P. Claverie, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

The ages when certain faculties first appear in average infants and children vary considerably. Memory and simple consciousness come soon after birth, curiosity at about ten weeks, the senses of shame, remorse and the ludicrous at fifteen months, self-consciousness at three years, the color sense at four years and the sense of fragrance at five years.

The Ossetians of the Caucasus Mountains in Russia still wear coats of mail, both men and women of several nameless tribes in New Guinea dress identically alike, and the women in many towns of the northern Sahara wear great long capes which trail on the ground for six feet in order to obliterate their footprints and foil the devil who might follow and tempt them.

One example of the intense and widespread religiosity of the Orient is the fact that there are about 700 times as many commentaries on the Tripitaka, or Buddhist Bible, as there are on the Christian Bible.

Even simple-minded motorists know that a railroad crossing is no place to dispute the right of way. Yet in this country motor car drivers not only smash thousands of lowered gates annually, but they collide with trains on an average of every two hours throughout the day and night. In about 50 per cent of the fatal accidents, they actually drive into the side of the engine, tender or a coach.

The population of Ireland, unlike that of any other major country, has decreased steadily since 1846. Intense suffering in that year, caused by a food blight, started the exodus. Lack of opportunity and inadequate housing have continued it for these 88 years, during which time the population has fallen from 8,300,000 to 4,200,000, or to just about half.

Studies of gravitation and the atmosphere show that it is theoretically possible for a shot fired from a gun to leave the surface of the earth and never return. The bullet would have to be projected at a velocity of seven miles a second. But such speed is not inconceivable. The wave of a nitroglycerin explosion travels at the rate of five miles a second.

Of the 92 trials of animals held in the courts of France between 1120 and 1740, the longest and costliest one was started in St. Julian in 1445. It was brought by the citizens against a species of insect which they wanted banished from the town by judicial order. This trial, involving large lawyers' fees, numerous religious processions and other expensive ceremonies, lasted 42 years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Shotgun Junction

Continued from page 24

"It isn't that I care how soon this fellow gets killed," he explained, holding on. "It's whether you can afford to bother doing it. You'd have to skip the country, wouldn't you? And you want to stay in it, don't you? Do you think my railroad will want to risk a job on a man that can't stay put to hold it?"

He had struck the right tap. Cutler eased his hold on the construction boss' throat. "I do want a job," he admitted. "This line here won't hire me now, I guess. Has your outfit got anything I can bid on, if I let this man up? . . ."

Peace held the field when Fosnot, grinning to himself, rejoined Buckley. Work had recommenced. The boss had been carried to a bunk car to convalesce. Cutler was dragging his frisky bull calf out of a new culvert pipe in which the inquisitive little brute had got himself stuck. Buckley, having seen the responsibility for a murder wiped off his conscience and got his breath back, was grudgingly complimentary.

"You certainly tamed that set-to," he acknowledged. "If you only handled your own men half that well, you'd be a sensation."

"One of 'em is my own man," said Fosnot. "You admire this old-time railroading stuff so much that I decided to hire some of it. Mr. Cutler is going to try out tending section here at the junction."

"Did he say his name was Cutler?" said Buckley. "I wasn't paying attention, though I might have recognized the family resemblance when he pulled off that spur. The Cutlers are the meanest bunch of outlaws and hell-raisers between here and the Hole-in-the-Wall, son. Hire who you please, of course. This is your division. It won't be, though, when you get any of that outfit working on it. They'll be running the works for you inside of a year."

Fosnot looked stunned. He had staved off a homicide, and this was all the thanks he got. "All I promised him was a tryout," he said. "I can't very well go back on my word about that."

"You hadn't better," Buckley advised. "He'd lick you, and you might not be able to stand it. You young squirts don't get over things the way we used to. Hell, we used to break men in by licking them, in old-time railroading."

HALE CUTLER'S people had lived in the Nansene sand-hill country of eastern Oregon since 1847. The Cutlers were famous for toughness, turbulence and hard-eggery.

None of the Cutlers ever picked fights. They didn't have to. Fights simply hatched out and lit on them wherever they went. They went at it with a cold, bull-headed ferocity which usually wound up by some astonished challenger being carted home to grow together again, and some sullen sprig of the Cutler family being dragged by a citizen's committee to the nearest jail.

Unless, of course, he managed to get out of the country first. Hale Cutler had done that, having whipped an inquisitive stranger who turned out to be a United States marshal. Hale had sold his saddle, turned out his horses, sent a goodby note to his girl in Centerville, and hit for New Mexico to bush up until a new list of federal appointments brought in a change of United States marshals.

When it came, he was thirty-five years old, with seven years of Southwest main-line railroading to his credit, and a case of homesickness that ached him like a broken leg. Nansene wasn't a pretty location. Its scenery was divided about equally between bunchgrass, air and the river, and its climate was beastly. But it was the place where Hale Cutler wanted to be, and he lit out for it without giving the incoming United States marshal much more than time to pin his new badge on.

It was exactly the medicine his homesickness needed, and the same as when he had left it. So, strangely enough, was the girl in Centerville. Her name was Martha Perrault.

Seven years is a long time for any woman to wait for any man, and Hale knew it. Also, he knew he couldn't risk getting into any more trouble—which might cause another flight from the scenes of his boyhood. Martha had done all the waiting she could be expected to do, the flesh being what it is. No; Hale Cutler told himself that he had to have this job—which, until the Inland Empire finished its new line and the Simnasho Branch joined up with it, didn't exist. However, there was one job he could have done when traffic did start. That was burning fireguards.

THERE is nothing intensely technical about fireguards, which are merely cleared spaces along a railroad line to protect grass or brush country against fire from locomotive sparks. But it is work. Hale went at it hard, burning his clearings clean and straight-edged.

It didn't occur to him that the stockmen who owned that grass might not like having him burn it without asking permission. Hale's difficulty was that he had no office staff to bother about it for him, and the stockmen, knowing his family reputation, didn't hunt him up and remind him. Most of them simply let him burn ahead, and then put in claims to the Simnasho main office for destroyed range.

One man did not. Old Wing Feazle was a newcomer in the Nansene country, touchy and stiff-necked by nature, and with considerable more to kick about than any mere patch of burned grass. He rode with two of his men to have an understanding with Hale Cutler himself. Hale was visiting in the office car of the Simnasho construction outfit. They trailed him there, and sat their horses outside the door, waiting for him to finish his argument and stick his head out.

The argument was about putting in a trestle that would stand and keep its gauge in a flood. The engineer denied that there was going to be any flood. How could there, in a country where not a drop of rain had fallen for three months? Hale's notion of bedsills and stringers laid on the hardpan under the sand didn't have a lick of sense in it.

"My Uncle Webb has lived in this country seventy years," said Hale stubbornly. "He claims there'll be ten foot of water on this flat in two weeks, and I believe him. If I'm goin' to tend this track, I want to see that there's a track here for me to tend when that river gits through with it."

"Oh, go away!" said the engineer. He was middle-aged, overheated and bilious. "Tony," he told the foreman, "bounce this bird."

The rest happened about as usual. Hale knocked Tony halfway through the wall, and then pitched him out into the rocks head first. The engineer fumbled in his desk for a gun, and Hale heaved him down the side of the fill into a patch of tumbleweed, noticing that there was mud on his face when he sat up. Mud in that ground meant that the river was coming up already. That trestle

(Continued on page 42)

An artist friend volunteers a message—

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.,
Troy, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I'm in the hospital, and I think you might be interested in how it all happened.

You see I had a peculiar accident -- I fell out of a shirt.

Oh I know, you'll say that it couldn't have been a SANFORIZED-SHRUNK shirt. But it was one of your shirts!

You see, I normally take a size eighteen shirt and trust to the laundry to shrink it into a reasonably well fitting sixteen. So when the haberdashery clerk told me that I could start right off with a regular sixteen shrinkless ARROW SHIRT, did I laugh? Me, I laugh all day long. Anyhow, I was a little too smart for that clerk. I went home with a size eighteen ARROW SHIRT.

Of course it was too large but then it hadn't been laundered yet. I put it on when it came back from the laundry and that shirt hung around my neck with all the grace of an old-fashioned yoke. Remembering my hasty words with the clerk, I hung my head in shame. And . . . WHAM! I fell right out through the collar of that shirt of yours. The next thing I knew, an interne was slapping plaster casts on me like a drunken stucco worker.

Then he told me about SANFORIZED-SHRUNK shirts and I went berserk.

I can laugh about it now. Thank heavens for a sense of humor. And thank you for shrinkless ARROW SHIRTS. I've got lots of them, size sixteen and we won't fall out again.

Sincerely yours,

ed. Graham

NRA CODE

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STOP CONSTIPATION THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL SKIN, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation! This enemy of good health and charm causes an endless string of common ills. And it's so widespread, few of us escape it.

Drugs and harsh laxatives can give you only temporary relief from this condition. Such remedies merely irritate the intestines and cause a violent flushing action. In time, under this drastic purging action, the intestines completely lose their normal power to act. To get out of that evil laxative habit, you must strengthen the stomach and intestines. Make them function normally once more.

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is lack of sufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, it is likely that a shortage of vitamin B is the cause of your trouble. In the average diet this element is sadly deficient. In many of the most common foods it is entirely lacking. Supply this factor in adequate amounts and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Really Live Again!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements in yeast stimulate and tone up the entire digestive and intestinal system. They nourish the underfed nerves and muscles. Thus they promote normal intestinal action in a natural, healthful way. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live again!

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct your constipation this simple, drugless way!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. C-11-3
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

(Continued from page 41)

was going to have to hump to get done before high water. Hale studied the ground from the car door, and Wing Feazle, studying him, spoke.

"You've been burnin' off my grass, heh?" said old Feazle. "Don't tell me you done it on railroad orders. I know you ain't on the railroad pay roll, and I know why you burned it. Eight of my yearlin' steers has been stole, and the thief trailed 'em along the right-of-way fence down into these sand hills. You burned that grass to cover his trail. Well, you can either find me them steers, or you can come with us to jail! You belong to an outfit of damned thieves, and I aim to break it up right now!"

"The hell you do!" said Hale. He thought a streak. Some one of the Cutlers had stolen old Feazle's yearlings, he didn't doubt. He had wanted to cut himself loose from such performances, to be known as hard-working, honest and peaceful. It didn't seem to be any use. Work was stalled when it most needed to be rushed. That was Hale's fault for trying to help. Months of hard work and honest intentions had failed to bring him the slightest notice. One misplaced visit and the instinct of self-protection got him mobbed and jailed. Well, he would fix the damage as well as he could, and he would show people how to be a Cutler right. "Just a minute," he told old Feazle, with hypocritical concern. "I'll find your yearlin's for you, if you'll let me git my coat."

He stepped back inside, and took the engineer's gun out of the desk. . . .

FOSNOT and Buckley rode to Nansene in Buckley's private car. Both were silent, ill-natured and badly upset. The engineer in charge of the Nansene construction had got to some telegraph office and had smoked up Buckley's headquarters with stacks of messages. An army of desperadoes had moved in on the construction outfit. They were wrecking the track, butchering the job, running the machinery to hear it squeak and wringing the workmen's necks to watch them flop. They had half murdered the members of a sheriff's posse, and the Columbia River, through some devilish enormity of theirs which he couldn't explain, had risen and flooded hell out of everything. The Inland Empire fill had blown out its underpinning, all the main-line trains were piling up, and it was only a matter of time before the lawless fiends started blowing up express cars and kidnapping women passengers for ransom. Heading the jam was a silk train—three million dollars' worth of oriental fabrics stuck tighter than a wedge in the midst of a crew of thugs who would think nothing of slaughtering a fellow being for eighty-five cents!

"I think he overdoes that robber business a little," Fosnot ventured uneasily.

"What in hell made you get mixed up with this Cutler?" Buckley demanded. "Didn't I tell you not to? Didn't I warn you he was dynamite?"

"I didn't get mixed up with him," said Fosnot wearily. "I told him—"

Brakes eased down. They bumped across the switch onto the Nansene construction, and pulled cautiously between the blackened stripes of Hale's grass-burning. Ahead, on the flats, the two arms of the Simnasho tracks splayed out grandly. Beyond was—had been—the proud new Inland Empire fill. It was a ruin. The underpinning had, literally, blown out from under it with pressure of flood water that couldn't seep through fast enough to hold both sides even. The very telegraph poles had been shot out of their holes like wads from a gun. The tracks themselves, with a long train of mixed freight and flatcars, had slid off sideways and lay in a tangle, with up-ended ties and broken rails sticking into the strong sunlight like warning fingers.

"Great Lord, what a mess!" said Fosnot, forgetting his own troubles. "What happened to the culverts they had along here?"

WHATEVER had happened to stop drainage didn't seem to matter much. The construction gang bunk cars sat solid enough, with men dozing on the roofs; but water ran between the tracks, water separated the Simnasho Branch extension from the Inland Empire main line, and Hale Cutler walked forward to meet Fosnot with water dripping from his clothes and squelching from his shoes. His eyes were red, and his face drawn and tired.

"I took this through the best I could," he said. "Your engineer skipped out on me, and your damned construction foreman tried to make his men strike on me. I got help, and drove 'em to finish this trestle. It's under water to the main-line crossover, but it'll hold cars. We worked these last two days without stoppin' to sleep."

"Well, now you've finished it, what good is it?" Buckley demanded. "You couldn't bring a locomotive across that flooded trestle. It would drown the fires out."

"It might," agreed Cutler. He looked older than Fosnot had remembered him. "They'd like to move that silk train of theirs, they tell me," he added mildly.

It seemed probable. Silk trains weren't supposed to stop anywhere between the Coast and New York. Buckley perked up with sudden interest. "Who's over there? How do you get around this damned water?"

He went, splashing through the mud and disappearing over a high sand hill.

"What are those men on top of the bunk cars?" Fosnot asked curiously. "Has that old man got a rifle up there?"

"That's my Uncle Webb," said Hale. "They're all people of mine. I thought we'd hold the men here, in case you needed 'em. I could be jailed for doin' it, I suppose. And I've got three stockmen roped to a bunk so they won't bother me at work. Well, them silk-train guards offered me a ride out with 'em, if they ever git pulled loose."

The silk-train guards played cards on top of one of the cars, as if they never expected to get pulled loose. Buckley came sliding down the sand hill, paddled through the mud, and sat down and emptied the sluice tailings from his shoes with an air of triumph.

"They're running that silk train to hang up a time record for their new track," he announced. "Their traffic manager is over there, and a big bunch of main-line nobs with him. They were talking about suing the Columbia River for breach of promise, or something like that. When I told 'em they could get out on this Y-track, they bawled and tried to kiss my hand. They've fired their chief engineer eight times in the last half-hour for putting in culverts that wouldn't work. They're talking now about buying this Y-track from us to show their appreciation. They ought to, the cheap skunks!" He turned to Cutler. "Can you run a cable across that, and pull through with our engine from here? Have you got anything that'll reach?"

He had forgotten, in his triumph, that he was talking about selling a section Cutler had wanted to work on for him. Cutler didn't appear to notice. "There ain't any cable that would hold." he said. "What we'd—" he stopped, and corrected himself. "What you'd better do is to git this gang out and make 'em hand-line the cars across one at a time. You can hook ropes to pull on."

Buckley looked at Fosnot, and then at the silent bunk cars. "What'd we better do?" he repeated helplessly. "Look here, you're not quitting us!"

"I better not do anything more," said Hale. "I don't want to start more trouble than I already have. If I got them men out to work now, I might have to."

"If you have to kill half of 'em to make the other half work, go ahead and do it!" said Buckley. "I'll pay for 'em. You got me to promise we'd move that silk train, and you've got to help me make good on it! Wreck everything in sight, if you want to. What do I care how much trouble you start? Do you suppose the gang will balk on you?"

"They won't balk," Cutler promised grimly. He gestured with his arm, and his Uncle Webb rose, white-whiskered, and kicked his companions awake. All of them climbed down and entered the bunk cars. Almost immediately, murmuring and eye-rubbing, the construction gang began to come out. More accurately, they began to fall out.

"This is going pretty strong," said Fosnot uneasily.

"Shut up!" Buckley told him.

The gang splashed past them onto the submerged trestle, distastefully, but without audible objection. Behind them splashed the Cutlers—young, old and middle-aged. Uncle Webb and Hale following last, paused at the water's edge. From the bunk cars came a subdued but earnest yelling. Uncle Webb nodded.

"Old Feazle callin' his calves again," he told Hale. "I ain't heard him mention anything about them four horses of mine he shot for fun this spring. Do you reckon he'll ever find them damned yearlin's of his?"

"I don't hardly imagine he will," said Hale. "Not now, anyway. Let's git this over and git out of here."

Buckley looked after them. He had railroaded in cattle country most of his life, and a flash from his last meeting with Cutler came back to him and took on meaning. Cutler, he remembered, had been working to pull a frisky bull calf out of a culvert in which the little brute had got himself stuck. Now a man was trying to find some of his lost calves, and the Inland Empire culvert system had failed to work. . . .

"That Cutler is an old-time railroader, Fosnot," said Buckley proudly. "We want him on our pay roll!"

HAND-LINING the silk cars across the flooded track was nowhere near as easy to perform as to suggest. The trestle, as Hale had feared, had settled low on one side. It was solid enough, for he had notched the ties deep so that no weight could spread the rails. But the first car slewed low, until it looked as if its floor would dip into the water, and the trestle itself vibrated underfoot threateningly. The wop gang pulled a bare inch at a time, with the Cutlers, who had grabbed hold to help, following Hale's signals religiously. The brakeman on the car top got ready to jump. It inched through, came level, and hauled out of the water to where the little Simnasho engine grabbed it away from the men, ran it around the Y, and turned it over to the big main-line Pacific locomotive, waiting with a passenger train and no place to take it. One at a time, the silk cars came through. The passenger engineer refused to try it, and Fosnot didn't blame him. He was tired merely from watching.

It was getting dark when they finished. Hale came back and held out his hand.

"They've gone up to the Y-notch to git the engine turned around," he explained. "I'm leavin' with 'em. I've harmed you more than I've helped you, I reckon, but I've patched up all I could. Old Feazle is still roped down back there in the bunk cars with his men.

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DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES

You might cut him loose when I git out of sight."

"Mr. Feazle has caught up his horse and gone home with his men," said Buckley. "I promised him we'd pay for his damned calves. He'll want ten prices for 'em, I suppose, but they've been worth it. . . ." He winked heavily. "We need a man that can think of things like that. And a man that could drive fifty dog-tired men back and forth across that trestle the way you did ought to be running construction for a living. We're starting back to Centerville in a few minutes. Come on with us, and ride on a good railroad."

The big Pacific headlight blared on them out of the twilight. The river slopped in the sand. Stars came out, a wind moved under them, and the red willows smelled bitter and homesickish. Far up on the county road, the Cutlers cranked flivvers and unhitched buckboards to go home.

"I got to go, I guess," said Hale. "Old Feazle ain't anything. I didn't steal his damned calves, and I didn't put 'em where they are, either. But there's plenty of things I did do, and I wouldn't take no job with you people except this section at Nansene, even if I could stay. If you're goin' to sell that, you ain't got anything I'd have."

He turned to go. "Wait a minute, now," said Buckley, gamely. "Who the devil said we intended to sell this Nansene track? I wouldn't sell it to that Inland Empire outfit, even if we could. They'd probably decide to stand it on edge and put chintz drapes on it, just to be different. We need it. There goes your silk train, anyhow."

"We'd have had to burn off that grass, anyway," Fosnot urged. "The rest of this trouble you've started can all be bought off."

"I'll git into more," Hale predicted gloomily, "but I'll stay. Don't tell around about them fights, though, will you? Things git circulated in this country, and I don't want this to git to my—well, I'd sooner you didn't tell it."

"We never will," Buckley promised. "You won't mind if we put up a kind of memorial, will you? This junction will have to have a name. We'll call it Shotgun Junction. In honor of your family."

RIDING back to Centerville, Fosnot remembered something that had puzzled him earlier in the day. "I can't understand why those Inland Empire culverts didn't draw," he confessed. "They had four or five of 'em in, I remember distinctly. What was it, do you suppose?"

Buckley grinned at Cutler. "Livestock, I imagine," he said. "In this country you learn never to put up anything without a cattle guard in front of it."

Hale looked apologetic. "It wasn't me," he told Fosnot. "That white-whiskered old wart-hog of an Uncle Webb done it, I guess. He stole them calves, and hid 'em when he heard Feazle was trailin' him. In the Inland Empire culverts. It plugged every last one as tight as a drum. That was what made the fill blow out, the damned old road agent! He won't bother you, though. He ain't workin' for the railroad, and I aim to watch him."

"I wish he was," said Buckley yearningly. "He's got the temperament of an old-time railroader. Hell, Fosnot, in the old days—"

The Grass Valley Gold Strike

Continued from page 19

he will put up five hundred for a tenth interest in Golconda's little brother."

"I hate to let him in," Omar groaned, "after the way he has trodden us down."

When it came time to spring the lease on the distant Mr. Oatman, Harmony Childs drew up the paper, all air-tight and perfect, by the terms of which Mr. Oatman was to receive the sum of five hundred dollars, payable within ten days of signing the lease. Then came the problem of how best to approach the innocent victim. This was complicated by our farmer friend, Ben Corum, who made an important announcement unexpectedly. He said at supper: "You boys will have to sleep in the red barn from now on. Going to have the house fixed over. I'm going to be married."

Then he stalked away, leaving us to our roast pig.

"I," said Omar, "would like to tell that guy something about his ancestors. That settles it. I am going up to Sacramento with the lease and have it signed by Oatman."

WE SOUGHT to dissuade the little shad. But he was adamant about it and refused to listen or argue. The next step was to start him on his way, as Ben Corum permitted no days off and no vacations.

"You will have an ulcerated tooth," Harmony suggested. "You must take your tooth to Sacramento immediately, lest you die. And don't forget about the goats."

We coached him in detail, for the unknown Otis Oatman would surely be dubious when he learned that three gentlemen desired to lease Grass Valley and raise goats.

Eventually Mr. Gill left for Sacramento on a stray oil truck that had been lost in the wilds of Sonoma County.

Arrived in Sacramento, he hastened at once to the offices of Mr. Otis Oatman, landowner in Sonoma County, wholesale plumber in his home town. The instant he strode in, Omar knew he was dealing with an old acquaintance—the same Oatman who had run away with his sweetie in the early days. His greeting was far from warm, and Omar went at the job in hand.

"Well, Mr. Oatman, it's a long time since we met, isn't it? And here we are in Sacramento."

"Yes," said Oatman, with no great cordiality, "quite a while. What brings you?"

"I got a little business deal, Mr. Oatman. May interest you to know I can offer you five hundred a year."

"For what?"

"You have some useless land out there in Sonoma County—they call it Grass Valley."

"Yes," said Otis. "That's mine. What about it?"

"We want to lease it for three years."

"Who does?"

"Me and my partners, Harmony and George. We got an idea we can use it."

"What for?"

"Raising goats."

"Goats?"

"Sure, special goats giving special diluted milk for this new banana and milk diet that ladies reduce on. The grass in that valley is the kind we got to have for our goats."

"How much of the valley will you need?"

"All of it," Omar answered, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

"You don't need the whole valley to raise goats."

(*Continued on page* 44)

KOOL

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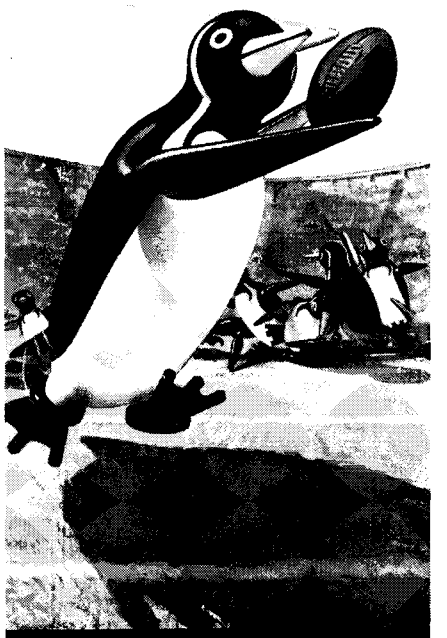

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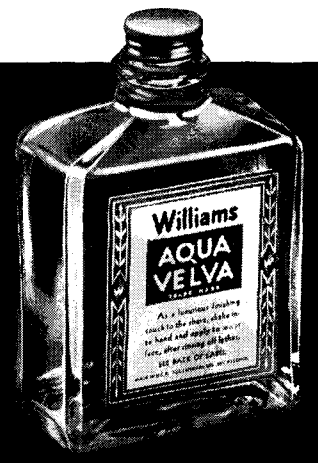

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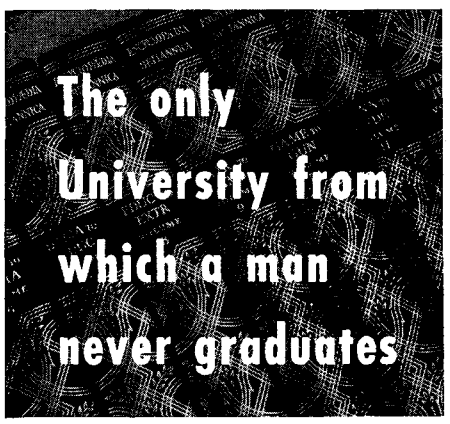

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(*Continued from page* 43)

"Yes, we do, Mr. Oatman. We're going to need a great many goats and a lot of land."

"And you want it all for five hundred a year?"

"Sure, but we take a three-year lease. You get fifteen hundred dollars for land that isn't worth a dime to anybody but us goat raisers."

"There's something in that," Oatman remarked. "I guess five hundred will be all right, unless you can make it six hundred."

"Might pay you six hundred a year," Omar mused. "I dunno. I'll have to think a little about that, and meantime, there is a personal question I would like to ask. How's Vingie?"

The landowner broke into a broad grin for the first time.

"I thought you'd be asking about Vingie," he chuckled. "You were pretty wild about her, weren't you?"

"The one woman in my life," Omar said solemnly. "How is she?"

"I guess she's all right. I don't see her so much. We been divorced now about six months. Parted friends and all that, but we couldn't get along, so we quit."

Omar rose suddenly to his feet, his face aglow.

"You mean Vingie is a free woman again, my Vingie, my dream woman of the yesteryear?"

"Sure she is. Often mentioned you. She lives right here in Sacramento. And you still think she's an angel?"

"The one and only wonderful girl I ever met," murmured our pal. "Here in this city. Mr. Oatman, this is turning out to be a great trip for me."

"She'd like to see you, and I'll be glad to walk down the street and show you her house."

"You would! My, my, what an eventful day! This is a day that requires a little celebration."

"Come right along," invited Oatman and they put on their hats, left the office and, at Omar's insistence, they turned into the Eagle's Peak, a small place on Eagle Avenue, where refreshments can be had. There they partook of a Sacramento Dipper, a drink local to the town and famous for its authority. One of them changes the climate and scenery, and after three Dippers, the seismographs begin picking you up at Harvard University. Within fifteen minutes, Omar was calling the man Otie and Otie was manifesting approval and friendship for our little comrade. He even said he was sorry he married Vingie and he wished he had let Omar do it.

HALF an hour later, they weaved out, arm in arm, on their way to surprise Vingie, who had back her maiden name again. Luck was theirs. They found her clipping flowers in a small garden before an ivy-bowered cottage, all green and white. She was still the same rosy-cheeked Vingie, maybe a mite plumper than of yore, but not much. She greeted her ex-husband with kindly words, but beamed joyously upon Omar.

"Omar Gill!" she cried in obvious delight. "I am very, very happy to see you again."

Omar shook hands in garrulous ecstasy and the three entered the ivy-clad cottage to partake of tea and talk over old times.

The tea partly restored Omar to consciousness and, after Mr. Oatman had tactfully departed, he informed Vingie that she had never been out of his thoughts in all the years. He also assured her she looked lovelier than any rose, and that Otie Oatman must be a superlative sap to split off from such a jewel.

"I've thought about you, too, Omar," said Vingie, blushing prettily. "Many's the time I regretted marrying Otis."

Our man became eloquent. "Life now gayly blossoms for us, Vingie dear. The future is a bed of honeysuckle. We can get married any time, for I am a rich man."

Vingie opened her eyes wide and moved nearer.

"You are?"

"Yes, indeed. And if we had a couple of bottles of cold beer," he said, chuckling, "I could tell you a funny story."

"I have some nice cold beer, Omar," said Vingie.

The beer being brought, and Mr. Gill ossified anyhow from the Dippers, he burst into fresh merriment and began talking about animals.

"Goats," he gurgled. "Thousands of smelly, little brown goats, with their tails waving, all eating grass in Grass Valley and making nice, thin milk for fat ladies. Ho, ho! Six hundred. I'm gonna give the big booby six hundred a year and that's the same as a dime!"

"Omar Gill," Vingie cried, "whatever are you talking about? You said you were rich."

"I am," shouted Omar. "So is Harmony and George. So are you, Vingie dear, rich beyond dreams. Gold, Vingie, gold, not goats. Gold is worth thirty-five dollars an ounce and goats thirty-five cents a dozen. Grass Valley is full of gold and Otie Oatman thinks we're gonna raise goats. Ho, ho, ho!"

AT THIS he fell into such a prolonged paroxysm of laughter that Vingie became alarmed and got him a towel to dry his eyes.

"Omar," she said, shaking him, "will you kindly tell me what—"

"Yes, I'll tell you what," he cried joyously, and thereupon he proceeded into the details of his discovery of gold in Grass Valley, a valley owned by Oatman, and of the lease in his pocket, still unsigned to be sure, but in the bag. As he chatted informingly, Vingie became more and more astounded.

"Only one part of the deal makes me mad," he mourned. "I hate like anything to give up a share to Ben Corum."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"He's going to put up the six hundred. Harmony and me and George haven't got it. We work for this scoundrelly Ben Corum, on his ranch. He's got plenty of dough, so we have to let him in and give him ten per cent."

"Well, now, that's too bad to let an outsider in, seeing he had nothing to do with it."

"Of course it's too bad. It's sinful."

"What if you wait a few days before signing the lease? Maybe if you gave me a day or two, I could raise six hundred dollars, and then you wouldn't have to let Mr. Corum in."

The little man leaped up and seized Vingie's hands and shook them warmly.

"Was this a lucky day for me?" he exclaimed. "If you can get six hundred, Vingie, we can keep Corum out, as he's nothing but a hound, anyhow. Worked me silly. Then we'll have all the millions for ourselves, and there's enough gold in Grass Valley to put England back on the standard. Certainly is a happy thought—that is, if you can raise the six hundred."

"Oh, I know I can," the lady said. "And it will certainly serve Otis Oatman right for the way he treated me."

"Yes, but how long?"

"Just a day or two, and meantime you must hide yourself from Otis until I raise the cash."

"Okay," Omar agreed. "Boy, what a day, what a day."

IN THE meantime, Harmony and I are working harder than ever for Ben Corum, sleeping in the hay barn, waiting for Omar to return with our lease, whereupon our days of bondage are over. We finish up a stiff day and Ben meets us as we are washing up for supper. To our utter amazement, he is in a happy, jovial mood, even a genial mood, his first.

"Boys," he began, "I have news for you. You're fired."

We stopped washing and peered up at him through the suds. It was unexpected, but in a way, not undesirable.

"Yes, sir," Ben went on, "my ranching days are ended. No more farming for me, so I don't need you."

"What are you going to do?" Harmony inquired, drying himself.

"What am I going to do? I'm going to mine gold, that's what. No more farm work for Ben Corum, just gold, and it's worth thirty-five dollars an ounce."

I felt a sort of cold feeling run up and down my spine.

"Where is the gold?" Harmony asked.

"Grass Valley, California," Ben announced, "the richest strike in years. I don't mind telling you boys, because I got all the property sewed up on a lease."

The cold feeling on my spine grew colder, and I could see Harmony pale beneath his tan. He turned and glanced at me sadly.

"Grass Valley," he echoed, "and a lease. No doubt you got your lease from Mr. Oatman in Sacramento?"

"I sure did," said Ben in a surprised voice. "How'd you know?"

"I just guessed."

"Yes, sir, I signed him to a three-year lease at seven hundred a year and I got the whole valley. Heh, heh. He don't know there's gold, but I do, because I looked. I'll be one of the richest men in California. Comes nice too, me just getting married to Vingie."

Again Harmony looked at me.

"Married to who?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Name's Vingie Ring, a Sacramento lady—known her for years. We been fixing to get married, but she had to get her divorce and now she's got it. Matter of fact, it was through Vingie I got holt of this land. Smart woman. I'll pay you boys off tonight, and you can leave any time."

ON THE train up to Sacramento, Harmony Childs sank into a daze or stupefied state and would scarcely talk to me. He seemed stunned and speechless. He just sat and stared out the window at the lush green fields. When we arrived, he walked slowly out of the coach into the station, found a pay telephone and began calling hotels and inquiring for a Mr. Gill, first name Omar. Finally he located him. Harmony's voice was unnaturally calm and he said, "Hello, Omar."

Our little pal was astounded to know we were in town and delighted, too. He didn't know anything had happened.

"Say," said Harmony, "did you tell Vingie Ring about Grass Valley?"

"Did I?" said Omar proudly. "I should say I did. She's going to put up the six hundred herself and we keep Ben Corum out of the deal. We have it all ourselves; and furthermore, Vingie is going to marry me, after all these years. There's a sweet and lovely woman, Vingie Ring. I'm just waiting here."

Harmony started to say something, but thought better of it and merely hung up. He stared at the innocent and soulless mechanism on the wall and a fit of sadness swept over him. With one jerk, he tore the telephone from its fastenings and threw it over an iron railing, after which a policeman arrested us both, a railway officer.

"That's all right," our leader said quietly, as the cop began walking us. "Better be jailed for phone-tearing than murder in the first degree. Officer, lead the way."

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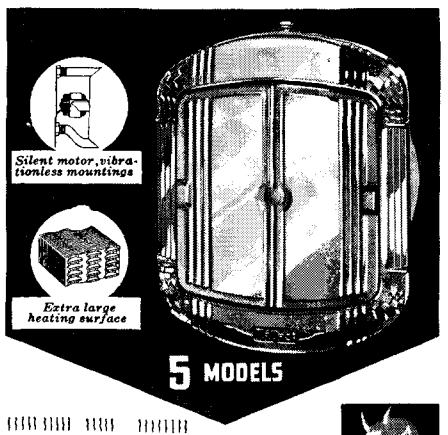

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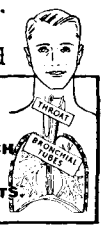

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Two on Safari

Continued from page 21

wild dogs fell down on their job half a century ago, rinderpest stepped in and killed off antelope by the hundred thousand, by the million. God asks the dyed-in-the-wool pacifist, Which will you have, epidemic or war? The pacifist answers, Disease, however loathsome. And I, for one, believe he lies in his throat."

Miss Cascoden came to a halt. "I don't like you," she said, with blazing eyes.

"Me, or my views?" asked Ballard, taken aback.

"Both," she answered.

HE TURNED from her before she had a chance to turn from him. So that was the end of that, he thought as he went back to his Swahili grammar—an episode, springing from nothing and ending in nothing. He tried to analyze his feelings and found they were mixed, half relief and half regret. While with her his mind had refrained deliberately from putting questions, saying to itself there would be plenty of time. But now, immediately contact was broken, it began firing them one after another at the vanished target.

Who was she? Where was she going? At her age, why was she unaccompanied? She was undoubtedly a person of breeding, and while today the door of the world is unlocked to a young girl as never before, why should she be headed alone for Africa? Last and most important to himself, why should she have favored him out of all the people on board, and then ended the brief companionship with such a facer? He frowned, for his sense of relief was fast fading, but finally comforted himself with the thought of a return to solitude.

He was right: the decks were empty when he emerged on the following evening. But he had made only half a round when Miss Cascoden stepped out from the opposite gangway and joined him. Though stirred out of all proportion to the event, he managed to keep on at the same pace, curious as to how she would word her apology.

She said nothing. Matching her step to his, she walked beside him apparently unconcerned with his inner commotion. It was incredible she should not sense it, and at first he believed her indifference must be assumed. But as the conviction of its genuineness grew, the disturbance within him began to crystallize into resentment. Anger, the worst of all guides, was rapidly assuming command. He downed it, reminding himself this was a game like any other, and though his opponent was only a girl, she seemed fitted to give him as interesting a battle as had ever come his way. Then he had an inspiration: Why not attack and have some fun of his own?

He began in an even voice: "Whatever you feel about me, I like you—and I'll tell you why: Solitude is a sensation, and it's only once in a blue moon that by a paradox it can be shared. You're the paradox. We're together, though divided on two worlds. You can study me and I you without intrusion. Across the gap I can see loveliness, but not touch it. Personalities become arrows that fall short of their mark. Without offense my eyes can taste the pale and unknown flower cupped in the black chalice of your dress."

"You talk well," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"We give a lot of credit to wit that belongs elsewhere," he replied. "It's the moment, the setting, the mood of exaltation that inspires the tongue of man, never his brain. You are lovely with the bloom and strength of youth. That's nothing in itself, because there are thousands of girls of whom the same is true. It's because you're here, against this night and the tropic sea, bound for God knows where, that you matter. You become a mirage—the mystery without an answer, adorable only from afar."

"I'm not pale," she breathed.

"You are," he assured her, "because the color has gone from your cheek. It has a cool line like a curved petal."

HER step faltered; she paused, then turned to face him, her eyes luminous with trouble rather than with anger.

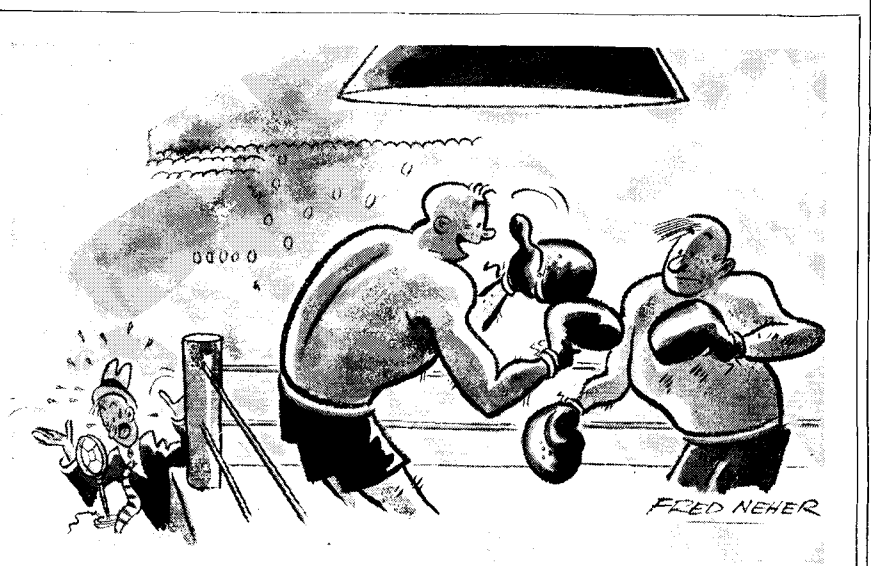
"You are paying me back for telling you off," she said, her trembling lips making the words sound unsure.

"No," he began, but the seriousness of her face, of her whole bearing, made him ashamed of the lie. He had grown accustomed to thinking of her as a woman; now she was abruptly immature, a child. "Perhaps," he corrected himself. "But let's forget it—what you did to me and what I said to you. Shall we?"

Without answering him directly, she began to walk again. "Words mean a lot to you, don't they?" she asked presently.

The question, apparently out of se-

(Continued on page 46)



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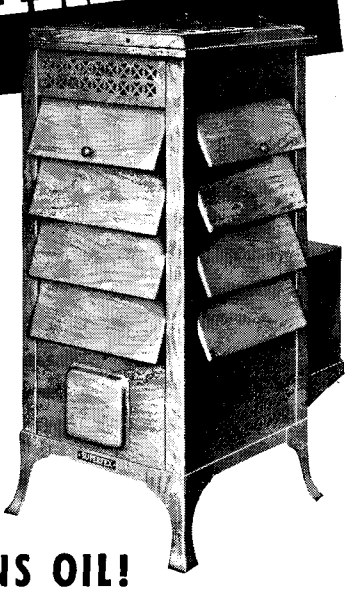

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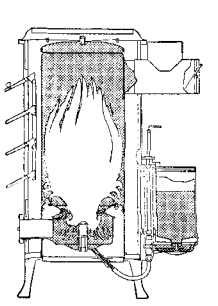

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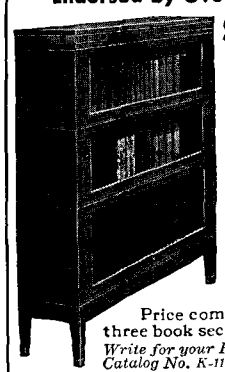

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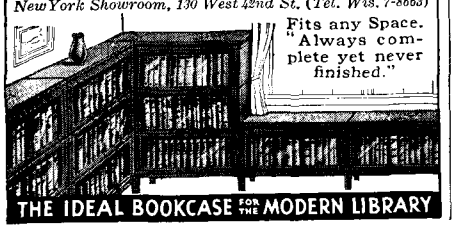

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THE IDEAL BOOKCASE FOR THE MODERN LIBRARY

(Continued from page 45)

quence, stirred his interest. "I don't know." He frowned. Then, abruptly: "Where are you going?"

"I'm not sure," she said, unperturbed by the audacious question. "Where are you going?"

The swiftness of her counter attack caught him so unprepared that he found himself in a predicament. It was he who had thrown open the door; now that she had walked in, what was he going to do about it? Of all the people on board he could imagine no person with whom a confidence would be safer than with this strange young girl. Why not tell her at least enough to catch her interest? Perhaps in doing so he might stumble on the very trick that would loosen her own tongue.

"I'm going up the East Coast a ways."

"How far?"

"To a little port you've never heard of. Inhambane."

"This ship doesn't stop there, does it?"

He laughed.

"Oh, no; it couldn't get near it! I get off at Cape Town, take the boat train to Johannesburg and then another to Lourenço Marques, the place you British still insist on calling Delagoa Bay. From there I'll catch a little coasting vessel."

"IT SOUNDS very complicated," she said, with her brows puckered in a frown.

"Nothing in Africa is complicated," he answered. "Africa stands a monument to simplification. The step you take leads inevitably to the next; there's never a choice."

"Are you going after big game?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but you might call it that."

He had spoken without thinking, but immediately the words were out of his mouth, he regretted them.

"You still don't mind killing things," she stated with an odd intensity.

A wave of anger swept through him. "I never said I liked killing things," he declared. "I told you there's a lot of bunk mixed up with the values each one of us puts on life. Even the slaughtering brand of hunter can be a benefaction, given the right conditions—the presence of a starving tribe, for instance. So can a murderer. It's simply a matter of discrimination." He caught himself up sharply. "Now I suppose I've spilled it again," he continued in a different tone, "but this time it's certainly your fault. Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" she asked, still with the odd intentness in her gaze.

"Kick me into offending your hidden ears."

"I didn't mean to."

"Everything about you is hidden," he continued impatiently, "your thoughts, who you are, where you're going."

"I'm going with you," she said amazingly.

He stared at her, convinced he had collided with some new form of joke, but the earnest quality of her gaze destroyed that assumption.

"That's out of the question," he heard himself saying as soberly as she herself had spoken. "I can assure you it would be a ridiculous undertaking."

"In Africa," she asked coolly, "where one step leads inevitably to the next?"

Hoist on his own petard, he continued to stare while his mind raced back over the few hours they had spent together. He was searching for some clue which might enlighten the darkness in which he was plunged. He had never touched her even to take her hand. He was not in love with her; he had deliberately avoided considering whether he could be. With the single exception of the half-bantering speech in which he had likened her to a pale flower cupped in a black chalice he had shunned personalities as rigorously as she. He arrived back at the point of this latest and most astonishing tête-à-tête. Suddenly at least a gleam of illumination came to him. It was his question which had released all of hers; she had meant to ask them from the first. Patiently she had waited for him to crack the shell of etiquette, setting her free of her own rigid conventions.

"You mean it?" he said out of a daze. "You really have some crazy idea of accompanying me?"

She met his eyes boldly. "Yes."

"In what capacity?"

He could see her measuring the question, considering it from every angle, then her eyes abandoned his face. "In none," she said coolly. "I'm just going along."

"You don't act like a mad person, but you talk like one."

"I'm not mad at all."

"Let's sit down," suggested Ballard, his legs shaky, "and thresh this thing out."

"No."

"Why not? I've got a right to know what's at the back of your mind, haven't I?"

"No; you haven't. Nobody has any rights over anybody else."

He tried a different tack. "I had no idea you were growing fond of me; fond enough to—"

Her eyes blazed at him for an instant, then suddenly dulled. "Caddish things never hurt me," she stated. "You can say as many as you like. You'll have plenty of chances."

His tanned skin flushed red. "I beg your pardon. I thought if I hit hard enough you might lose your seat, but you didn't—you're still riding strong. What's your first name?"

"Josephine."

"Do they call you Jo at home?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jo, you're nothing but a child and I'm grown up. This is your uncle talking to you. If I were a cad, I'd jump at the chance to take you along. It's because I'm not that I can't, and won't."

"It doesn't matter what you are," she said, "or how you feel. You can't stop me from going."

"It matters a great deal," he answered patiently. "In the first place, I can and I will stop you, but let's suppose I couldn't. What do you think I'm made of? I've told you before you're lovely; once in a while, when you catch fire, you blaze into beauty. But since I'm not in love with you, and don't intend to be, I would no more dream of letting you tag along for three months in the veldt than I would of burying my arm in red-hot coals."

"Oh, you needn't worry on that score," she assured him breezily and turned away.

SHE left him shaken in mind as well as body and he determined there and then not only to avoid her but to let her know he was avoiding her. Consequently he omitted his stroll on deck that evening and went directly to dinner. It happened to be a gala night with people gathered at tables laden with toy balloons, carnival hats and the rest of the stereotyped paraphernalia of such occasions, and as his eyes wandered casually around the room, what was his chagrin to see her already seated at the purser's table. Why should she have chosen tonight for a first appearance? Was the gala the deciding factor? He doubted it and to his annoyance felt his determination melting within him. What was happening to him? Was serious-eyed young Josephine making a monkey of him for reasons known only to herself, or had he turned girlish enough to be eaten alive by curiosity?

In any case nothing could have prevented him from following her party to the promenade deck, where the cooler side had been transformed into an outdoor ballroom, gay with flags and lanterns. He watched from a distance and saw her dance with each of the men who had been at the purser's table, refusing all others. She danced well and with evident pleasure, much in the spirit of the way she played tennis. Would she refuse him? He felt he had to find out, that it was most important he should know. He crossed the floor and stood beside her.

"Will you dance?" he asked.

She hesitated for a barely perceptible second before she answered, "Yes."

THEY stood beside each other for a moment, waiting for the beat of the measure; then he lifted her hand and his arm went around her. He had an instantaneous impression of resiliency, of power and warmth, but it passed in a flash. Abruptly she was neither warm nor supple. His mind told him he must be wrong, but his senses assured him they were right—that she had shrunk from physical contact with him as definitely as a mimosa leaf shrivels at a touch. This time he felt no anger; he was outraged, his pride cut to the quick. He released her and stood back.

"Thank you," he said, "we won't dance."

He and Miss Cascoden, though apparently supremely unconscious of the fact, were the most discussed couple on the boat. They had been watched at first with hopeful avidity, soon with disappointment and finally with despair, so exemplary was their deportment. But here was reward—he had led her out and then been the one to refuse to dance! A thrill of joy went the rounds—envy of his nerve on the part of the men, sheer admiration from the women. Oblivious of any eyes but their own, the two faced each other in complete disregard of the world about them, then she gave him a troubled look without resentment and stepped out of the way of the dancers.

Turning away, Ballard thought she might follow him, if only as an escape from embarrassment, but he had underrated either her courage or her indifference. She walked back to the group near which she had been standing, accepted a chair and sat down without bothering to offer an explanation for her quick return. As for him, he had put up with rudeness from her tongue, but this was altogether another matter; her tongue conceivably might lie, but not her body. Its shrinking had dealt such a wound to his pride as would take long to heal. But even in that first moment of resolve never to speak to her again, her last look came back at him with ironical insistence. Why had it shown no resentment, and why had it been troubled? How answer these pestering questions? Would thinking do it? No. Then stop thinking or go crazy—as crazy as she was.

His determination that all was over remained unshaken for the remaining three days of the voyage, but when the long surf burst in glory on the black reef off the South Coast, dividing blue sea from the green land, and later when Table Mountain dragged the eye to its snowy cloth of pouring sunlit fog, he could not escape a twinge of remorse that she was not at his side. At Cape Town, by a miracle of expedition, he cleared all his dunnage in time to catch the boat train for the north. He perceived she had caught it too, and smiled; the next would not be so easy. As for himself, he had wired ahead for reservations to the coast, knowing their scarcity at this season of the year. But

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at Johannesburg he ran full tilt into an unexpected check; wiring ahead had done no good. He sought out the station master.

"What about it, Mr. McGarragh? Didn't you get my message?"

"I received the message, Mr. Mallory," said McGarragh, rolling all his r's, "but it came a fortnight too late. There's not a seat to the bay for a week."

Ballard stared at him in astonishment. "That's a fine way to run a railway! Since you know there are bound to be passengers, why won't there be seats?"

"Passengers!" grunted McGarragh disdainfully. "As for how we run this railway, let me inform you, Mr. Mallory, it's the highest paying in the world. We load coal at Witbank and it rolls itself to the coast by its own weight. At the bay there's always more machinery than we can carry waiting to be hauled back. And ye talk to me of passengers! They're a nuisance, Mr. Mallory, getting in the way of honest work."

Issuing from the tiny office, as Ballard stood for a moment on the platform, thinking hard, running over his list of powerful friends, his eye became vaguely conscious of Josephine beside a small heap of luggage. It was all in patent leather—small trunk, hatbox, suitcase and trinket box. He saw without seeing them, just as he half-perceived a note of disconsolateness in her bearing. His mind refused to admit her; it was busy with other matters. He came to a decision, jumped into an empty taxi and had himself whirled to the building which housed the railway directorate. A moment later he was in the presence of Townley Rawlins, engineer in charge of construction. Though he was an old acquaintance, he stared at his visitor with lackluster eyes.

"Hullo."

"Hello, Rawlins. How are you?"

"Rotten."

"Then I won't bother you long. I want to go to Delagoa Bay today."

RAWLINS seemed to consider. "Mallory is the name, isn't it?" he said finally. "You have my permission. Go whenever you please."

"Cut it, Rawlins. There's not a seat on the train and I've got only an hour to spare."

"Why come to me?" rasped Rawlins, apparently enraged. "Am I a carpenter? Do you think I can build a seat for you or hang one from the ceiling?"

"No," said Ballard coolly, "but you can order another carriage, which is a lot easier."

"The cheek of you Americans!" roared Rawlins. "Solid brass—solid brass monkeys, rolling around the world, mashing other people's toes!"

"Do I get the carriage?" asked Ballard.

"No! It's not in my department anyway."

"Come on, old man," resumed Ballard in the same easy tone; "you can say it's for yourself. Why not give in? If you don't I swear I'll take you on at dice or stud and win a special from you, engine and all, before midnight."

"I suppose you would," said Rawlins, his tone abruptly one of absolute composure. "I'll give you a card to the traffic department."

"I don't want a card to anybody," said Ballard. "For heaven's sake make a move. Call up McGarragh or we won't have time for a drink."

"That's so," said Rawlins, putting in the call. "How and where have you been?"

"Fine. London."

"London, eh? Nice place, London," said Rawlins.

BALLARD escaped so late from one drink and then another that he found McGarragh, who had already ordered Mr. Mallory's heavy cases put aboard, in a fuming rage. But his personal luggage had necessarily awaited his own arrival. He waved it toward the train, and in doing so caught the gleam of patent leather on the racks of a compartment of the extra carriage.

"One more minute, Mr. Mallory," spluttered McGarragh, "and I would have sent the train without ye."

Ballard confronted him, his confident bearing abruptly changed to one of cringing supplication. "Listen, McGarragh, please listen. If you'll only listen I'll send you five cases of the best Scotch in town."

"I'm listenin'," declared McGarragh.

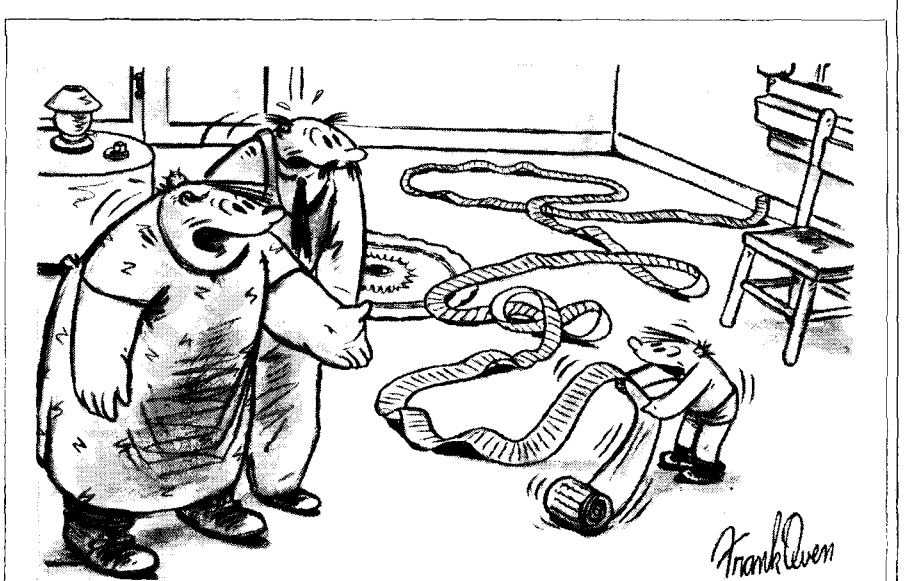
"That girl with the shiny luggage," murmured Ballard earnestly.

"What about her?"

"She can't go. It wouldn't be right. You've got to make some excuse to put her off."

"You say she can't go?" said McGarragh in a loud tone. "Are you trying to make fun of me, Mr. Mallory? First you tell me how we ought to run the railway for the benefit of passengers. Too late to do anybody good but yourself and the young leddy, illicitly you get plenty of seats, so now you're trying to make it a carriage apiece!" He waved his arm, giving the signal for departure. "Get aboard, sir, or you'll spend a week without a change of clothes."

(To be continued next week)



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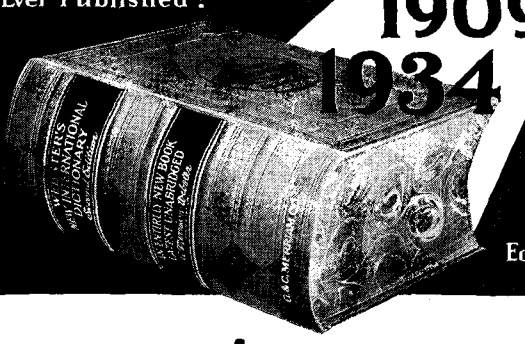

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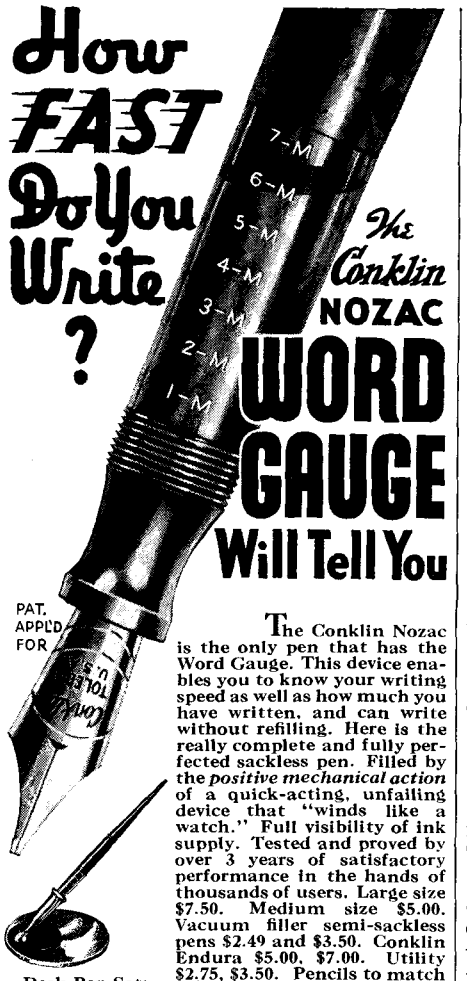

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The Code Chisel

Continued from page 17

and to plunge the lawless plant into darkness. But the agents find many of these places, raid them as the rum guards would raid a speakeasy and charge the malefactors with the crime of making cloaks and suits at night.

There are many other devices to circumvent the labor rules of the industry. For instance, the enforcement officers examine the pay rolls. They are in order. Every worker gets the required pay. It does not appear, however, that Mrs. Rosika and Mrs. Musinski have their daughters working with them without additional pay. In other places workers will be carried on the pay rolls for three days' work when they work five. Other contractors will keep two sets of books. Others will manage to lose their records. Still others use the kick-back. This is the vicious system under which the worker is paid the required wage but is then compelled to return secretly to the boss a part of it. In some places the worker gets his full legal pay on Friday night but before he can go to work Monday morning he must return the agreed sum to the boss. There are many variations of this.

Another device is to get labels illegally and by devious methods. In spite of every precaution labels do get into the wrong hands. The label costs the manufacturer two cents. This is little. If he wants to violate the law he would be willing to pay ten cents or even a quarter for a label without submitting to code scrutiny. And so somehow labels do get out. There was at one time a little market for bootleg labels at 25 cents each. Labels have been counterfeited. There has been some use of secondhand labels. Once a coat is sold the label in it can be used again. It is dangerous, but no more dangerous than re-using a government tax stamp on whisky.

All this is in a trade where the effort at enforcement has been valiant. Now let's look at one where it has been more or less lax, and this is perhaps characteristic of most codes. Artificial flowers and feathers are made in small factories and, like coats and suits, by jobbers, who have the actual labor done in homes. It belongs, therefore, in that class of industries which fattens on industrial homework. This industry has its code. The wages of factory workers were raised and the wages of home-workers were also raised to conform to the rates paid factory workers. The factory owners promptly complied with their code—raised wages and shortened hours. But what of the jobbers who hire homeworkers? Of course, some of them did *the same thing. But others*—well, they did and are doing precisely what might be expected in an industry where they knew that there would be little or no enforcement.

The Least Lovely Side

In this industry, then, all those things which the cloak and suit code wars on so mercilessly are found rampant. Here it must be said that there is nothing new in this vicious industrial homework in which so many small children are employed. But now, under the code, the legitimate and social-minded manufacturer, paying higher wages and working shorter hours, is put cruelly at the mercy of the bootleg producers who, hidden away in filthy tenements, use the labor of women and little children to make their product at costs so small that the legitimate competitor cannot stay in the fight with them.

Here is what is going on: An expert worker says that prices on the flowers she makes have been cut from $1.25 to 65 cents a gross and that now she has to work until 1 A. M. every day to average $3 a week. Another worker says she works from ten to twelve hours a day, sandwiched in with her housework, and until 2 A. M. to earn $2 a gross on flowers and it takes her two days to make a gross. Another worker went to the producer and complained that she was destroying her health and her sight making blossom sprays for ten to twelve hours a day at $1.35 a day. The employer told her he could get the work done for 90 cents and suggested that she get her girl of twelve years to help her.

The National Committee on Child Labor visited 1,700 addresses in New York. They found women and children working for five cents an hour and large numbers for 10 cents an hour. They found plenty of people working for $3 a week, $5 a week and often two people for $12 and $15 a week together, making leaves at four cents a gross. This was not in 1929. This investigation has just been completed.

A Blessing in Reverse

Incidentally, this is not confined to the flower and feather trade. The New York State Department of Labor has furnished me with results of its investigations. I give a few of the many conditions they found:

Fifty-five cents a dozen for baby booties. It takes a day to make six.

Eighty cents a day making lamp shades.

Girls working over power machines in Massachusetts for one cent an hour.

Men's ties—$9 to $10 a week at the height of the season, but wages cut since then.

Children's dresses—20 cents a dozen. A worker can sew up a dozen in eight hours.

Six dollars and sixty cents for a full month's work of 160 hours in the home crocheting infants' underwear.

Seven dollars and twenty cents a week on gloves at 30 cents a dozen pair.

These products find their way out into trade and into stores, often with labels on those which require labels, to compete with the product of dealers who pay the code wages and work the code hours. This is the least lovely side of this subject.

Now all these instances have to do with small objects, made in great quantity and trafficked in by great numbers of people, many of them small business men. *It's easy enough to deliver a pint* of hooch on the hip or an order of petunias in a week-end bag. But an automobile—there is something that is not so easily concealed on a person. You would think bootlegging automobiles was pretty difficult. Of course, there has been no bootlegging by automobile manufacturers. The sufferers from this practice have been the dealers. How is it done?

In the automobile dealers' code, prices are fixed below which no automobile can be sold. Also the amount which may be allowed for an old car in trade is also fixed. A central bureau by means of elaborate computations which I do not understand makes up every month the fixed allowance on every kind of car. This is printed in a little book and supplied to every dealer. It is comprehensive. You can tell from it not only what can be allowed on a 1931 car in trade, but on a 1931 car with a 1932 engine in it and so on. Now obviously

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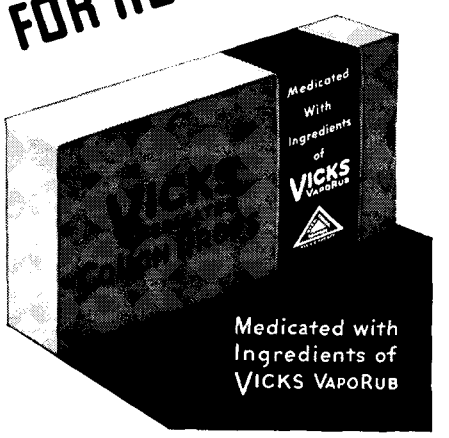

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you can beat the price-fixing if you can manage the trade-in.

There are, broadly, two kinds of automobile dealers—the regular distributors and the discount houses. They are the cut-rate houses which get their cars through devious channels and sell at cut prices. This has always been so. Under the code, it was hoped the discount houses would be put out of business. But it has not worked that way. In fact, one discount dealer insists that the code has been a blessing to him.

"The code has actually helped me in my business," he said. "I still make an allowance, but the other fellow who lives up to the code can't. I know, therefore, precisely what my competitor will charge. It is easier than ever to undersell him. All I ask is that the code remain in existence a few years longer when I can retire. All they can do is fine me $500, which won't hurt much as long as I can get the business."

One type of discount dealer has a little office near the magnificently equipped demonstration room of the distributor he competes with. You go to him for a car. You tell him you want a So-and-So Six.

"What type?" he asks.

Well, you are not sure. You would like to look at some cars. Very well. Just go down to the corner, he will tell you, to the show rooms of the distributor. Pick out a car, have the salesman give you a demonstration. When you have selected the type you wish, come back. He will then sell you a car at from $50 to $100 or $200 less than the distributor, depending on the car. He has no show room; he uses his competitor's. He has no overhead, no advertising, no salesmen. He lets his competitor pay for all these charges. They cost his competitor about $50 on every car he sells. The bootlegger sells the car and makes the profit. You have to be a rotter to do business that way. But there will always be plenty of these persons around.

But all do not work in this fashion. Some of these men have large show rooms of their own, operate in the open, and even advertise. One dealer in Coney Island sells a special make of car and seems to have plenty in stock always.

He will sell at a discount of as much as $90 although his gross profit is only $122 on a car. He depends on volume. He will sell only if you come recommended by a former customer. He takes no checks, keeps no books, and sees to it that the whole transaction in form at least is carried on with scrupulous regularity even to having several of his salesmen present as witnesses.

One Car—Ten Deals

Obviously the inroads of these gentry have made it hard for the regular distributor or dealer who wants to live up to the price-fixing and trade-in rules. The ways they have invented are numerous and ingenious. Here are some of them:

You want to buy a car but insist on a discount. You have no car to turn in. The dealer will give you an old car. He has one in the alley which he uses for the purpose. He will transfer it to you, going through all the legal forms. Then *you buy his car and turn this battered* old hulk in at the trade-in value fixed in the book. One dealer used the same car in ten deals in a single month.

A more complicated version of this is as follows: The dealer watches the paper for wrecks. When you wish to buy he suggests that you go to the owner of a car just wrecked and buy it, say for $10 or $25. This car has a fixed trade-in value, without reference to its condition. The dealer will then accept that car from you at its trade-in value—it may be $200.

A simpler method of evasion is to put through the transaction in regular form with the full purchase price actually passing in cash and then to put $50 or $75 or the sum agreed on in cash in a pocket of the car when it is delivered. This is a common method.

Automobile dealers keep up a warfare against these practices. Whether they can succeed in stamping them out is difficult to say. At least they have been growing.

In an Imperfect World

I have given examples from just a few codes, but these are not isolated ones. It is safe to say that in the great majority of codes there is no enforcement. The reasons are various.

Some code authorities will tell you that there is no enforcement because that is impossible without whole-hearted support from Washington. They blame the administrator, but the truth is that the administrator has not the force to deal with the gigantic job which the NRA has created.

Other code authorities complain that the industries refuse to supply the needed funds for the job.

In still others, the codes have fallen into the hands of those least interested in enforcement. In many others it is because there is no real enthusiasm for enforcement and there is a fear that attempted enforcement may lead to abandonment of the code.

In many others there is endless dispute as to what things ought to be enforced.

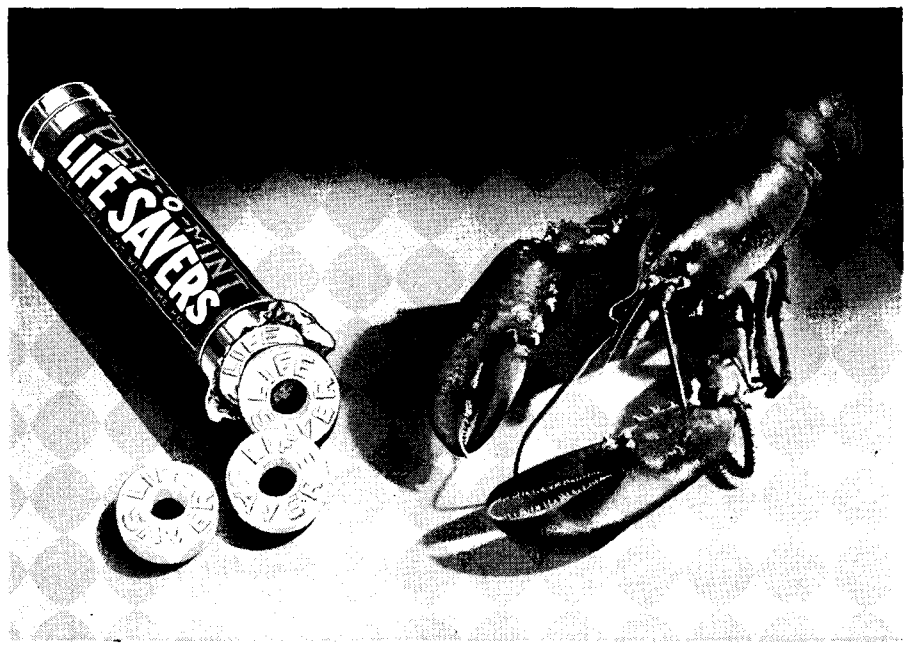
But at the present moment the chief cause running through and under all others is that complete lethargy which has seized for the time being on the whole mechanism of the NRA. This is due largely to the squabbles which have torn it asunder, the inability of its leaders to agree either upon matters of policy or personnel. To remedy this problem the President has decreed a reorganization which will end by putting the whole problem of enforcement in the hands of the Department of Justice, completely separated from the policy-making and administrative functions of the system. Whether this will work or not is in the realm of speculation. In Washington some NRA men insist that the Department of Justice will have to have an army of lawyers, inspectors and undercover men. There is a strong school, growing more powerful, which demands that an immense section of the rules be abandoned.

But whatever conclusions are arrived at about these various rules and regulations, on one point there can be no difference of opinion: there cannot be any paltering with enforcement.

The failure to enforce has had much to do with the clamor for reorganization of the NRA. The President has now set up an executive division which will administer the codes in whatever form they will take. But the matter of policy—what codes shall contain, what kinds of rules will be set up to be enforced—has been entrusted to another group charged with making the policy of the system. A third agency is being organized to compel compliance. There can be no doubt that compliance must *be enforced. But before that is* even attempted a new policy will have to be made to determine what of all of this vast web of regulations may be retained and what may be scrapped. It is not merely a question of getting rid of price-fixing and attempted controls of production. There are all sorts of trade practices, some of them perfectly good or even harmless in themselves, but fruitful sources of trouble if they stand as rules which are not enforced. And the bulk of them are in practice unenforceable.

LOBSTER . . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



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The new AC Method removes all Oxide Coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new—saving gas, restoring performance.

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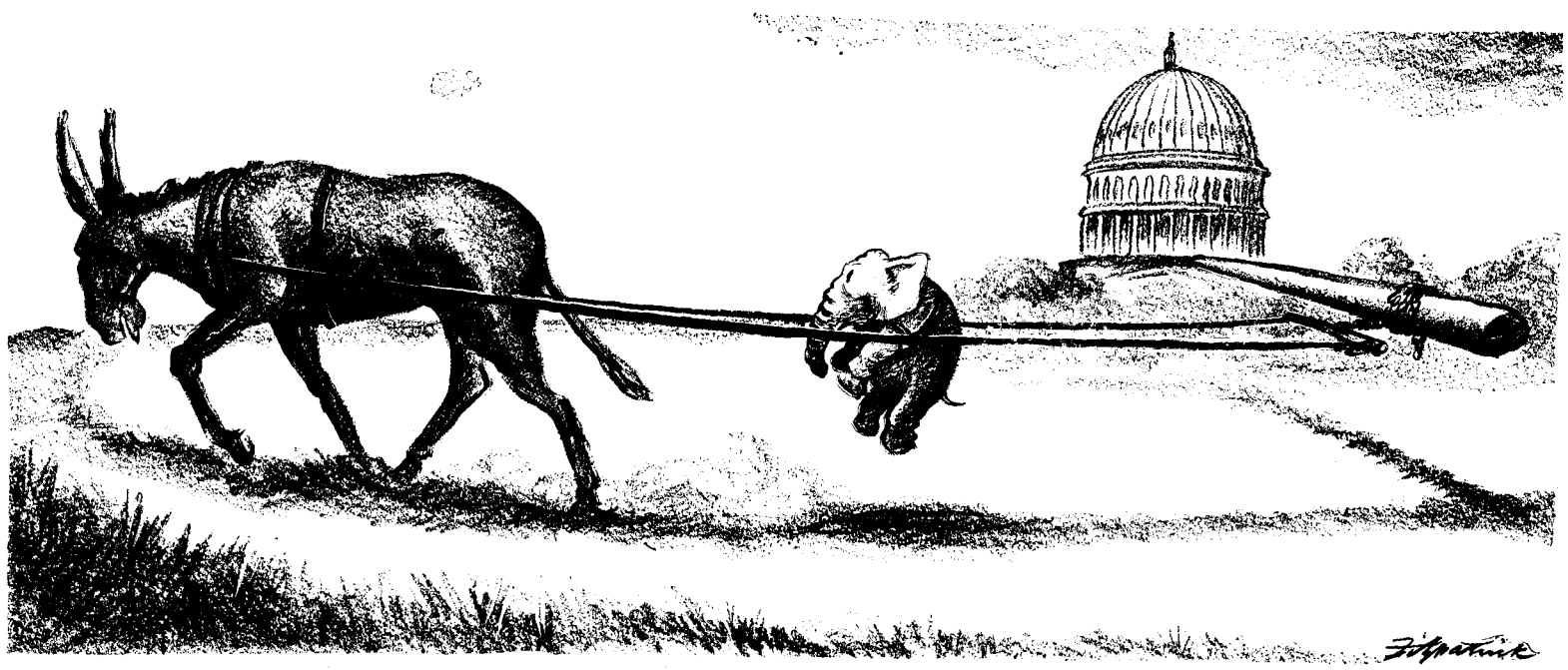

Too Many Democrats

PERHAPS President Roosevelt did not express the fear, as has been rumored, that too few conservatives would be elected in November to make possible any effectual opposition in Congress. It would be unconventional and highly impolitic for any President to make a public statement which could be used against the candidates of his own political party. Unquestionably, however, there are too many New Deal Democrats and Republicans in the Seventy-third Congress. The country and the Administration would be better served by a more even distribution of liberals and conservatives on Capitol Hill.

The Congress elected two years ago was overwhelmingly Democratic. There were 313 Democrats in the House, 117 Republicans and 5 Farmer Laborites. The Senate showed 60 Democrats, 35 Republicans and 1 Farmer Laborite. The Western Republicans were generally allies of the Democrats. On every important measure, except payments to veterans and the St. Lawrence Waterway, the Administration was able to muster irresistible majorities.

Our government is not geared to a system of legislation and administration without thorough public discussion of important matters of national policy. In the past two sessions little real debate has been heard. On most matters Congress sought merely to learn what Mr. Roosevelt wanted. A word from the White House was sufficient to marshal the votes and to determine the law.

This is a burden and a responsibility too heavy to be borne by any man, however gifted and public-spirited. Congress under our form of government must be capable of thought as well as of action. A rubber-stamp Congress, writing obediently every suggestion or preference of the White House into the law, is a poor Congress.

There is great danger that the excessive majorities of the present Congress will be foolishly increased at the November election. The congressional campaigns have been sorry affairs. Too many candidates of both parties have been appealing to what may be fairly called the mendicant vote. With utter lack of responsibility, candidates are seeking to buy votes with larger and less scrupulous distribution of federal funds.

This is politics of the basest sort. Of course the hungry must be fed and sheltered and clothed, but candidates who can think of nothing better than reaching deeper into the public till are poor servants even of those they promise to relieve. Public charity, essential in an emergency, provides no basis of decent living for self-respecting Americans.

As a matter of fact the Congress so soon to be elected will be much more concerned with other matters. Laws enacted for the period of the emergency must be replaced with more permanent legislation. The new measures to be considered and acted upon present many questions not hitherto convincingly answered.

The NRA is chaotic for the moment, but it is hardly possible that we shall turn back the clock two years or any number of years. The NRA with all its weaknesses and dissatisfactions was a quick attempt to bring order out of the confusion which preceded it. Few responsible business men want to go back to the era of the anti-trust laws, with the ruthless competition which such legislation sought to stimulate.

A real development of business enterprise would increase pay rolls by billions. Pay rolls will increase as men see the possibilities of profitable business operation. Many are held back now by uncertainty concerning the future policies of the government.

The future attitude of Congress and of the President toward taxes, inflation and governmental competition with private business causes hesitation and inaction. A Congress without a vigorous conservative opposition will not be reassuring. This is not the time for loose thinking or irresponsible action.

The whole mass of agricultural legislation will unquestionably be reconsidered during the life of the next Congress. Up to now candidates have been vying with each other in their protestations of fidelity and of love for the poor farmer. An overflowing heart may be a good campaign gadget but it is a poor device for dealing with a highly complex economic situation.

During these past two years President Roosevelt has had little constructive help from Congress. For the greater part the lawmakers presented the President with a blank check and asked him to write in the names and amounts.

Aside from the opposition of the veteran Carter Glass when the banking bills were up, Mr. Roosevelt has had the benefit of little constructive criticism from Congress, and Senator Glass is a Democrat. Congress needs more men of the vigorous intelligence and the uncompromising honesty of Carter Glass. A few such leaders, regardless of party labels, can hold proposed legislation up to public scrutiny and prevent hasty action by a Congress too servile to the Administration or so confused as to be easily stampeded by its own more noisy members.

Collier's advocates no candidates of either party. As a national journal we remain detached from all parties and political affiliations. We prefer to record the important issues which confront the American people and to call attention to the principles which are involved.

One of the most important principles of our government is competent debate in Congress. We have lacked such debate during recent sessions. We can look forward to nothing better until there is a more vigorous and articulate opposition in office. No better service could be rendered the country or the Administration than the election of more senators and representatives able to say "No" as well as "Yes" and to act in the national interest regardless of all lesser considerations.

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